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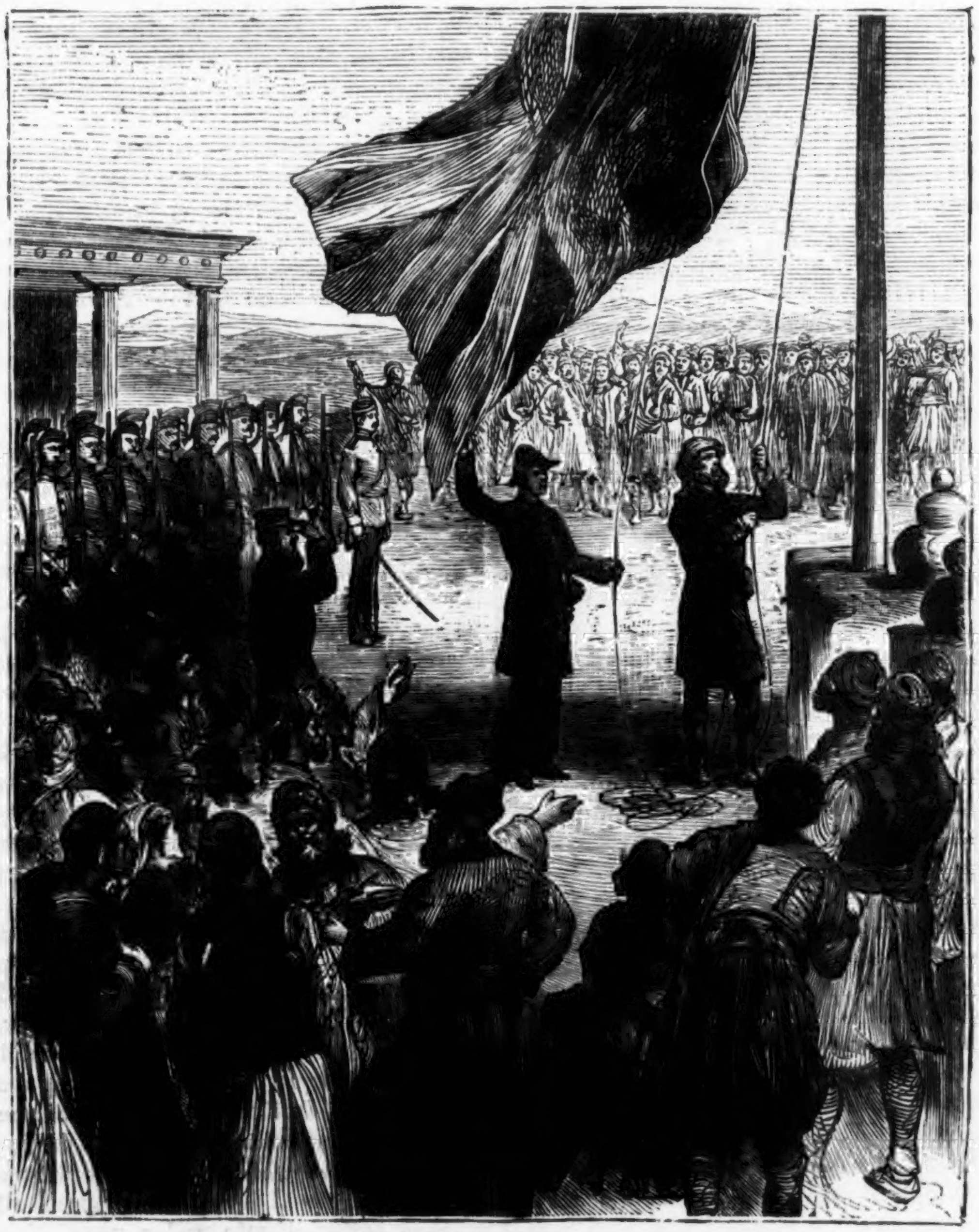
ENGLAND'S LAST ACQUISITION—THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.



SIR GARNET WOLSELEY HOISTING THE BRITISH FLAG IN CYPRUS.

THE acquisition by Great Britain of Cyprus, in virtue of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, has naturally directed public attention to the "smiling" Island of the Mediterranean, the mention of which is now familiar in our mouths as a household word. A few weeks ago, inquiries concerning Cyprus would have met with a very vague reply; to-day we all know something about it, and somewhat eagerly desire to extend our acquaintanceship.

Compilers, even of the most recent gazetteers and books of reference, could not be expected to foresee that Cyprus would become an object of surpassing interest, and that we should care more for its present condition and the prospect it offers to capital and industry, than about its earlier history, from its first Phœnician colonization down to its final conquest by the Turks. As usually happens, however, the supply of information is becoming equal to the demand, and travelers, and natives, and merchants, and agriculturists, and archæologists, and explorers are engaged in narrating, or are about to narrate, their experiences; till, in a short time hence, we shall have had Cyprus simply *ad nauseam*.

Since the terrible inauguration of Turkish rule, in 1571, Cyprus has slowly but surely "gone down to its doom," and it may be asked whether it is not too far gone in the ways of the Turkish Empire to recover in the course of centuries. That unhappy State consists of an aggregate of provinces, either in a condition of chronic anarchy, or enjoying that desolation miscalled peace. Cyprus, according to the best authorities, falls into the last state. The trees of its forests have been for the most part destroyed, probably in part burnt in the Turkish barbarous suppression of revolt—certainly cut down for charcoal by the careless and indigent peasantry. Its mines have been so many centuries unworked that they must be rediscovered. Its harbors are full of sand. Its food products scarcely pay for cultivation and working. Its peasantry are fallen into a hopeless apathy. Diminished almost to a twentieth of their ancient numbers, and devoured by the most exorbitant taxation, increased by farming and dishonest levying, they scarcely exist. A series of droughts and bad seasons during the last ten years, and almost a famine, have brought country and people well-nigh to the lowest point of destitution. The case is a bad one, and England could scarcely have taken in hand an unhealthier limb of the "Sick Man."

Cyprus, our readers will learn, is neither a paradise nor a desert; it is fertile, but uncultivated; productive, but neglected; it is not specially unhealthy, but in certain parts it is infected with fever and ague; its climate is that of the Levant, and of the north coast of Africa, not more trying than Malta and Alexandria, and less oppressive than Syria and the adjoining coasts. The rainfall is scanty and precarious. In the third century it is said that no rain fell on the island for seventeen years, and so late as the year 1869, its rainfall only amounted to five and a half inches in the twelve months, while locusts are an ever-menacing scourge to agriculture. Communication is difficult, life is simple, and agriculture is primitive. Barely one-tenth of the island is at present under cultivation, and the fiscal arrangements of the Turkish Government are such that some of the most lucrative agricultural industries have been abandoned, under the pressure of ill-adjusted taxation. Nevertheless, the population, amounting it is supposed to 200,000, of whom rather more than two-thirds are Christians, and the remainder Mohammedans, are peaceful, contented and singularly honest.

Such, in brief epitome, is the Cyprus which Great Britain has taken unto herself, for good or for bad. Situated just on the coast of Syria, commanding the seaway to the Gulf of Scanderoum and the mouth of the Orontes, and therefore the Mediterranean entrance to the Valley of the Euphrates, Cyprus offers singular advantages to a Power interested in India, but unable, for the moment, to secure possession of its natural gateway—the Valley of the Nile. All the great agrarian dynasties of the world—Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Macedonian—all found the capture or subjection of Cyprus to be a first and necessary step to the approaches upon Egypt.

Its position is favorable for watching the Suez Canal and the terminus of the proposed Euphrates railway; but an army destined to operate on the Russo-Turkish frontier of Asia, will have to establish its depots in a more favorable position. It is impossible, now that England is seated on this island, for any Power to attack Egypt or Syria without her consent; whilst for the development of British enterprise it offers both a wide and a tempting field.

Cyprus is the third largest island in the Mediterranean, coming next after Sicily and Sardinia. Larnaca, which is the principal port of the island, is distant from Port Said, at the mouth of the Suez Canal, about 240 miles; from Malta 970; and from Mersine, the Port of Cicilia, 160 miles.

It is traversed by two mountain ranges—one along its northern coast, from Cape Andras to Cape Cormakiti, and the other on its southern coast. Between these two ranges lies the fertile plain of Messorie, extending from the Bay of Murpho to the Bay of Salamis.

The island, according to recent writers, is 140 miles in length, its extreme breadth 60 miles, and its minimum breadth 27 miles; having an area of 4,000 square miles, or about the size of Jamaica. It has hitherto been but little visited by travelers, owing to the erroneous statements regarding it. There is no reason, however, why *voyageurs* should not visit Cyprus with as great impunity as any other part of the Levant. The climate varies in different parts—the northern region is the most hilly and wooded, and the least fertile; the heat in this district being tempered by the winds from the Karamanian mountains, which preserve the frozen snows in the highest spots during the greater part of the year. In the plains in the southern districts the heat is excessive, but moderated by the sea breezes.

Summarizing the results of observations made at the Climatological Station established by the Scottish Meteorological Society, we learn that the annual rainfall is about 14 inches, nearly the whole of which falls from November to April, notably in November and December; that no rain falls in June, July, and August, and rarely in May and September. There are thus practically five rainless months in the year in Cyprus, a feature in its climate common to the climate of the Mediterranean regions south of latitude 42°.

Comparing it to the coasts of Syria opposite, its Winters are milder and its Summers cooler. The decidedly insular character of its climate is further apparent from the fact that the coldest month is February, with a mean temperature of 52° 8′ being about equal to that of London in the middle of May; and that the mean temperature of August is nearly as high as that of July, both being about 81°, which is approximately the Summer temperature of Algiers, Alexandria, Athens, and Constantinople.

During four years, 1866–1870, the highest recorded temperature of any of the months was 96°, except June, 1869, when, from the 21st to the 24th, the mean temperature at Alethriko, 3½ miles inland from Larnaca, reached 95° 5′, being about the average Summer temperature of the Punjaub, rising on one of those days to a maximum of 105°. On the same day the temperature rose to 103° 5′ at Jerusalem, 2,500 feet above the level of the sea; the period being characterized as one of unparalleled heat and drought over the whole of the region bordering the Levant.

The worst month, according to Von Franz Loher, is September; a thick haze then hangs on the country, huts and groves shrink up, trees shed their leaves, and the rivers cease to run. But the mountains, rising to a height of 6,590 feet, and snow-clad during the greater part of the year, afford at all times a welcome retreat to the exhausted dwellers on the plain.

Some parts of the coast are unhealthy, and Larnaca, the chief commercial seaport of the island, more especially, is one of the most dreaded fever dens of the East. These unfavorable hygienic conditions, however, are wholly due to the thriftlessness of man, and there can be no doubt that suitable drainage-works would bring about a marvelous change for the better. With a little care and energy in the formation of tanks on the South India plan, to be filled by the torrents which now waste themselves down the hills, Cyprus would have all the natural advantages of Jamaica, a better climate, and a population now degraded, indeed, but once amongst the most industrious and enterprising in the world.

France and Italy offer numerous instances of the good results to be achieved by a practical application of sanitary science. Not many years ago, the population of the French Marennes was annually decimated by fever, but since the brackish swamps have been drained, the mortality is no greater than in other parts of France; and there can be no doubt that similar measures would prove equally efficacious in Cyprus.

Apropos of the climate, we cannot do better than quote from the able and absorbing work of General Di Cesnola, our consul for ten years at Cyprus: "The great heat which prevails during the Summer months at Larnaca, notwithstanding the land and sea breezes which at times mitigate it to some extent, renders the city, during this period, almost uninhabitable by Europeans; and they, as well as the natives whose means permit, escape to some shady spot in the interior till the end of September. . . . I found that my wife and children had suffered intensely from the heat. I therefore determined to seek some secluded residence in the country, which might serve as a refuge during the trying months. On the occasion of a visit to Nicosia, the capital of the island, I passed a night in the village of Dali, which is about halfway between Nicosia and Larnaca, and remarked on its outskirts a grove of lemon and orange-trees, amid which nestled a small white cottage, connected with several outbuildings. I brought my wife to visit this spot, and we decided that it might be converted into a pleasant retreat, and soon induced the proprietor to cede it to us, for a small remuneration, for the hot season. This he did the more readily as the peasants live almost out-of-doors from June till September; it rarely happening that a drop of dew, and almost never a drop of rain, falls during these months. They place their beds under the trees, making the branches of the latter do duty as clothes-press, larder and pantry. They will frequently throw a handkerchief upon the ground and lay their infants to sleep upon it, satisfied that neither moisture nor creeping thing will harm the child—for Dali is wonderfully free from noxious reptiles. . . . We soon adopted the housekeeping system of the peasants, and hung our plate-baskets and table-linen among the trees."

Cyprus has an unrivaled position for commerce. It lies in the direct route of the old Phœnician traders, an easy sail from the great ports of the Mediterranean. Anciently celebrated for its harbors, Cyprus now has none. There are bays, where ships of war can lie, on all sides of the island, but no secure harbor for even small craft. The ports of Citium, Salamis and its medieval successor Famagosta, are filled with sand. Larnaca, the modern representative of Citium, is called the port of the island. It has a roadstead frequented by the little trading craft of the Levant, which sometimes fail to land a boat's crew over the disagreeable bar, and at others are blown out to sea by a change in the wind. It is considered by competent authorities that the ancient harbor of Citium may be cleared, and a malarious salt marsh abolished; but even if cleared, it would never hold anything beyond a coaster. Salamis and Famagosta are said to be better worth the labor of restoration, and since it will be one of Great Britain's first duties to construct a safe harbor for men-of-war and large steamers, it strikes us that a site will be found somewhere in the Bay of Larnaca, where an entirely new harbor should be instantly commenced.

Wine of Cyprus was once the choicest beverage of the Mediterranean, and when the vine was first established in Madeira it was from Cyprus that the plants were brought. The best quality, known as "Commanderia" wine, received its name from the Commandatore of the Knights Templars, and is highly appreciated in France and Italy Mr. Lang mentions that, during his residence at Madeira, the American consul, in consequence of the ravages of the grape disease on that island, obtained fresh vine-shoots from Cyprus; and already are English wine drinkers discussing the question of imbibing Madeira manufactured upon an English possession.

Some old families have kept wine in their stores for 200, and even 400 years; and it is on record that, in 1859, a cask of Commanderia, fully 300 years old, was sent to Queen Victoria, "as a tribute of respect from the inhabitants of the island, which had once been under the sway of one of her predecessors, Richard Cœur de Lion."

Wine is still made in Cyprus, and its export amounts to 500,000 gallons annually; but the cultivation of the vine is checked by Turkish taxation, amounting to no less than 37 per cent., and the vessels in which the wine is fermented are smeared with tar, so that the common wine of the country has a most unpalatable flavor. The chief wine-producing districts are near Simard, southeast of Larnaca, and thence the principal exports are shipped; for the road of Simard enjoys the name of a port.

The main wealth of Cyprus is in its vegetable products and cattle. Agriculture is in a very low condition, yet the splendid alluvial plain of the Mesuria (between the mountains), stretching from Salamis, on the east coast, to the centre of the island, might be very remunerative. The agriculture of the Cypriotes is rude. There is scarcely any system in the rotation of crops; artificial manures are unknown, and if known would prove too costly for general use.

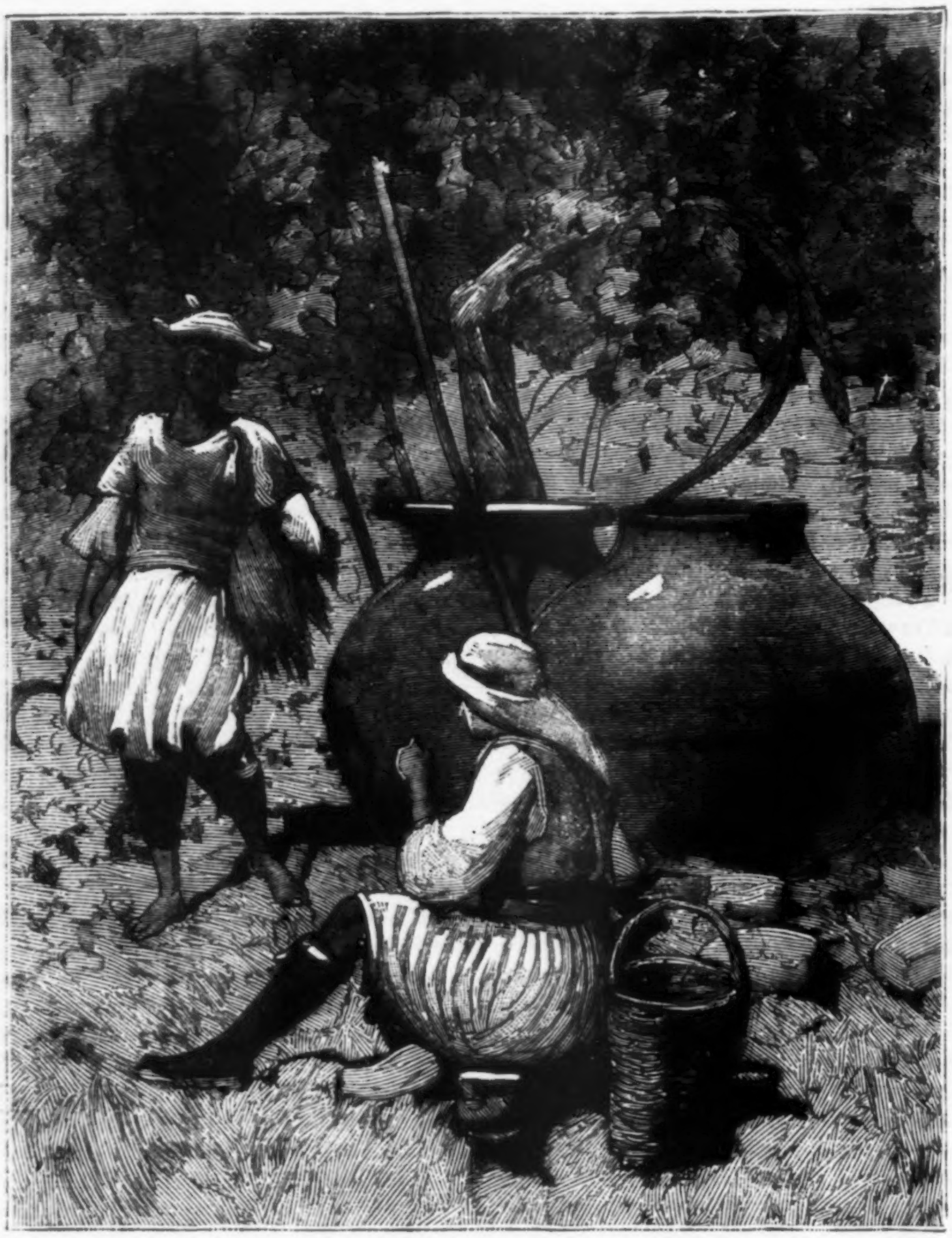
Wheat grows readily, but it is threshed in the primitive manner of Syria, unchanged since the days of Abraham. The grain becomes mixed with the small stones from the threshing-floor, and is unfit for use in modern mills. The grain trade in wheat and barley has been injured by an absurd scale of duties—1 per cent. on grain exported to Europe, against 8 per cent. on that exported to Syria; so that when the European market is dull there is no encouragement to trade with the opposite coast.

Our late Civil War gave a great impulse to cotton-growing in Cyprus, as in Egypt. There was a subsequent fluctuation, and ultimately the cotton crops were limited to favorable soils, the produce becoming stationary in quality and quantity. The statistics of the cotton trade between Cyprus and England for four years—1870 to 1873—tell an instructive tale. The exports to England were valued at $53,445, $25,125, $10,440 and $2,650, in each of these years respectively.

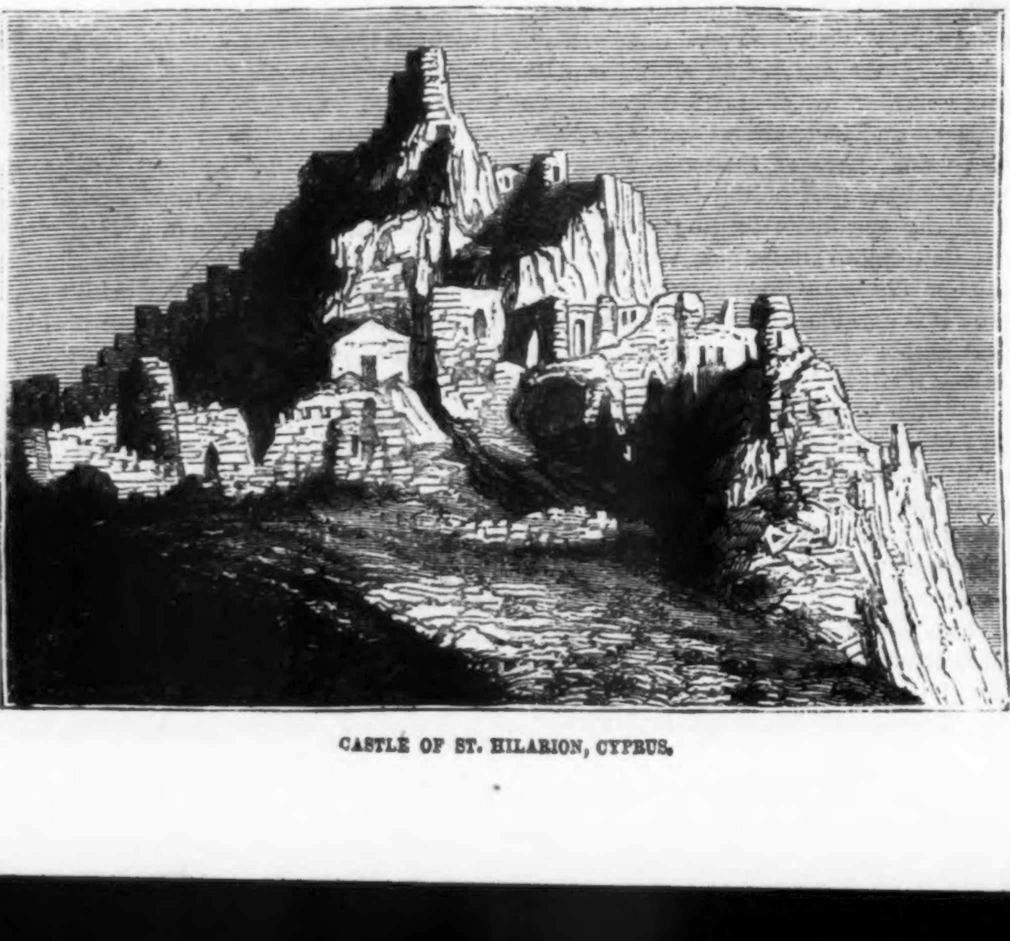
This remarkable decline is partly, no doubt, to be explained by unfavorable conditions of the weather, on which the success of the cotton crop so entirely depends; but the experience of Mr. Lang, a former English consul at Cyprus, whose authority is regarded with considerable favor, suggests another cause, to which some of the effect is doubtless due. The pod of the native cotton does not open at maturity, nor shed the cotton on the ground as is the case with American cotton. Mr. Lang introduced American seed, and his produce, when sent to Liverpool, was classified as only five per cent. less than "Middling Orleans." But, though the American cotton is better and more sure of success than the native, the local cultivators were unable to use it, on account of its peculiarity of shedding the cotton at maturity. The tax on cotton is collected in kind, and on the spot; and as the collector could not be in all places at once, he forbade the picking of the cotton until he found it convenient to attend; and thus it was shed on the ground as it ripened, and was spoiled before it was gathered. Even if an enterprising and honest Pasha occasionally strove to apply a remedy for such a state of things, he was generally removed from his post before he had time to carry out his reforms.

Formerly, the annual devastation by the locusts interfered with the sowing, which was consequently deferred from early in May to the middle of June, when the earth had lost much of its moisture. In one year, about sixty-two tons of locust-eggs were destroyed; thus relieving Cyprus alone, according to Mr. Lang's estimate, of the germ of no less than *fifty thousand millions* of locusts! Since the time of Said Pasha, the ravages of the locusts have been kept within bounds, and it ought to be possible, with reasonable vigilance, to exterminate this most destructive pest.

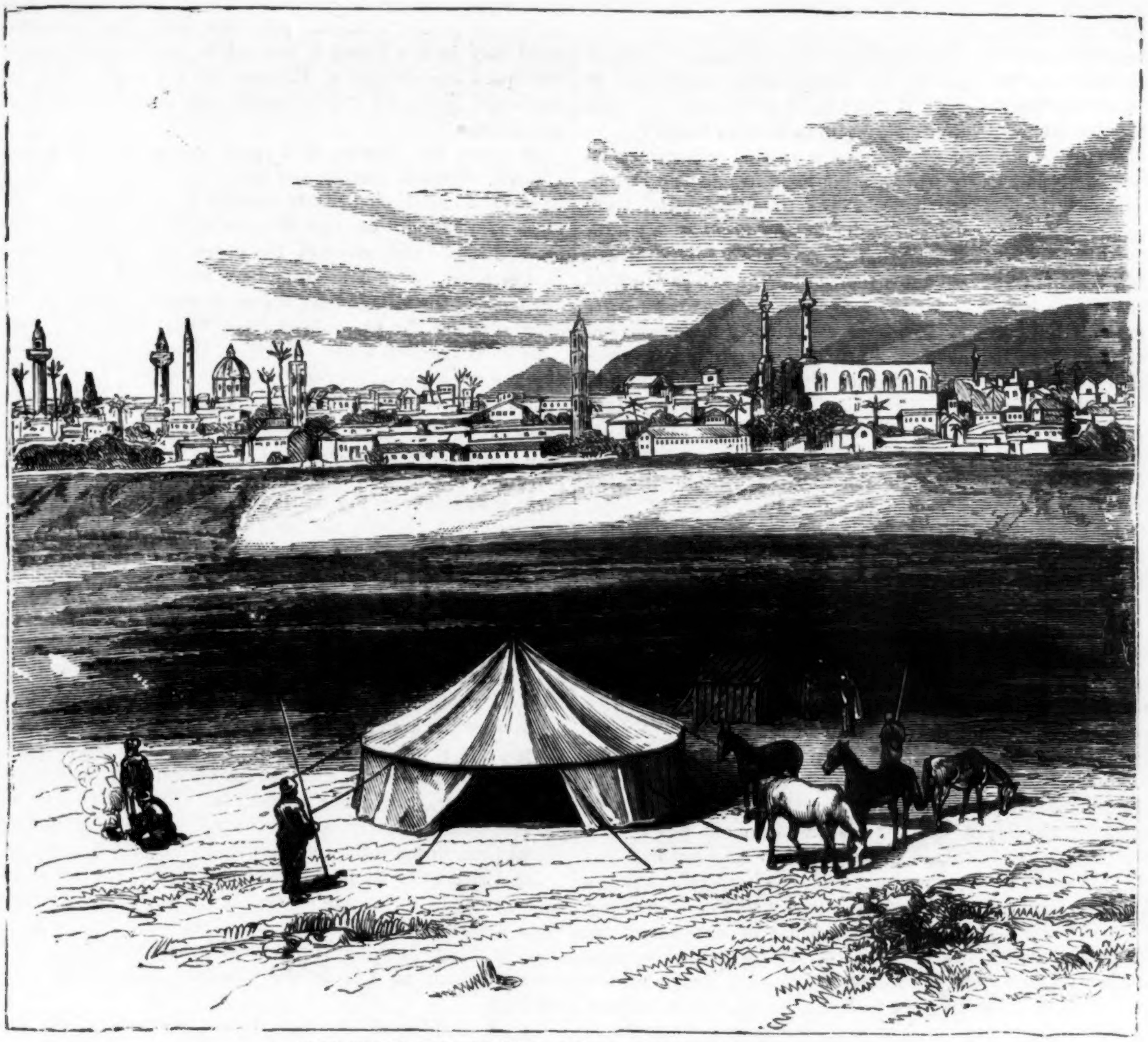
M. Mattei, an Italian settler, devised an ingenious plan for destroying the locusts that were destroying him. The locusts, said to have come originally across the sea from Karamania, hatched a young brood every Spring, which immediately passed through the fields, destroying everything in their route. The peculiarity in their case was, that they appeared in the young state, going afoot, and not flying, and suddenly alighting, as in Egypt. Yet, like their Egyptian cousins, they traveled straight. M. Mattei observed that locusts were not able to creep up a smooth surface, nor to keep themselves suspended in the air for any considerable distance, and upon these two facts he based his plan for exterminating them. He excavated ditches at right angles to the direction of their flight, behind which he placed low screens of oilcloth, linen or wood. The locusts, unable to creep up these screens, fell back into the ditch, when they were immediately collected in sacks, or baskets, to be buried or covered over



THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.—WINE JARS IN A VINEYARD.



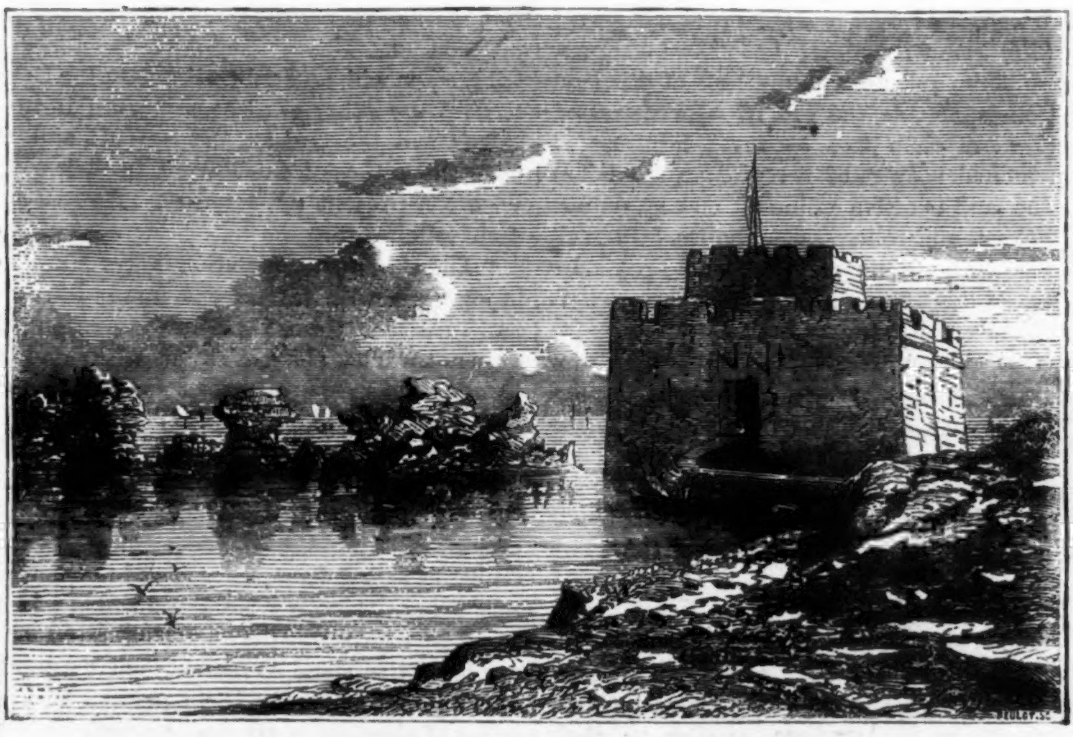
CASTLE OF ST. HILARION, CYPRUS.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF NICOSIA, CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

with earth. Those among them who managed to fly over the first screen, were intercepted by a second or a third.

Mr. Lang introduced a cotton-mill at Larnaca, which has had some success; but it may be doubted whether Cyprus will ever become a manufacturing country, except on a limited scale.



VIEW NEAR THE CASTLE OF ST. HILARION.

Silk of excellent quality is made. It is a small item in the exports, and the best fabric is that manufactured at the capital, Nicosia.

Cyprus, according to Mr. Sandwith, is the only island in the Levant not producing olive oil sufficient for its own consumption. The country abounds in wild olive-trees, which only require grafting, and the ground around plowing, to be productive; but the scarcity of the population in the parts of the country where the trees abound, and the want of encouragement on the part of the Government, contribute to retard the development of this branch of husbandry. Will English administration make Cyprus another Corfu?

Formerly, tobacco of a very fine quality was grown on the island, but a fifty per cent. tax has extinguished its cultivation. Only a few years ago the island produced more than a sufficiency for the wants of the population; now, four-fifths of the consumption is supplied by importation. Mr. Riddel, however, states that, although the production has almost ceased under the new taxation, the excise revenues on imported tobacco have enormously increased, and attributes the decline of local production more to less favorable conditions of soil or climate, than to any reduction of consumption through the action of the tax, which produced $40,000 in 1876, against half that sum in the year preceding.

Salt was a government monopoly of such profit, that the leasehold of the Larnaca Salt Lakes rose, in thirty years, from an annual value of $2,000 to one of $100,000. In 1872, the revenue from this source fell to $44,500, against $103,000 in the previous year, owing to the supply of the Syrian market from Benghazee, in Tripoli, at lower rates.

The number of sheep and goats has been estimated by 800,000, one-third being sheep. Goats subsist better in seasons of drought. The average export of wool is 450,000 pounds. Mules are numerous, the breed being specially good. Mr. Consul Sandwith says in his report: "A most lucrative trade in export of sheep, oxen, mules and donkeys, to Egypt and Assyria might be carried on, greatly to the advantage of those countries, and to the breeders of live stock in the island, did not the Government put absurd restrictions on the trade in order not to raise prices here; the consequence of so narrow a policy being that the flocks of sheep and goats increase so rapidly as to sell for only ten or twelve shillings per head, while in Egypt they can command three times these sums. It frequently happens during Winter, when the snows of Lebanon interupted the communication of Beyroot with the interior, that mutton in that town goes up to eight pence per pound, while there, at a distance of only twelve hours by steam, it sells at three pence per pound; and yet exportation is as strictly prohibited as if the two countries were in a state of war."

The revenue of the island is estimated at 20,000,000 piastres (one million dollars), and nearly the whole of this sum is forwarded to Constantinople, the cost of administration not amounting to more than two or three millions of piastres. The principal sources of revenue are the tithes (seven millions), the land tax (five millions), custom duties, a tax on sheep, the salt and tobacco monopolies. In reality, however, the inhabitants are called upon to pay a far larger amount, the excess finding its way into the pockets of Government officials and farmers of taxes.

The population of Cyprus, like that of the other provinces of the Turkish Empire, is not known with exactness. Mr. Poole estimates it at 120,000; Herr Von Loher at 200,000. From 40,000 to 60,000 are Mohammedans. Included amongst them are the Linopambagi, or "men of linen and wool," who outwardly conform to the tenets of Mohammed, whilst in their inmost hearts they still are Christians.

The Mohammedans are either Turkish or Neo-Muslim. The Turks are mainly confined to the towns. The Neo-Muslims are of Greek origin, speaking Greek, and similar in character to the native Christians. The Greek Christians are in manners, as in language, similar to their cousins, the Hellenes. Their dialect is marked by many peculiarities, which would make ordinary Romaic often of little use in the villages. Any one intending a lengthened stay in the island is advised to supplement a good, colloquial knowledge of Romaic by a careful study of Professor Mullach's "Grammatik der Griechischen Vulgarsprache."

In creed the Greeks of Cyprus are of the Orthodox Church, which is wealthy and has several convents. They have established elementary schools in all the larger villages, and superior ones in the towns of the island. The Greek bishops and many of the popes have been educated in the latter, or at Athens, and are men of some culture; but most of the village priests and monks are stated to be as ignorant as the peasants amongst whom their lot is cast.

From the earliest times, the Greek Church of Cyprus has enjoyed an especial degree of independence. In the fifth century of our era, the growing importance and restless ambition of the See of Antioch menaced the independence of the Church of Cyprus, but, by a fortunate coincidence, just when the bishops of Cyprus were struggling to prevent their subjection to the Patriarch of Antioch, a shepherd discovered at Salamis the body of St. Barnabas, who, according to tradition, had been murdered there; and with the body, a copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew, written by the hand of the Cypriote saint.

In gratitude for this precious relic, which was sent to Constantinople, the Emperor Zeno confirmed the Church of Cyprus in its absolute independence, and conferred upon its head peculiar honors, which he still enjoys. Amongst these were the assumption by the Archbishop of Cyprus of purple silk robes, the insignium of a gold-headed sceptre, the title of Beatitude, and the privilege, only customary with emperors, of signing in red ink. The village priests are permitted to marry, and no impediment is put by the Greek Church upon the free distribution of the Scriptures.

Mr. Lang, after he had quitted the island, had occasion to recommend to the Archbishop of Cyprus the colporteur of an American Bible Society, and received in reply a most friendly letter, in which His Beatitude expressed the lively interest which he felt in the dissemination of the holy writings.

The Archbishop of Nicosia is the independent head of the Greek Church in the island; he is assisted by three bishops, whose Sees are respectively located at Larnaka, Kerinia and Bappo; and there are no fewer than 1,700 priests under his jurisdiction.

Freedom will, no doubt, stimulate the Cypriote Christians to rival the other great communities in the race for knowledge; and the Greeks, the Syrians, and the Armenians, have the future of the Levant in their own hands if they seize the present opportunity. *Kairon gnothi* should be their watchword.

"The Christian population," says Mr. Poole, "enjoying, in common with all Greeks, family life in its purest and most unselfish form, is sure to increase under a good government. The old Greek at whose house I lodged at Dali in 1869, had a son of forty. 'It is time,' he had said, 'the child should marry;' accordingly he gave him a house and land, and with his old wife lived in a corner."

The Muslims are, undoubtedly, diminishing. General Di Cesnola, in referring to this and to the deliberate destruction of unborn children, says: "In Cyprus the race of the Osmanlis is fast disappearing. This I had opportunities of remarking during my residence there, and I have been assured by competent persons, that only forty years ago, the capital of the island contained more Turks than Christians; at the present day, the latter are in a large majority. The crime of abortion is extremely practiced among the Turkish population, and the Turkish midwives flourish everywhere. I have spoken of this to Turks who were intelligent and upright enough to condemn the system, but they invariably added that the Turk was too poor to allow himself the expensive luxury of having children. If such a state of things exists also in the other provinces of Turkey, there is no need of anything but time to rid Europe of this degenerate race."

Slavery exists, but, owing to the increasing poverty of the diminishing Mohammedans, the number of slaves has fallen off considerably. The importation of free colored labor is urged; but it may be safely reckoned upon that England, Germany and Italy will people Cyprus as if by magic.

Unlike the Cretans the people of Cyprus are very easily governed. Anything like brigandage is unknown, and the Sublime Porte ruled it with scarcely any military force. As a proof of the general security that reigned, Mr. Lang states that he had occasion to send all over the island bags of money for various purposes, which were intrusted to native muleteers without escort, and who gave no receipt for the valuable property which they received.

During the Abyssinian War, he purchased for the British Government in the course of a month, over 2,000 mules, in all parts, even the most remote, of the island. The money went in English sovereigns into the interior by native hands before the animals came forward, but not a sovereign went astray; nor did one of the many agents to whom the purchases were intrusted defraud him of a single farthing.

The Cypriotes are tall and well made, and no one who looks at them with archæological eyes but sees before him frequently the type of the old sculptures—the round head, the large black eyes, set a little obliquely in the plane of the face; the marked, projecting nose, large and lightly hooked; the full lips, and the curling, black hair, with the strong, thick-set, short frame — characteristics marking a vigorous race, in which the Aryan most nearly approaches the Shemite.

In character the Cypriote is patient, frugal, hard-working, law-abiding—Greek Christians and Mussulman natives alike. The Greek has the domestic virtues, which are the glory of the Hellenic race, without the cunning which is its shame.

Mr. Lang, in his Report on the Industrial Classes of the island, divides them into three classes. The first includes tailors, shoemakers, capenters, masons, blacksmiths, cartwrights, and such like, whose earnings vary from 75 cents to a $1¼ per diem; the second class are town laborers, such as porters, boatmen, and domestic servants, who earn from 30 to 60 cents per diem; and the third and most numerous class consists of agricultural laborers, who, in harvest time, may get as much as 75 cents per diem, but the rest of the year only receive from 20 to 25 cents per diem. Their work, however, is rude and simple in the extreme, and their mode of life primitive and inexpensive.

The women are considered very handsome and graceful, though somewhat inclined to corpulency. A Cyprian damsel is a curious compound of fascinations and oddities. Seen at her best, on one of those innumerable saints' days when she does no work beyond tricking herself out in fine clothes and assisting her mother to dispense hospitality, she looks like a masquerade heroine, whatever be her station. She weaves up her hair with gold coins, twists it, plaits it, and contrives, with a red and yellow kerchief, a head-dress which looks like a turban, but is made top-heavy by being surmounted with an embroidered muffin-cap and tassel. She wears baggy breeches, sky-blue or pink, which descend to the knee, the rest of the legs and feet being bare, except when to honor company she reluctantly dons a pair of *pabouches*, in which she feels uncomfortable.

She is generally fat, and wears a short jacket profusely braided, which does not reach to her waist; she rouges and whitens her creamy complexion till it looks like the face of a wax image; she paints her eyebrows deep black, and by some cunning pencil-touches at the corners of her eyes, contrives to make them look twice their proper size. Then she feels happy, and giggles when complimented.

She cannot read or write, but she can sing, play on a triangular guitar, and spin round in a fantastic dance which takes her breath away, and makes her cry "Hoo!" while the stranger who watches her turns giddy from sympathy. Nor is she without religion; for during the long Lenten fast and on Fridays throughout the year, she lives on bread and olives, considering it a deadly sin to eat "anything that has breathed"—fish included. She sees less sin in telling fibs and discussing scandal.

It takes some time to familiarize oneself with a Cyprian girl; for some of the Mussulman practice of excluding women prevails among the Greeks, and a bevy of maidens will scurry off like frightened poultry if a man approaches them to talk; but once this shyness has worn off, the chief conversational topic of the bashful maiden will relate to her neighbors' shortcomings. She will tell you with smothered laughter things which she has learned in the most surreptitious manner; and her dark eyes will sparkle with the fun of mischief-making.

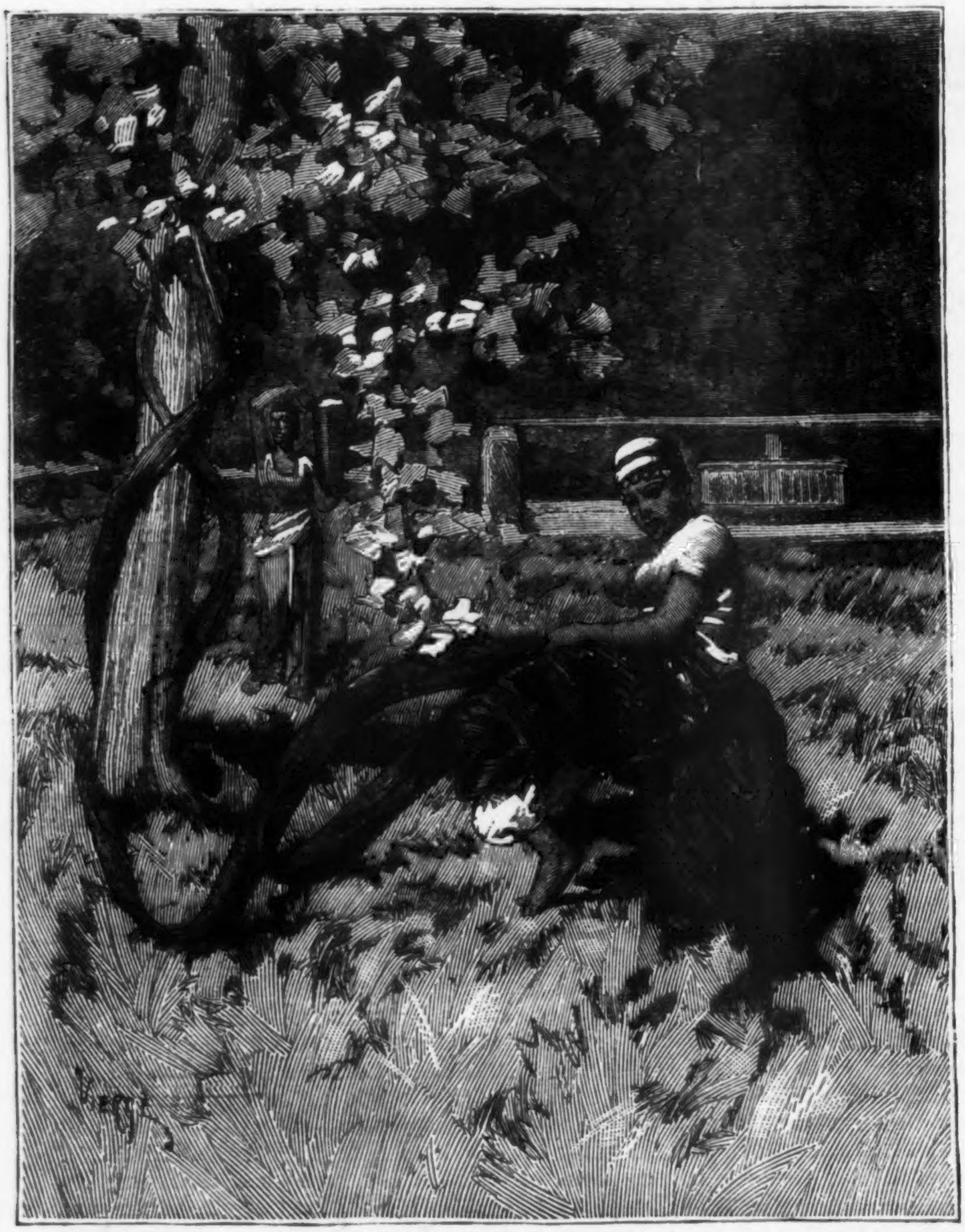
The countless feast-days in the Greek calendar afford an excuse for constant laziness, mixed with social festivity; and there is no hovel so poor but manages somehow on these occasions to put forth fruit-jellies, raw spirits, and coffee to entertain the stranger; while in fact, the fields are as deserted on these days as Scotch ones are on Sunday. In the morning the people troop to church, where the papas (priests) officiate in gorgeous vestments within churches mostly in ruins, but full of votive images in painted marble or in carved wood, dressed out like dolls. In the afternoon romping, gambling, athletic feats, and often shrieking quarrels ending by fights with knives, serve to while away the time until night comes on, when there is a great deal of dancing, singing, and carousing inside barns.

All this is gay enough, but soon palls upon the stranger, who finds the people more attractive on working days, when they have no frippery or gewgaws about them. The women are excellent housewives, and their daughters learn early to swab and scrub until they make the stone door-steps of their cottages shine like alabaster. It might be wished that they were equally active in warring against the parasites which linger in the woodwork of their dwellings; but they seem to treat these creatures as honored guests, and never disturb them.

On working days the Cyprian girl dresses loosely in cotton breeches and chemise, and lets her hair fall down her back, tying it just below the neck with a string of beads. She is surprisingly active despite her plumpness, and races about after goats, pigs, and fowls, with a fleetness which would do credit to a boy.

If of marriageable age she will not beg, but at sight of a stranger halloos to her younger sisters to come forth and claim *backsheesh;* the which having been duly obtained (for those little Greek girls are wonderful coaxers), she levies her share, which is expended in buying finery of the peddlers.

The dream of the Greek girl is to be as sumptuous as those Mussulman ladies whom she occasionally sees driving about the island in carts drawn by oxen, and whom she envies with all her heart without being able to see their faces. In all the Greek isles the *setravret*, or vailing, of the Mussulman ladies is very close, and their pride is also immense; for, being in a minority, they hold altogether aloof



WINE-PRESS ON A CYPRUS VINEYARD.

from the Christian women. The wives of second-rate Turkish officials not rich enough to afford ox-carts walk out to the bazars attended by servants, and whenever they meet a man turn their faces, though vailed, right away from him. In lonely streets or country roads they stand still and turn their backs until he has passed.

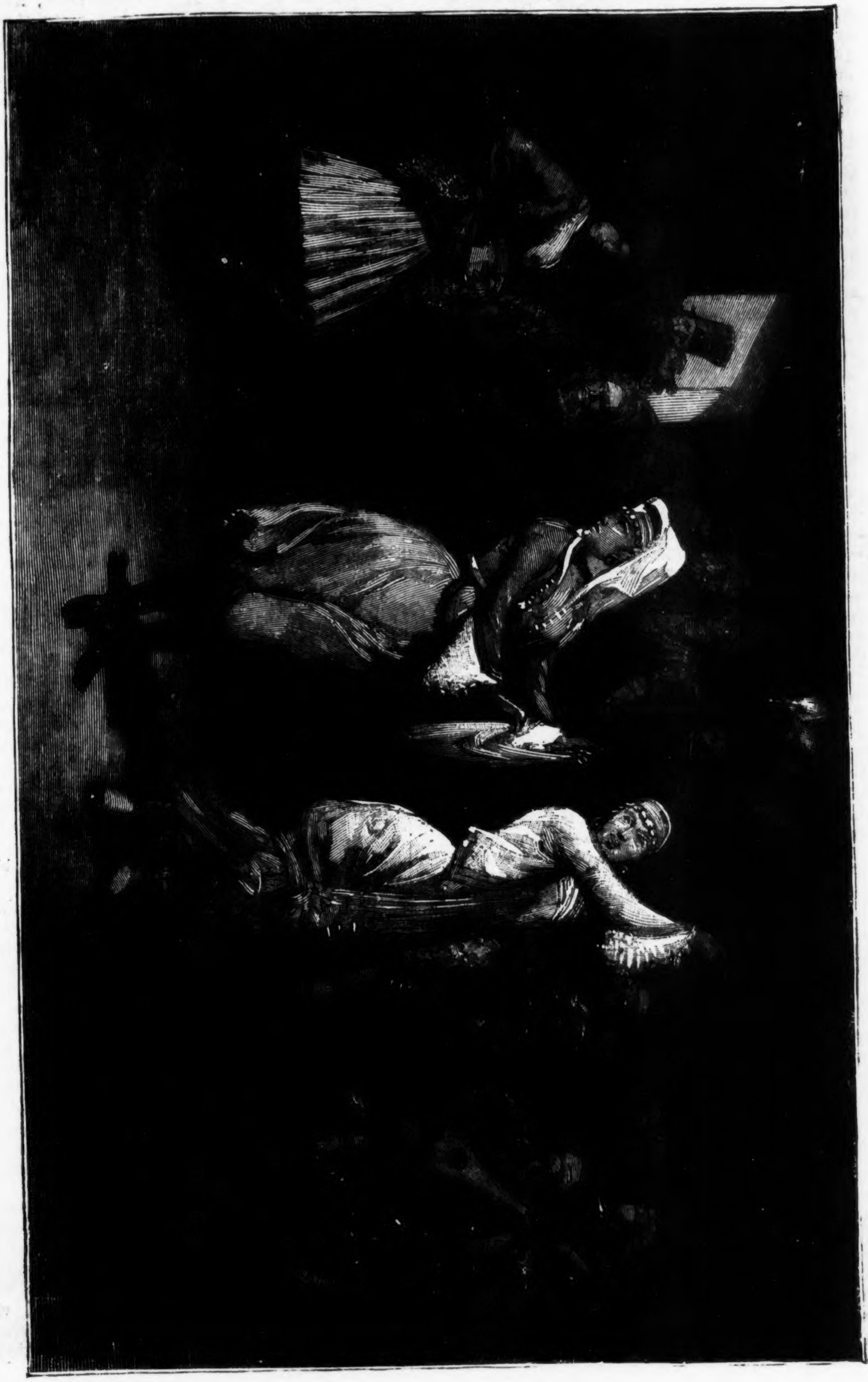
The Greek women, while laughing at these customs, secretly admire them, as enhancing the majesty of their sex; and one of the first purchases made by a Cyprian maiden when she has saved pocket-money is a vail, in which she tries to drape herself, not over-successfully, like the Mussulman dames. This article, however, she only dons in-doors; for in the open air it would excite the ire of the Greek boys, besides hiding that beauteous arrangement of rouging, blackening, and whitening above mentioned.

The ladies are said to be exceedingly indolent and voluptuous, and to retain their youthful appearance until between 40 and 50 years old; and they very frequently remarry after they have become great-grandmothers.

The ancient towns of Cyprus, according to Strabo, were Arsinoë and Soli, on the northern coast, east of Cape Acamas, which had harbors; Limenia, in the interior; Lapethus, to the east of Cape Crommyon, founded by the Spartans; then Agideus, Aphrodisium and Carpasia, near to which last-named town was Mount Olympus (not the Olympus near Larnaca), on which was a temple dedicated to Venus, which men only were allowed to enter.

Passing round Cape Andreas, near to which are two small islands, called Kleiades, or Keys of Cyprus; and proceeding along the coast we come to Salamis, at the mouth of the Pediæus,

FAMAGOSTA.



A WEDDING DANCE AT CYPRUS.

said to have been built by Teucer, the brother of Ajax, when he migrated from his native place, the Grecian island of the same name.

Farther south was Ammochostos, of which it is said the modern name Famagosta is a corruption, a place of importance under the Lusignan dynasty, and chief port and fortress of the Venetians. It is now chiefly interesting for its ruined palaces and churches. General Di Cesnola thus describes Famagosta: "As you approach the massive walls of the city, which are nearly seventeen feet thick, and of solid stone, all taken from the ruins of Salamis, you see how impossible it was to take such a city except by famine or treachery. The walls stand now as impregnable and intact as when raised by the Lusignans. The old bronze guns of the Republic of Venice are still on the bastions in their original place, looking formidably toward the sea and the plain of Salamis, but spiked and out of service since 1571. . . . . The ruins of Famagosta are not grand and imposing . . . . Only two out of 300 churches that are said to have existed in Famagosta, were left standing. The principal one, formerly the Cathedral, and now used as a mosque, is paved with mortuary marble slabs, engraved with the names and arms of the Italian noblemen once buried beneath them, whose bones were exhumed and thrown into the sea, by order of the fanatical and ferocious Mustapha Pasha, the day after he captured the city. The other church, used as a granary and a stable by the Turks, contains also a few tombstones, now all worn out by the horses' hoofs. . . . Within the city wall resides the Caimakam of the Province of Caspass, with the Cadi of Famagosta and the usual mejilis. There is also a military governor of the fortress, and a company of artillery. This governor resides with his troops in a small fort overlooking the sea, and flanked by a large round tower, called by the natives 'Torre del Moro'—Tower of the Moor. Tradition asserts that in this tower were the headquarters of the Venetian Lord Lieutenant of Cyprus, Cristoforo Moro, during the years 1506–1508. On the 22d of October, 1508, Cristoforo Moro was recalled from Cyprus, and returned to Venice; and from documents which I have been allowed to peruse it would appear that this man was married four times, and that his married life was not very exemplary. This Cristoforo Moro was the Othello of Shakespeare."

The fortress of Famagosta contains some of the worst criminals of the Turkish Empire, and in one of them the wife of Di Cesnola discovered the celebrated Kattirdji Janni, the Robin Hood of the Levant, whose romantic history so interested the lady as to induce her to plead, through Azis Pasha, for a mitigation of his sentence, in which she was, happily for Janni, eminently successful.

Next to Famagosta came Leuculla, near Cape Pidalion, a lofty tract of country called the Table of Venus. To the west of Cape Pidalion, on the site of the modern town of Larnaca, was Citium, the Chittim of Scripture, which was the birthplace of Zeno the Stoic. It is now the chief port of the island, the seat of the British Consulate, and is connected by telegraph with Latakia, on the Syrian coast, through Nicosia, the capital.

Larnaca is about a quarter of a mile from the sea, and the consular body, together with most of the Europeans, reside at a suburb on the shore, called by the Italians the Marina, which is the chief depot of the commerce of the whole island. West of Citium was Amathus, and Palæa inland. To the westward of Cape Kurias (Gatto) was Curium, with a port built by the Argivi. Around the bend of the coast, which here trends toward the northwest, there were the towns of Treta, Boosura and Palæ Paphos (old Paphos), another Arsinoë, with a port, temple and sacred grove, and New Paphos.

Lefkosia, or, as it is commonly called, Nicosia (the ancient Ledra), is situated toward the centre of the island, and is surrounded by beautiful gardens. It is the capital, and was formerly the abode of the Lusignan Kings of Cyprus. Besides the churches, a description of which will be found further on, it has a market, a caravanserai, and the governor's palace, the gateway of which is still ornamented with the Venetian lion in stone. The Venetian walls are still standing, but the ancient mansions are fast falling into ruins, and the streets, like those of most Eastern towns, are narrow and dirty. The town has a small trade in raw cotton and wine, carpets, cotton prints and morocco leather. The leather dressers have a secret method of preparing it, which is said to make it more durable and more brilliant in color than that produced elsewhere.

The Church of St. Sophia, at Nicosia, is, next to the cathedral at Famagosta, the most important Christian edifice now existing in Cyprus.

The little church of St. Nicholas is a small Byzantine building of quite an Eastern type, and has a low central octagonal lantern, crowned with a flat dome, so common in Syrian churches, and also to be found in the early churches in the south of France, Spain, Greece and Armenia. There is a third church in Nicosia, originally dedicated to St. Catherine.

Before touching upon the vast archæological wealth of Cyprus, we shall say a few words upon its ancient history.

When the dawn of civilization was but commencing to shed its rosy light upon Greece, Cyprus was already, in common with Egypt and Assyria, in the noonday sun of advancement; and a glance at the checkered history of the island from that remote time when the metal-working Phœnicians sought copper on her shores, to the ghastly inauguration of Moslem rule, will not be without interest.

Cyprus holds a prominent place in mythological lore. It was at Paphos that Venus, or Aphrodite, who is also called Cypris, first landed after being born of the sea-foam. It was in the forests of Idalium, the modern Dali, that Adonis was slain by the wild boar; Mount Olympus, and not the Caucasus, is also alleged to be the scene of the terrible punishment of Prometheus; and it was a king of Cyprus who became enamored of the marble statue carven by his own hands, and afterward endowed with life by the Goddess of Love.

It has been established that Cyprus was the Chittim of the Old Testament. Chittim was a son of Javan, grandson of Japhet, and great-grandson of Noah. Josephus identifies Chittim with Cyprus; and the existence on the island of a town called Citium tends to corroborate the assertion. The early Phœnician settlers retained their connection with the mother country, and Di Cesnola cites a revolt against Tyre 1000 B.C. The island was known as Kypros, a name derived from the Hebrew *kopher*, or henna, a plant which flourishes in abundance, and which, in ancient times, was used in the concoction of oils and salves. Homer, in the "Iliad," describes the armor fabricated by the legendary hero of Cyprus, Cinyras, and presented to Agamemnon; who, if the legends speak truly, repaid this courtesy after a somewhat ill fashion.

The shape of the island was compared by the ancients to a deer's skin, or fleece, spread out. Mount Olympus stands 6,590 feet high; Mount Adelphi, 5,380 feet; Mount Santa Croce, 2,300 feet—formerly crowned by a temple to Jupiter. "This temple was in ruins," says Di Cesnola, "when the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, visited Cyprus; and a tradition, from which the hill derives its present name, asserts that Saint Helena caused a chapel to be erected on the spot, and deposited in it a piece of the cross which she had brought from Jerusalem. An English traveler, John Locke, says he saw the relic in Cyprus in 1553. There is a ruined French convent now on the top of the hill, and on the eastern slope is another convent dedicated to Santa Barbara."

The river Pedios, or Pedaios, which joins the sea between Salamis and Famagosta, is the most important river. In 1330 it was so much swollen as to inundate Nicosia, causing terrible destruction to life, and turning the plain of Mesaoria into a lake.

The island is supposed to have been covered with timber, its cedars surpassing in dimensions even those of Lebanon. The supply of iron was considerable, while gold and silver were also found, but apparently not in large quantities.

The worship of Aphrodite, or the Goddess of Love, was carried on in a manner such as to render the morality of Cypriots more or less of a byword. Their monarchs, too, were sensual and effeminate, indulging in every excess, and studying the very inner refinement of luxury. A fragment of a comedy of Aristophanes shows us how the King of Neo Paphos lived. During dinner this potentate was kept cool by doves hovering around him. To allure them he was salved with Tyrian oil, made from a fruit which the birds were fond of, and whose odor they recognized; but as they approached to settle on his head, attendants warded them off, and the constant flutter of their wings produced the necessary cooling effect.

Solon passed the latter part of his life in Cyprus, dying there. Shipbuilding was largely carried on, and Demetrius Poliorcetes is stated to have had one built of cedar wood 130 feet long. Cyprus did not hold a high place in the fine arts; the name of one sculptor only—Styppax, a contemporary of Pericles—being handed down.

Of the Cyprus Iliad, the "Kypria," which consisted of eleven books, but the argument is preserved to us. The subject of the "Kypria" is the chain of events that led to the siege of Troy.

The fresh colonization of Cyprus, according to legend, began with the return of the heroes from Troy. 707 B.C., Sargon, the Assyrian monarch, conquered Cyprus. 594 B.C., Apries, King of Egypt—the Pharaoh Hophra of Scripture—despoiled the island. Herodotus tells us that during the reign of Psammetticus, the Cypriote rulers, tired of Egyptian control, surrendered themselves to Cambyses the Persian. 477 B.C. the Athenians and Lacedemonians conquered part of Cyprus from the Persians. When Alexander, 355 B.C., besieged Tyre, the kings of Cyprus voluntarily assisted him with 120 ships. The island, after being a considerable period under the sceptre of the Ptolemies, became independent of Egypt, 103 B.C. The last of the Ptolemaic family who ruled over Cyprus was an uncle of Cleopatra.

Cato took possession of the island, being well received by the inhabitants. He found immense treasure in the palace at Salamis, which he sold for 7,000 talents. In the year 52 B.C., Cicero superseded Appius as proconsul of Cyprus and Cilicia. Strabo states that the lovesick Antony gave the island to Cleopatra, and that Augustus revoked the gift, annexing Cyprus to the Empire. It was in the reign of Tiberius that Saint Paul visited the island, then under the proconsul Sergius Paulus, and performed in that officer's presence the miracle on Bar-jesus, the sorcerer (Acts xiii. 14). So badly treated was Paul at Paphos that he declared the citizens the worst in the world. "This description," writes General Di Cesnola, "is said, and with some truth, to be a just one to this day."

The Jews, unmindful of their defeats in Judea by Vespasian and Titus, resolved to attack the Romans elsewhere; and during the reign of Trajan, A.D. 115, worsted the Cypriots, slaying, it is alleged, over a quarter of a million of them. The Romans, in their turn, utterly defeated the Jews; passing a decree in Senate expelling them from the island. So rigidly was this law enforced that any Jew wrecked on the coast of Cyprus was instantly put to death.

Under Constantine this province was one of the most opulent in the Empire. The Arabs next came in for Cyprus; now holding, now having the island wrested from them. One of its Arab rulers was the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid, A.D. 803. In the year 964 the Arabs were finally expelled by the Christians.

Cyprus was frequently visited by the Crusaders, Eric, the first King of Denmark, with several other notables, dying there. Richard I., King of England, *en route* to the Holy Land, visited Cyprus, A. D. 1191, for the purpose of avenging an insult offered to Berengaria, his betrothed bride, by the Duke of Cyprus. After a battle, the duke was defeated, loaded with silver chains, stripped of his dignities, and carried away into captivity, while his victorious opponent sold the island to the Knights Templars, whose oppression caused a revolt. Richard resumed the sovereignty, and gave it to Guy of Lusignan, the expelled King of Jerusalem, in 1192. The Lusignans retained it for nearly 300 years, which was a flourishing period for Cyprus.

John III., of Lusignan, died in 1451, leaving the kingdom to Charlotte, his only legitimate child, who married her cousin, Louis, Count of Geneva, second son of the Duke of Savoy and Anna, of Cyprus. Queen Charlotte, of Cyprus, returned to Rome, where she died in 1487, bequeathing her claim to Charles, Duke of Savoy, in consequence of which the sovereigns of that dynasty assume, to this day, the titles of Kings of Cyprus and Jerusalem.

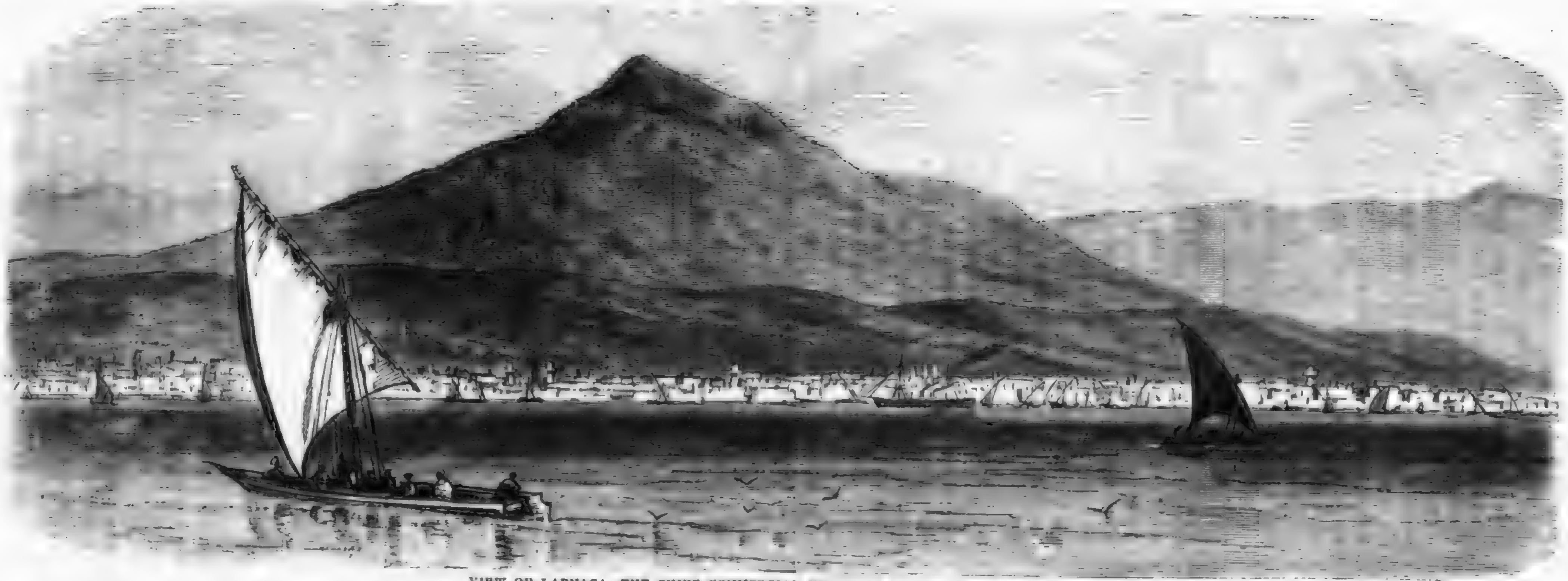
The natural brother of James married Catherine Cornaro, the daughter of a Venetian merchant, who brought him 100,000 golden ducats. The Venetian Senate adopted Catherine Cornaro, on her marriage in 1471, as "Daughter of St. Mark."

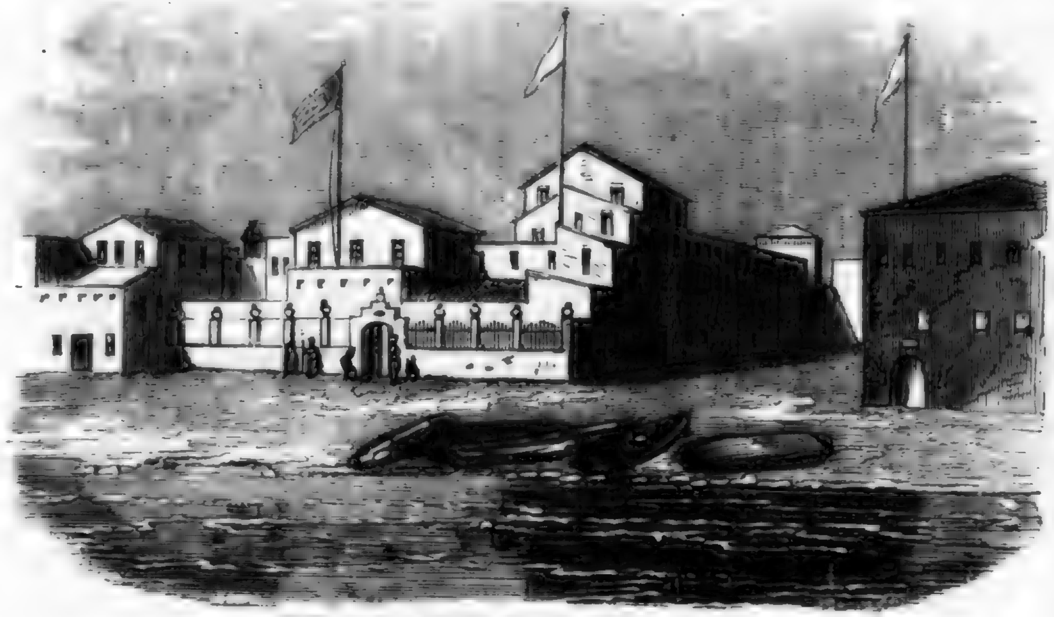
In 1473, James died, and Catherine was soon after delivered of a son, of whom the Republic of Venice assumed the guardianship, and Venetian troops were sent to garrison the towns of the island. The child died an infant, and, in 1489 the Venetian Senate persuaded Catherine to abdicate in favor of the Republic. She retired to Asola, near Treviso, where she lived the remainder of her days in princely style, and on a liberal pension.

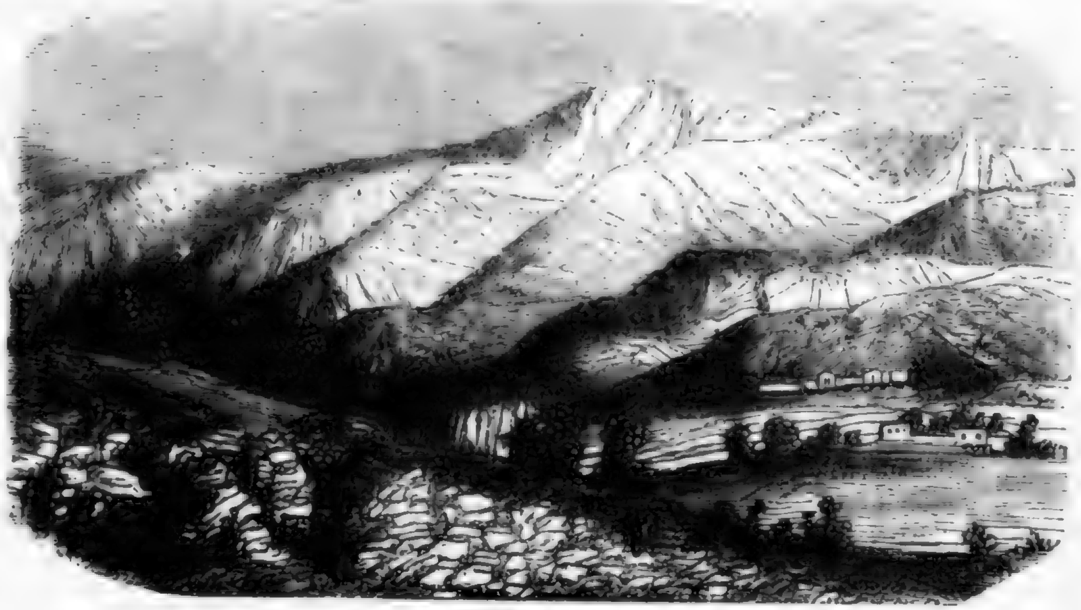
The Venetians virtually kept possession of Cyprus for nearly 100 years—namely, from about 1490 to 1571, when it was taken by the Turks, under Mustapha, who had been dispatched there by the then Sultan Selim.

The details of the defeat of the Venetian Republic are minutely entered into in General Di Cesnola's valuable work. Venice, informed of Turkish piratical excursions, sent a staff of engineers to repair the fortresses of Cyprus. In 1570, Selim II. demanded the cession of the Island of Cyprus, which was refused. This news sent a thrill of apprehension through the Christian population along the shores of the Mediterranean. Pope Pius V. exhorted a crusade, and Venice, too much occupied in fortifying herself, omitted to garrison her recently repaired fortresses on the island.

The siege of Nicosia was commenced under Mustapha Pasha, who entered the city after seven weeks' siege and several assaults. For an entire week, the city was given up to the ferocity of the captors, and scenes of horror followed such as it is not in the power of pen to describe. Twenty thousand persons were mercilessly butchered, and 2,000 of the flower of the city's youth borne away into captivity. Famagosta still held out, hoping against hope

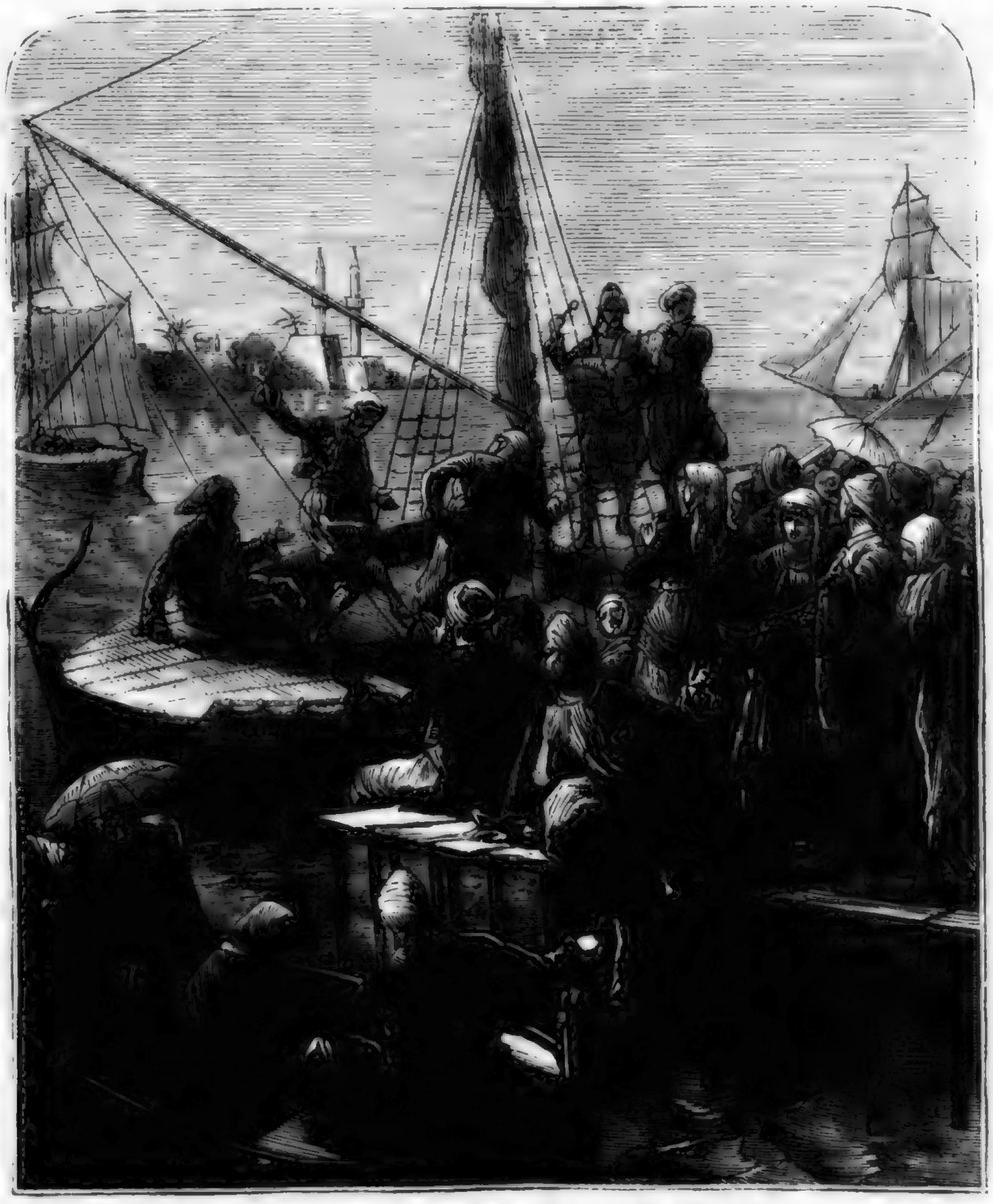

VIEW OF LARNACA, THE CHIEF COMMERCIAL EMPORIUM OF THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

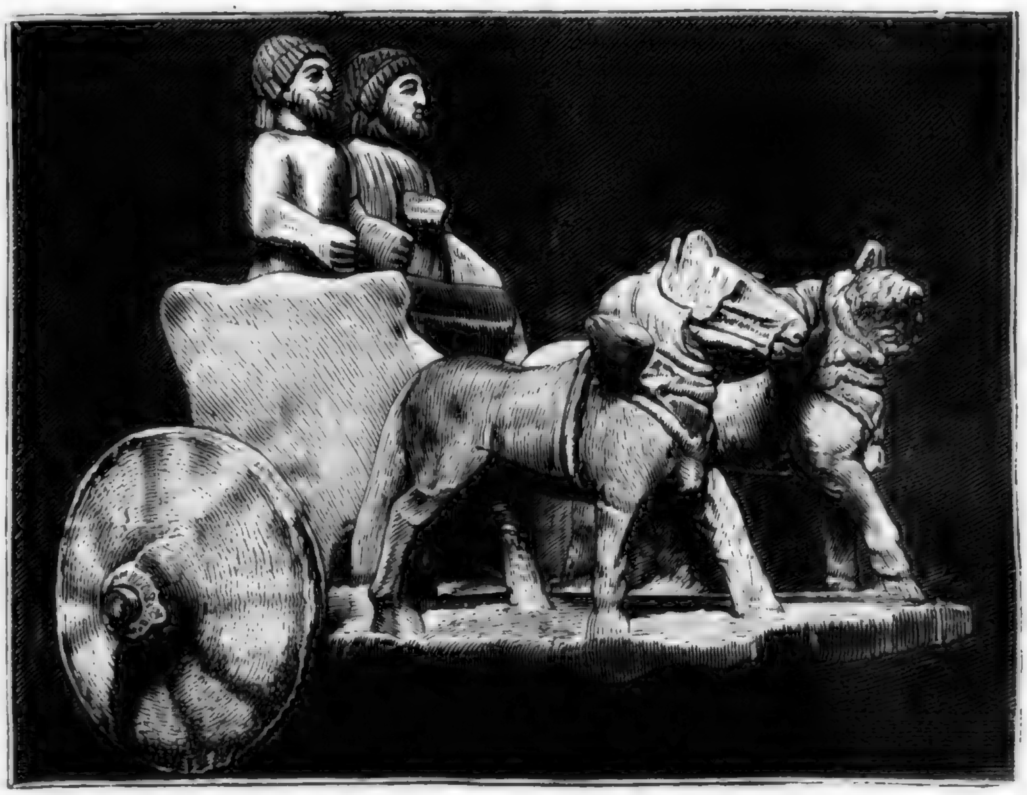

VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE, LARNACA.


MOUNT OLYMPUS.

for assistance from Venice—held out for ten long months, and when everything save honor was gone, then did the heroic commander, General Bragadino, offer to surrender.

"On the 5th of August, General Bragadino, accompanied by his lieutenants, Baglioni, Martinengo, and Querini, went to the Turkish camp, and was politely received by Mustapha. After the delivering of the keys and when General Bragadino had risen to take leave, the vile Turk asked him for special hostages for the safe return from Candia of the Turkish vessels which were to convey him and his men thither. Bragadino refused this, as not having been stipulated in the accepted conditions of his surrender. . . . The Pasha, becoming enraged, ordered the four Venetians to be put to death, and in a few minutes, Generals Baglioni, Martinengo, and Querini were executed in the presence of Bragadino, for whom a more terrible death was reserved. The executioner cut off his nose and ears; three times he was made to lay his head on the block, as if to be beheaded; then, being heavily chained, was thrown into a dark dungeon, and left for nine days in that miserable condition. On the tenth day, by order of Mustapha, Bragadino was brought out of prison, and compelled to carry earth for the repairs of the fortifications for several hours; after which, more dead than alive, the heroic soldier was tied to a stake, and in the presence of the ferocious Mustapha, was flayed alive. His skin, stuffed with hay, was sent, with the heads of the other three, as presents to the Sultan."


THE CELEBRATION OF THE FEAST OF VENUS AT LARNACA.


CYPRIOTE ANTIQUITIES—A CHARIOT FROM THE CESNOLA COLLECTION.

The archæological riches of Cyprus have been wellnigh exhausted by General Di Cesnola, and those who would gain the fullest knowledge on this most absorbing subject—since the island, like Assyria, is a land of buried cities—should consult his unrivaled work, "Cyprus." It is estimated by Mr. Poole that Cypriotic antiquities range, probably, from the Trojan age—perhaps 1200 B.C.—to the close of the Greek dominion, in a series of monumental records unrivaled for continuous succession anywhere in the world save in Egypt; that they are in origin and characteristics Phœnician, bearing the impress of the art of the nations which ruled the Eastern Mediterranean—Greek art alone being but faintly represented. The character of Oriental taste was too firmly fixed for Hellenic art, late in arrival and never wholly welcome to the national instincts, to plant itself securely here. Had Cyprus enjoyed the good fortune of Rhodes, the next stepping-stone westward of Phœnician commerce and the last eastward of true Hellenic culture, we might anticipate dazzling results from excavations in the island. Not alone the national taste forbids this hope: the soft limestone of the island lends itself with a fatal facility to the production of inferior art, and thus Cypriote statues are little superior to the lower class of terra-cottas in force of execution and attention to detail.

The most interesting remains have been found in the ancient royal cities, capitals of the small kingdoms into which the island was divided for at least four centuries before it became part of the kingdom of the first Ptolemy. The Annals of Sargon, repeated in the Larnaca Stele, mention the submission of the seven kings of Cyprus (Records of the Past, vii. 51). Esarhaddon enumerates the ten kings of Cyprus as subjects (iii. 108). The capitals vary at different times, and the number of the kingdoms also. The minority of the kings were Phœnicians, the rest Cypriotes; the royal race of Salamis boasting of a Greek origin. When the kings were confederate, the ruler of Salamis seems to have taken the lead, and the famous Euagoras, in the middle of the fourth century, was virtually king of the whole island; waging for ten years a successful war with Persia, which left him independent. Paphos was the chief seat of the worship of the national goddess Aphrodite, whose cultus was originally Phœnician. Citium, from its position, was a great port of the island, only rivaled by Salamis. These three cities were the chief places under the rule of the Ptolemies, and we find the governor uniting the functions of high priest, admiral and general for Paphos, Salamis and Citium; though we do not yet know which of the two ports was the chief naval station.

Paphos has not yet yielded any very important results to the explorer, in spite of the efforts of General Di Cesnola. The great temple, as rebuilt by Vespasian, in the archaic form, after it had been destroyed by an earthquake—well portrayed, with its fish-pond, sacred doves, and strange conical stones, on the Roman coinage of Cyprus—is now only represented by shapeless ruins; owing, perhaps, to the effect of successive earthquakes, as General di Cesnola remarks. His explorations here were unproductive.

At Citium the harbor and the walls of the ancient city may still be traced southward of the modern town of Larnaca. Besides a remarkable tomb of Phœnician style, there is little above ground. Excavations have, however, been rewarded with some objects of interest. The Assyrian stele, bearing the figure and annals of Sargon, was found here, and is now in the Berlin Museum (Cesnola, p. 47). A low hill on the edge of the salt marsh which represents the old harbor has yielded an abundance of small terra-cottas of Greek style. Being of the Macedonian period, they are far inferior to the figures of Tanagra; but on the whole, they will be more interesting to the generality than anything else in the range of the antiquities. With them Cypriote figures are found, either older, or, as is more probable, preserving the traditions of hieratic art. Among these General Di Cesnola notices the cow-headed goddess (pp. 51, 52).

Salamis has been even less productive than Citium. Probably in both cases the remains have been used for building purposes by the medieval rulers of the island, and the Turks.

Idalium, Golgos, Curium and Amathus have been the scenes of the happiest explorations. It may be doubted whether more than one of these sites has not been worked out.

Nothing undoubtedly Egyptian has yet been discovered in Cyprus, except a little mummy-figure of the time of the twenty-sixth dynasty (664–525 B.C.), found in Carpas. But it is not at all impossible that some record of Egyptian conquest, like the Stele of Sargon, may yet be discovered. Egyptian objects anterior in date to the Assyrian age would be of the greatest interest.

More Assyrian remains may confidently be looked for, in the shape of tablets, documentary clay cylinders, and ornaments.

Coins will be the commonest of interesting antiquities brought to the traveler. The most important are those bearing Cypriote inscriptions, probably ranging from the sixth century to the middle of the fourth. The Phœnician coinages of the kings of Citium and Idalium, dating in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., deserve the next place. Both these illustrate the religion and history of the island. A few fine Greek coins of Paphos and Salamis have come to light, but they were evidently scantily issued. Under the Ptolemies the mints of Cyprus struck abundant money, and as the greater part of the silver coins are dated, the class is of unusual historical interest. The Roman coins of Paphos, with the representation of the great temple of Aphrodite, are not uncommon. Of subsequent currencies, the most interesting is that of the Lusignan kings of Cyprus, a complete representative series of which it is very hard to obtain.

A word may be added to travelers. They should not visit Cyprus unless they are prepared for rough traveling. In 1869 Mr. Poole passed a delightful fortnight there, without post, newspapers, gas, roads, carriages, milk, butter or drinking water; but this was in the great drought. Now that the "milordos" has come, the rate of living will soon rise, and the necessaries of life rapidly appear. Without a yacht, the best mode of reaching the island is from Beyroot to Larnaca. It may be doubted whether any but a powerful steam-yacht should risk the open roadsteads of Cyprus, particularly on the storm-beaten north coast. There is no inn deserving the name at Larnaca or any other town. The best plan is to engage servants at their own recommendation, and leave Larnaca as soon as may be.

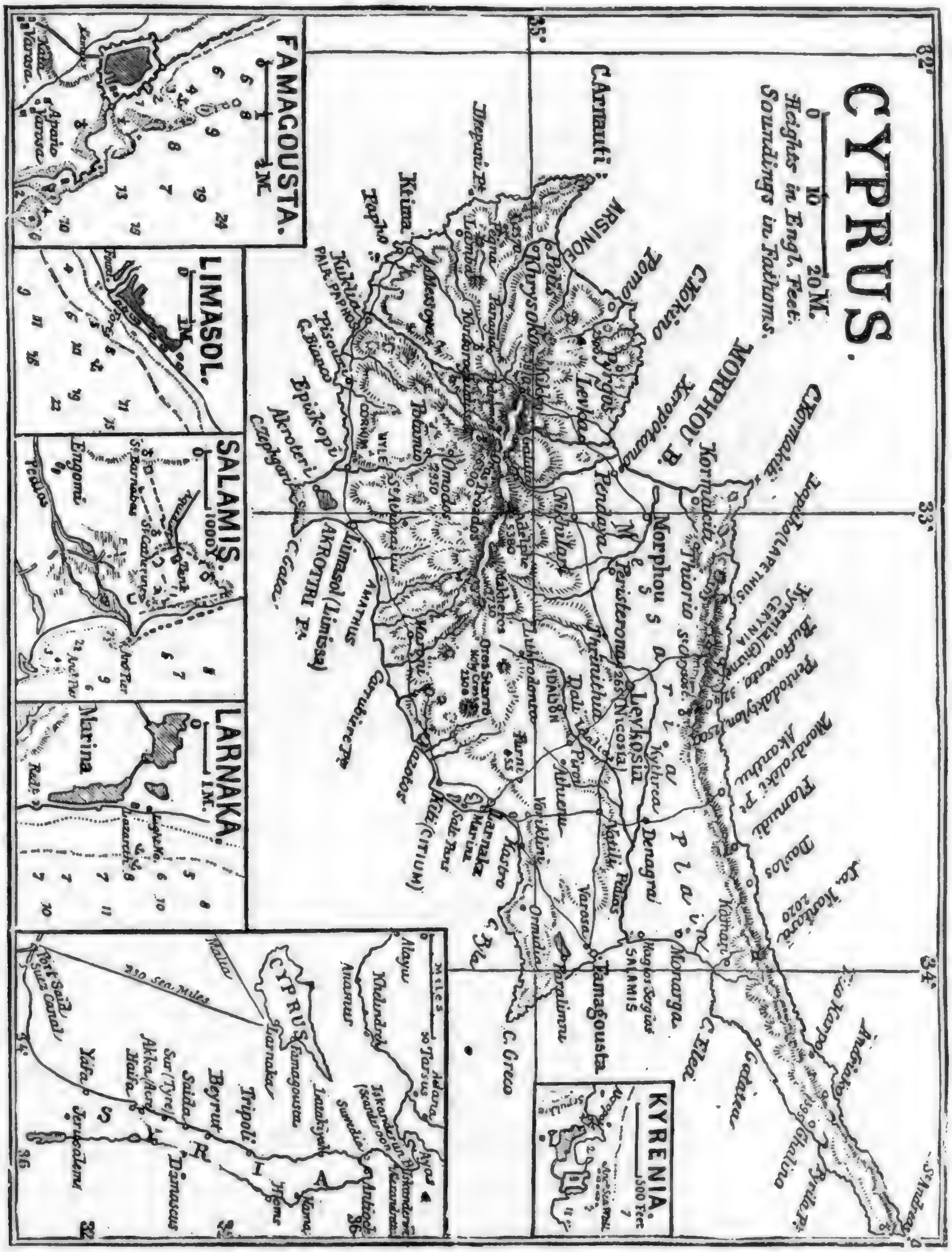
The Marina, the port and European quarter, is malarious, and on no account should windows be left open at night in sleeping-rooms, nor is it wise to be out after sunset in the immediate neighborhood. Mules may be hired here. A good cook and a small canteen, to be carried by one mule, are indispensable. For the Summer, tents may be taken; in the Winter, quarters may be obtained for a small sum at the Greek villages, where the inhabitants readily give up their best rooms for hire. If possible, those chosen for sleeping-rooms should be above the ground-floor, and the servants should be sent in first to clean them out and spread the traveling mattresses.

In the case of the towns, hospitality will be readily given by Greek merchants. In return, some acceptable present—a Greek Bible, of an edition authorized by the Church, a tract of St. Chrysostom, or a Homer, would be very welcome to an old-fashioned Cypriote. In all cases the servants of the host should receive presents, on a scale ascertained at Larnaca before starting, which in no case should be exceeded.

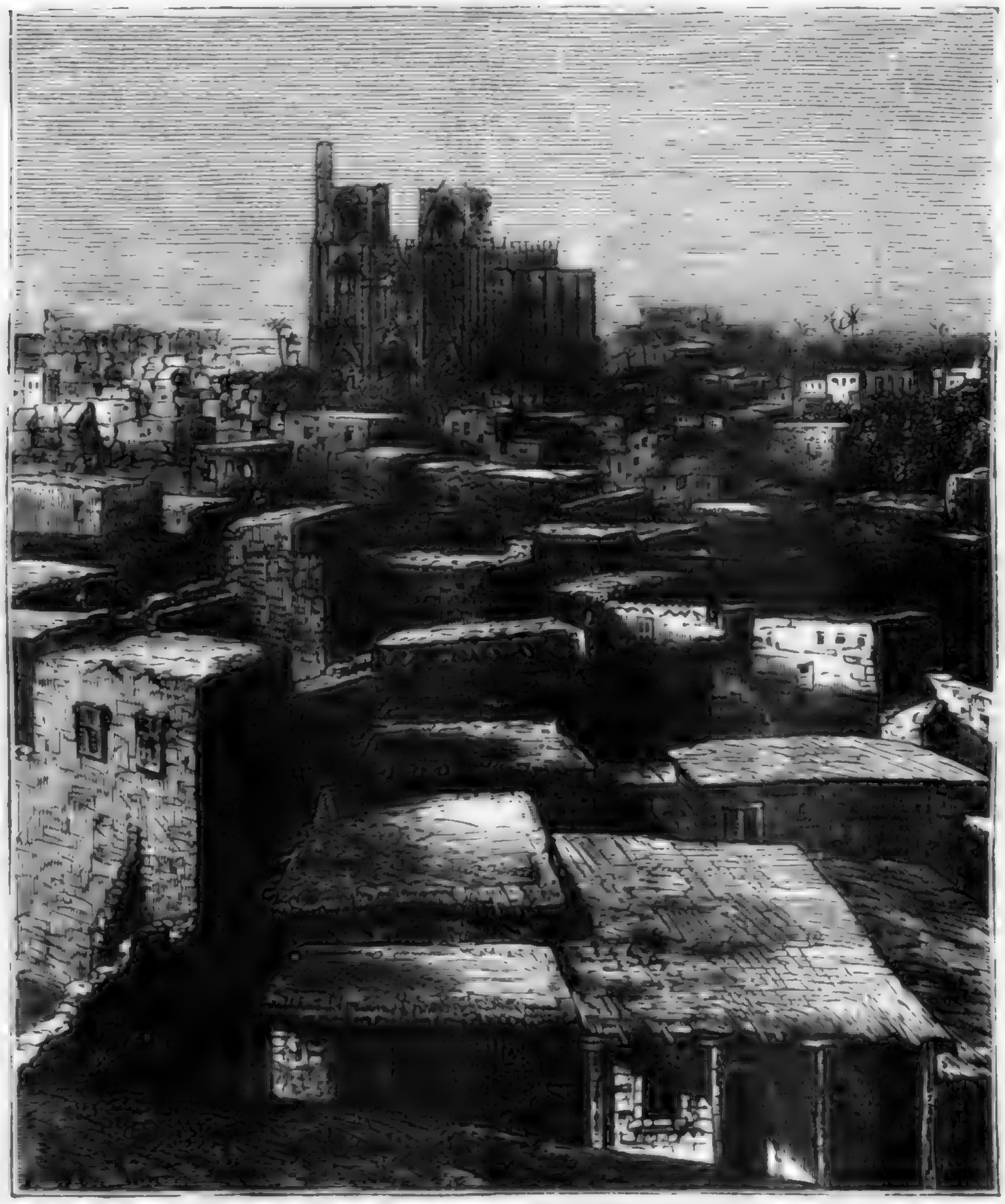
In associating with Turks, a few rules of etiquette should be observed, if the traveler wishes to be respected. These are easily learned. In all cases, familiarity should be discouraged by gravity of manner. Those who wish to understand the people would do wisely to spend a few week before starting in learning Romaic.

Larnaca is a good central point for excursions to Salamis, Dali, Nicosia, Paphos and Curium, as well as for the ascent of Mounts Olympus and Stavro, Other places are nearer to several of these points, but would be far less suitable as a basis of the traveler's operations. What he has most to observe will be stated almost immediately. The lover of scenery may be disappointed, unless he can see beauty in almost bare mountains and wide-stretching plains. The naturalist will, whether geologist, zoologist or botanist, find much to repay him, and it is to be hoped that the national love of destruction will not scare away or exterminate the rarer animals.

The childlike Cypriote seems to have developed a sudden turn for sharp dealing which would not compare


CYPRUS.
0 10 20 M.
Heights in Engl. Feet.
Soundings in Fathoms.
32°
33°
34°
35°
FAMAGOUSTA.
LIMASOL.
SALAMIS.
LARNAKA.
KYRENIA.
C. Arnauti
ARSINOE
Ktima
Papho
Kukla
Pisouri
Episkopi
Akrotiri
C. Gata
AKROTIRI B.
Limasol (Limisso)
Amathus
MORPHOU B.
C. Kormakiti
Morphou
Lefka
Nicosia
Lefkosia
Dali
Kythrea
Kyrenia
Larnaka
Citium
Famagousta
Salamis
C. Greco
C. Pyla
C. Elea
C. St. Andrea
Mesaoria
Olympus
Oros Stavro
CYPRUS
Larnaka
Famagousta
Adana
Tarsus
Iskanderun
Antioch
Latakiyeh
Tripoli
Beyrut
Saida
Sur (Tyre)
Akka
Haifa
Yafa
Jerusalem
Damascus
Homs
Hama
Port Said
Suez Canal
S Y R I A
230 Sea Miles

THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS, THE CHIEF TOWNS, AND THE NEIGHBORING COASTS.



THE CATHEDRAL AND TOWN OF FAMAGOSTA.

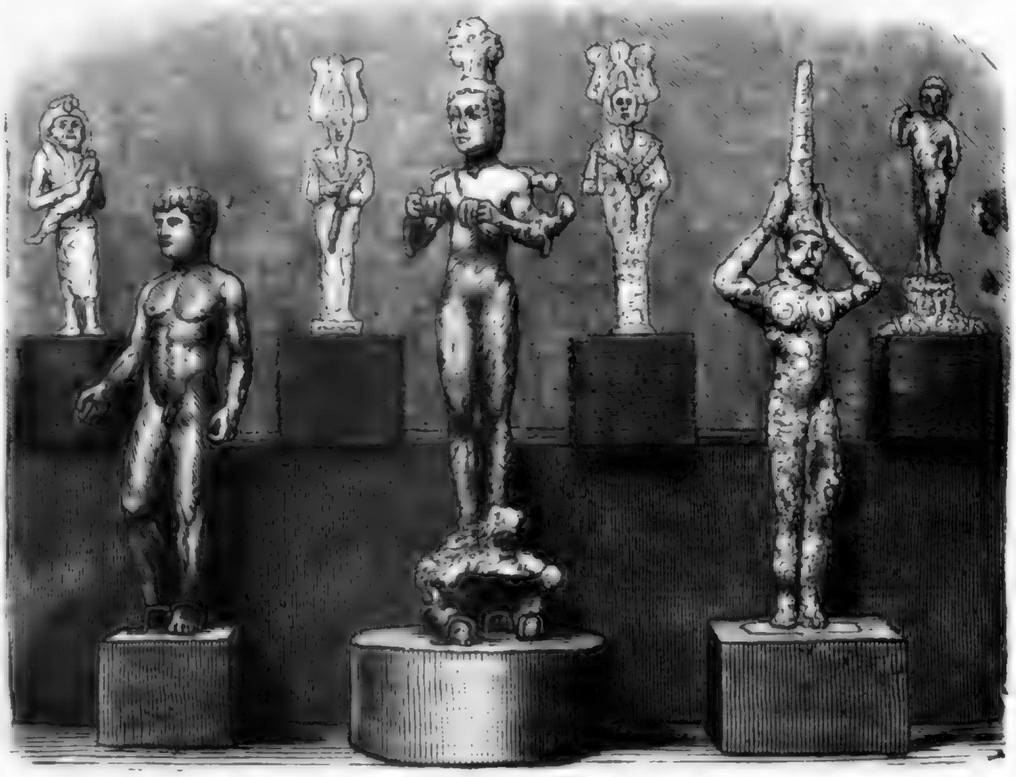
unfavorably with a Swiss hotel-keeper or the proprietor of a seaside lodging-house, when a large excursion has arrived and all the bathing-machines have been secured as bedrooms. The sharks who promote bubble companies are already busy with their schemes for the "development" of all kinds of trades in Cyprus. In the course of a few days we shall see "The Wheal Emma of Cyprus," worked out by the Phœnicians a thousand years ago; "The Potted Locust Company (Limited)"; "The Sponge and Oyster Diver Association"; "The Larnaca Loan Society"; "The Levant Insurance and Banking Corporation"; "The Nicosia Aquarium and Skating Rink Company," and many other healthy investments, all of which will, no doubt, be found duly quoted in the official list, by the side of the new Turkish Loan, which the Ottoman Bank has the impudence to suppose it can palm off on a too credulous public.

The future of Cyprus now depends upon British Rule and that prosaic phrase, the "Emigration Question." "Every province we can take from Turkey," says England, "and govern ourselves, is a premium added to the world's reservoir of resources, just as completely as if it had tumbled from some volcano-stricken planet. Turks destroy, we vivify; and in those four words is the statement of an unimpeachable moral claim."

Cyprus, by virtue of the provisions of the now famous Anglo-Turkish Convention, was formally ceded to England on the 11th of July last by the Turkish Pasha, and Sir Garnet Wolesley, appointed to the Governorship by the Queen, took possession of it in Her Majesty's name. Whether the island will be of permanent value time alone can show.

There is much new work to be done in Cyprus; but if it is to be done well, it must not be done precipitately—while the splendid opportunity for developing its resources must not be lost.

We await the stern logic of events.



ANTIQUITIES FROM THE CESNOLA COLLECTION.

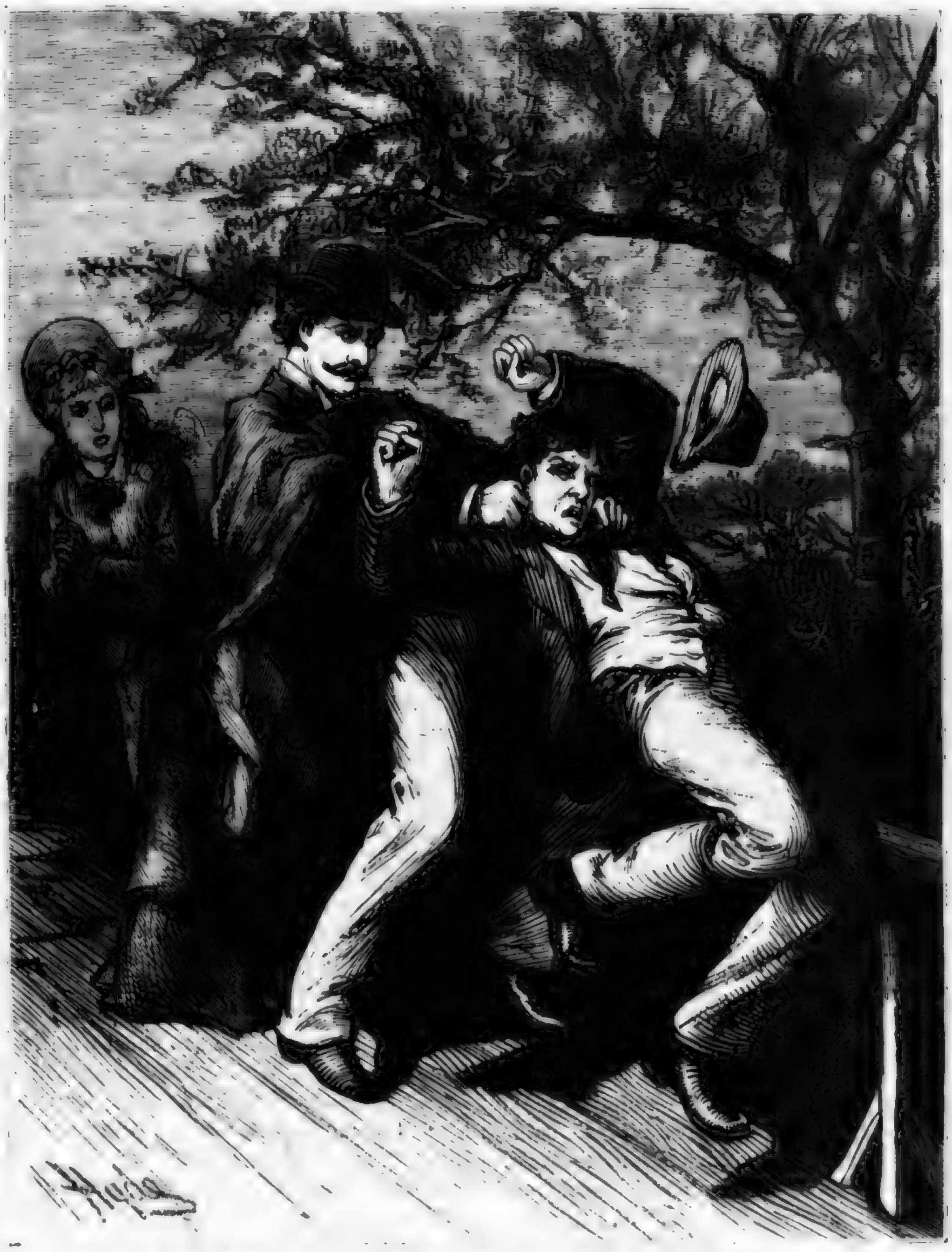
ROXIE.

By Etta W. Pierce.

She was standing ankle-deep in the pool below the sawmill when young Trevor first saw her, both hands full of water-lilies, her hat swinging on her neck, her hair loose, her bare, white, dimpled feet shining in the water, and the glorious westering sun pouring all over her a flood of hot, red light.

Plympton folks used to say afterward that she knew the squire was out riding that afternoon, and so struck an attitude there in the mill-brook to be seen by him.

But I never believed it. The meeting was accidental enough. Roxie wouldn't have taken off shoes and stockings, and gone wading after lilies, if she'd once thought of meeting Philip Trevor. No; she'd have put on her Sunday best, and all the finery she could muster, and curled her chestnut hair, and tied it with her prettiest ribbon; for, though she was nobody but old Joe Blake's daughter, she had as much pride and vanity as any lady that ever stepped.



ROXIE.—"HE NEVER MADE A SOUND, BUT JUST TOOK SANDY BLAKE BY THE THROAT AND PITCHED HIM HEADLONG INTO THE MILL-BROOK."

He came riding along by the brook, did Trevor, with his dogs at his heels, his blooded bay horse shining like satin, a soft whistle on his lips, his lazy gray eyes glancing curiously about the half-forgotten old place; for, though he was born in Plympton, he hadn't lived there since his father's death, years and years before.

At sight of Roxie the dogs began to bark, and one of them splashed into the water and leaped upon her. Trevor sprang out of his saddle, and beat the brute off with his riding-whip, and then doffed his hat; and, with a gleam in his gray eyes, says he: "I hope I have not frightened you? Tancred is an ill-trained beast. Shall I hold him under the water for punishment?"

Roxie colored hot as fire, though she needn't have been ashamed of her feet, for they were as white as snow, and dimpled like a baby's.

"Certainly not," she answered.

"You are sure you are not harmed?"

"Very sure."

Then he begged for one of her lilies, and went slowly on down the road, and waited by the bridge till she came along, properly shod, and with her hat tied decorously over her lovely hair; and the end of the matter was that the squire threw his bridle over his arm and walked home with her.

There was not such a thriftless family in all the town as the Blakes; they were way down at the bottom of Plympton's social ladder—hadn't a bit of calculation, or what New England folks call faculty, about them.

They lived from hand to mouth in an old, tumble-down house that hadn't known any form of repairs for the last fifty years. Joe Blake worked in the saw-mill. I never thought he was over-bright, but maybe he did as well as he could with the wife he had—a lazy, slip-shod creature, who wouldn't wash her dishes or make her beds from sunrise to sunset. As for Roxie, I don't know where the girl got her good looks; they didn't run in the family. She had a skin like a lily—tan nor freckles never came nigh it—a lovely red mouth, a dimple in her chin, and eyes and hair that were enough in themselves to make any woman handsome.

There wasn't another girl in Plympton that could compare with her; and the Blakes, who hadn't anything else to boast of, were proud as peacocks of her beauty. Mrs. Joe might let the pig root in the best bedroom, and the chickens eat off the dinner-table, but she always kept Roxie's long curls brushed and her little gowns tidy.

"Roxie's face will make her fortune some day," she used to say, and she never drank a cup of tea after the girl's sixteenth year without turning up the grounds to look for some fine wooer who would be coming to lay riches and splendor at Roxie's feet.

I was the tailoress of Plympton, and used to go out by the day from house to house, making pants and jackets, coats and vests, for anybody that wanted me.

I happened to be at Joe Blake's, stitching away on some Sunday breeches for the poor man, the day Squire Trevor walked home from the mill-brook with Roxie. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I looked out and saw those two sauntering up through the lilac-bushes and hollyhocks that were the only pleasant things to be seen about the house.

"Mrs. Blake," said I, dropping the waistband I was sewing, "who's this man coming with Roxie?"

I hadn't seen him since he was a boy. He had been educated at some German university, and was a stranger, in fact, to all the Plympton folks. Mrs. Joe turned from the rickety dresser where she was stirring up a cake for supper, and cried she:

"Land of love! It's young Squire Trevor! As sure as I'm born, Roxie's fortune has found her at last!"

The young couple approached the door—Philip Trevor, handsome, fair-haired, sleepy-eyed, and Roxie, with the excited blood pulsing under her perfect skin, and all her lustrous brown-black hair curling loose in the sunset-wind.

"Will you come in?" I heard her say, with as much composure as if the place was a palace.

And in he came, to see the broken-backed chairs, the worn and not over-clean floor, the chickens running about my feet, and Mrs. Joe Blake in a soiled print dress, bursting out at the seams, and with a head like a brush-broom, -or was the man so dazzled by Roxie's face that he had no eyes for any of these minor things? Mrs. Blake swept a dish of dough and an armful of kindling-wood out of the nearest chair and set it before her visitor.

"How do you do, sir," said she—nothing ever put *her* out for many minutes at a time. "I'd have known you anywhere, you've got the real Trevor face. I'm glad to see you in Plympton. Lor', it must be all of fifteen years ago that you went away—Roxie was only a baby then. I hear you've come back to the old place for good, and your ma with you. I'm glad of it. The whole town will seem more lively with the squire at the Hall."

She said the "squire" as you and I would say the sun or the moon. There was a lurking smile in his gray eyes, but he answered, as polite as a prince.

"Yes; my mother and I are tired of wandering. We mean to settle down at Plympton and cultivate the acquaintance of our neighbors," and he gave Roxie a long look.

"Your father married when he wasn't as old as you," smirked Mrs. Joe. "I remember well the day when he brought home his bride."

I remembered it, too, and a dull pain stabbed through my heart. The old-maid tailoress stitching Joe Blake's trowsers there in the window had had her little romance—with a Trevor, too, for the hero of it.

"My father's excellent example ought not to be lost on his son!" said Philip Trevor, with a low, pleasant laugh, and then he sat talking to her and watching Roxie, till the cake in the oven burned to a cinder, and old Joe Blake and his nephew Sandy came up from the saw-mill for supper. The sight of these two men seemed to bring young Trevor to his senses. He arose to go.

"Now do be sure and come again," entreated Mrs. Joe, whose head by this time was about turned.

"I will," he answered, with a courage that astonished me, especially as he had just shaken one half-grown chicken from his knee and another off his shoulder.

"I used to know your ma when I was young—that is," she corrected, as he glanced at her in unfeigned surprise. "I was parlor-maid at the Hall the time she was married."

Roxie said not a word. She looked angry and restive, and thoroughly ashamed of mother and home alike.

"Good-by, till we meet again," murmured Philip Trevor in her ear. "It was a happy chance which led me by Millbrook this day." And with the water-lily she had given him, tied by its long stem to his button-hole, he mounted his horse and rode off down the sunset road.

Well, Squire Trevor's visit elated Mrs. Joe beyond all telling. You'd have thought from the way her tongue ran on that the man had already offered Roxie heart and hand. Never was there such a simpleton as that woman. Sandy Blake grew mad as fire listening to her. He had been sweet on his cousin for years—all to no purpose, though, for she held him as cheap as the dirt under her feet. Roxie knew the market value of her own good looks too well to stoop to Sandy Blake. He worked in the mill with old Joe, and he was a dark, surly fellow, with an appetite for drink and the temper of a savage. He loved the very ground Roxie walked upon; but I'll say this to her credit, she never encouraged him by word or look.

When supper was over, Mr. Joe began: "Let's take a look at your fortune, Roxie," and she made the girl twirl her teacup round and round, and turn it upside down into her saucer. Then she examined the little straggling black tracks made by the shaken-up grounds, and, says she, "Here's a lover at your right hand, rich and splendid—none of your common sort, none of the mill-hands, but one that'll make a lady of you, and give you silks and satins, and carriages and servants, Roxie."

"Stuff!" said Roxie, and Sandy Blake's face grew black as a thunder-cloud.

"Here's a wedding-ring at the bottom of the cup," went on Mrs. Joe. "He's a-going to put it on your finger. Didn't I always tell you your face would make your fortune, child? He's a young man, too, and handsome, with fair hair, white hands and none of the clownish Plympton ways—a live gentleman."

But there she stopped, for Sandy Blake started up and snatched the teacup from her hand. I thought he was going to throw it at her head, but instead of that he dashed it into a dozen pieces against the wall.

"No more of your cursed nonsense!" he cried, furiously. His dark face was white as a sheet with rage. "Your handsome gentleman, with white hands, had better keep away from this house, if he knows what's good for himself. His kind, I reckon, ain't much given to picking wives out of the gutter. Plympton folks say the squire's mother is as proud a woman as the sun ever shone upon. She'd as soon see her son admiring a kitchen-maid as your daughter. If you've any sense left in that uncombed head of yours, don't talk to Roxie of young Trevor, or anybody like him."

Mrs. Joe bristled up like an angry old hen.

"You're an ill-mannered fellow!" said she. "If you wasn't Joe's nephew, I'd never bear with you. Who cares for the squire's mother? Isn't he of age? Yes, that he is, long ago! You'd better mind your own business, Sandy, and let Roxie and her affairs alone. Everybody knows what *your* meddling means."

He gave her a wicked, black look.

"Some one ought to keep an eye on Roxie," he grinned, "and it might as well be me as anybody else."

Then he lighted his clay pipe, and stalked out of the house.

She was standing at the well the next day, was Roxie, drawing a bucket of water, when Philip Trevor rode by, and stopped his horse to speak to her again. The little gray shadows of a clump of apple-trees near at hand flickered over the girl's pearly face, and hid in her soft, mischievous eyes, and danced on the dimpled white arms with which she tugged at the old sweep. She wore a sprig of honeysuckle tucked behind one ear, and, Joe Blake's daughter or not, she was as handsome as a picture.

Philip Trevor jumped off his horse, and rushing to the well, took the sweep from her, drew up the water with his own hands, and carried it straight into the Blake kitchen.

"You were not made for work like this!" he said, indignantly. "It is cruel, barbarous! It is like turning Psyche into a scullery-maid."

I don't believe Roxie knew who Psyche was, but that didn't matter, for her lip was curled like a red-rose petal, and her great, chocolate-brown eyes shone with arch coquetry.

"You are very good," says she, as soft as silk, "and I am greatly obliged to you; but I don't mind drawing the water —I often have to do it, you know."

"Do you, indeed? How monstrous!" said Philip Trevor; and then he looked around and found the kitchen empty, for Mrs. Joe had gone out to gossip with a neighbor, and left Roxie to boil the pot for dinner, and down he sat there, in that dingy, disorderly place, and talked, and admired Roxie, till the fire went out, and the pot grew cold, and high noon was ready to strike from the Plympton clocks. As he was taking leave of her, he turned on the stoop, and, with a laugh in his gray eyes, said:

"Let me see, this is Wednesday, is it not? May I ask how you, as a usual thing, spend the evening of this day, Miss Blake?"

"I go to prayer-meeting always," answered Roxie, with a prim, Puritan look.

"Excellent!" said Philip Trevor; and he went to prayer-meeting, too, that night, and walked home from the church with Roxie Blake.

Well, the next day all the gossips' tongues in Plympton were wagging. Naturally enough, the first thing that occurred to everybody was, "What will his mother say?" for a prouder woman never stepped than Mrs. Trevor. The young squire was her only child, and she just idolized him. They owned a good half of all Plympton—every mill in the place belonged to them—and they lived in a great stone house called the Hall, surrounded by trees and gardens and fountains, and a stable full of blooded horses, and plenty of servants to run at their beck and call. It wasn't very likely that a girl like Roxie Blake was going to find favor in Mrs. Trevor's eyes.

One moonlit night I was hurrying home from my work, along the mill-brook road. As I approached the bridge I heard a voice, and presently saw two figures standing there in the shadow of the old willow-trees—a man and a woman. The man had hold of his companion's shawl, and was detaining her, as I thought, against her will—at least, I saw her twitch away from him angrily, and step back against the wooden railing.

"What are you doing here?" said a voice that I recognized as Sandy Blake's.

"Looking at the moon," answered Roxie.

"That means waiting for Philip Trevor—eh?"

"Let go my shawl, Sandy."

"Don't hurry. Everybody in town is talking of you and the squire. By the Lord! I've a good mind to throttle you where you stand, Roxie! You never had a sweet word nor a kind look for me in your life—you think I'm not fit to touch the tips of your fingers, and all the while I'm ready to die for you—fool that I am! Do you suppose I'm going to stand by and let that fellow, with his fine airs and his money, take you from me? I'll kill you first!"

She was a good deal scared, and she gave a little scream.

"Let me go, I say, or I will call for help!"

"Call. There's nobody by to hear you;" and he tried to take her roughly in his arms.

I ran toward the two, intent on helping Roxie; but before I could reach her a man appeared on the bridge—some one tall and fair, with a gray cloak swinging from his shoulders in the moonlight. He, too, had heard Roxie's cry.

He never made a sound, but just took Sandy Blake by the throat, and pitched him headlong right over the low railing of the bridge into the mill-brook.

I heard a great splash. The water wasn't deep enough to drown him. He waded under the bridge, and made off through the willow-trees into the darkness of the night.

Roxie and the squire hadn't noticed me, you see, so I drew back, reluctant to push myself upon them just then.

"Who was that fellow, Miss Blake?" demanded Philip Trevor. Of course, he couldn't be expected to recognize his mill-hands.

"My cousin," answered she, as if loath to confess the relationship.

"What claim has he upon you?"

"None at all."

"Don't deceive me; he is your lover, also, is he not?"

"He calls himself that, since you *must* know," faltered Roxie, and she began to move away.

He placed himself before her, tall, fair and imperative.

"Look me in the face. Do you care for him in the least —mind, *in the least?*"

She tossed her head.

"Do I look as if I cared?" she said, with a nervous little laugh. Then she leaned over the railing and stared down into the brook. "Hark! I hear him splashing through the water still. I wish he would drown!" Good-night, Squire Trevor—many thanks for your help. I am going home."

"Not alone—not without *me*!" he cried, his face all flushed and eager. "Will you not let me take care of you, Roxie? Heaven knows I would be glad to do it—not for this night only, but for ever!"

You might have knocked me down with a feather. I stood still as death in the shadow of the willows, and watched those two walk off over the bridge, and disappear in the direction of Joe Blake's cottage. It was plain that Philip Trevor's infatuation was assuming a serious look.

The next day a handsome carriage, with a driver in livery, and a pair of shiny horses in gold-mounted harness, stopped at the tumble-down Blake door.

From it alighted a woman in silk and velvet—a haughty, forbidding creature, with puffed, iron-gray hair and a high Roman nose—Mrs. Trevor herself.

She put up her eyeglass, and took a good, comprehensive look at the place; then opened the door without ceremony, and swept straight into the Blake kitchen.

Her sudden appearance there made a sensation for a few minutes. Mrs. Joe, a little more slipshod and unkempt than usual, was shelling beans at the dresser. Roxie sat sewing in the window. She grew as white as a ghost, but arose at once and made her best bow to the unexpected visitor.

"Dear me! what a pleasure! How kind of you, ma'am!" began Mrs. Joe.

But the squire's mother checked her with a freezing look. Gathering up her rich skirts from contact with the Blake floor, she seated herself gingerly on the cleanest chair in the room, put up her eye-glass again, and stared at Roxie.

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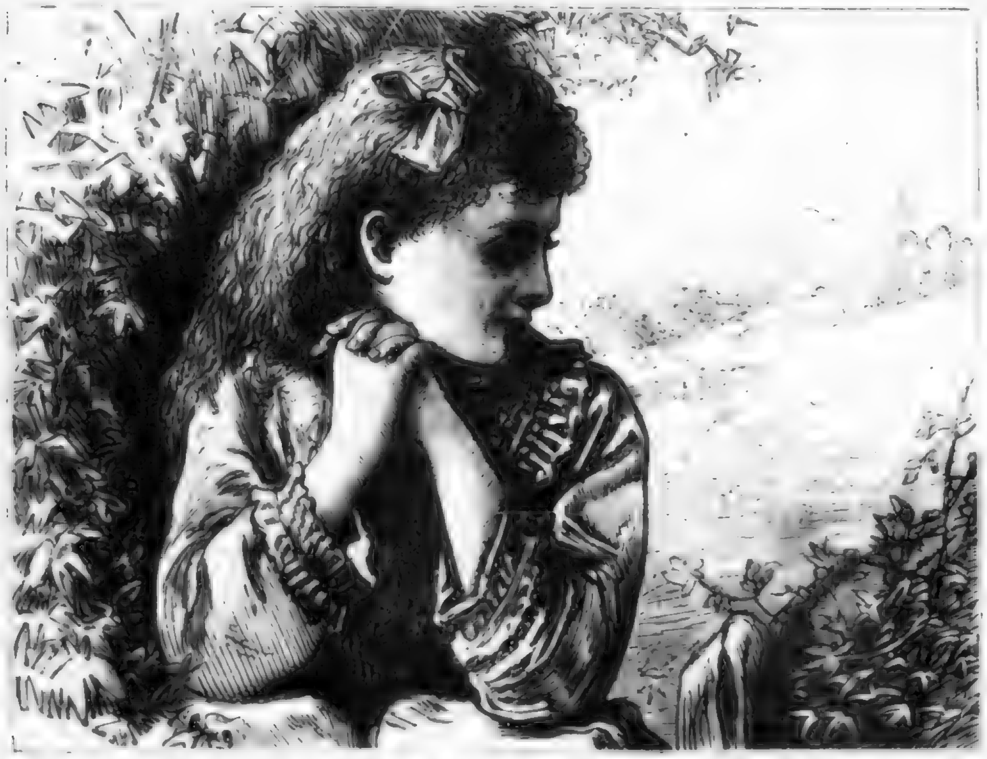


ROXIE.—"THE SMELL OF THE PINES SCENTED THE DAMP WIND, THE BUZZ OF THE MILL FILLED HER EARS."

"Are you the Roxie Blake of whom I hear so much?" said she, smooth as cream.

"I am Roxie Blake," answered the girl, with a good deal of unconscious dignity.

"Ah! I felt it my duty to call upon you this morning. I trust I am never deaf to the voice of duty"—and here the great lady drew out her smelling-salts. "May I ask if you have ever been out to service?"

"Service!" cried Mrs. Joe, aghast. "My Roxie? No, ma'am; I hope not."

"And yet, one might naturally expect a well-grown girl in humble circumstances to turn her thoughts to something of the kind," said Mrs. Trevor, in a tone that defined Roxie's position most pitilessly. "I have the welfare of all the townspeople at heart, and am always glad to do anything to better their condition. I wish to offer you some advice and assistance, Roxie. I cannot think that any right-minded young person can be content to eat the bread of idleness in a place like this."

The red flamed into Roxie's cheek.

"I'm afraid I don't understand you," she said, coldly.

Mrs. Trevor shook out a fold in her heavy silk.

"Like all New England girls," said she, "you object to going out to service. Very well. I have a large interest in the cotton-mills at Powhatan. The work of operatives is not heavy there, and the pay is good. Women like the employment because the stigma of servant is not attached to it. If you will make ready to leave Plympton to-day, I will send a person to conduct you to the mills, and also provide you with anything you may need on your journey. Here, too, is a letter of introduction to my agent at Powhatan"—she drew something from her pocket—"he will be sure to favor you in many ways. The opportunity is an excellent one. I hope, for your own sake, you will be wise enough to accept it."

Roxie wasn't wanting in brains—and, indeed, almost anybody could have seen through Mrs. Trevor's design. Powhatan Mills were a hundred miles away—a tolerably safe distance to put betwixt the squire and Joe Blake's handsome daughter.

Roxie, smarting with wounded pride and pain, stood up before Mrs. Trevor as scornful as any princess.

"You are very good," said she—"very disinterested. You seem to have wasted a good deal of thought upon me, and I am sorry I cannot feel more grateful. When I want a place in your mills, I will ask for it. There are girls in Plympton who would be glad to work there, no doubt; but I am not one of them."

"True," sniffed Mrs. Joe; "we ain't poor enough to put you to *that*, Roxie."

Mrs. Trevor arose with a mighty rustle.

"Very well. Of course you will do as you think best," said she. "I was confident you would be glad to leave Plympton for a while, for scandal is unpleasantly busy with your name here, as you must know. I felt it a personal duty to befriend you, because you owe this unfortunate notoriety to the attentions of my son. Philip is culpably thoughtless and selfish where his own amusement is concerned. But you will not accept my help, I see. However, this much I must say to you: For two years my son has been betrothed to a New York lady of his own station in life—a lady young, beautiful and high-bred. She is coming to Plympton shortly to be my guest, and the marriage will take place before the end of the Summer."

With this piece of information, Mrs. Trevor took her departure.

Poor Mrs. Joe fell into the nearest chair, and, flinging her apron over her head, cried with all her might at the total overthrow of her air-castles.

"What a tongue that woman has!" she sobbed. "I hadn't an idea she was such a vixen. In her youth she was like sugar. A betrothed wife coming from New York! Oh, men are deceivers, sure enough! I'll never believe a teacup again, Roxie!"

How Roxie herself felt, I can't say. She had a good deal of what Yankees call "grit." All that she said to her mother was:

"I ought to have known long ago that he was amusing himself at my expense."

And off she went to her own chamber under the eaves, and locked herself into it, and wasn't seen again till supper. Then she came forth in her Sunday gown, with a rose in her long curls, and not a trace of tears or trouble about her.

Sandy Blake gave her a wicked look across the table.

"There's a visitor at the Hall," says he—"one that came on the New York train this afternoon."

Mrs. Joe glared.

"What! *so soon!*" says she.

"Her name is Miss Clay," went on Sandy, carelessly. "Some of the mill-hands saw her at the station. She's going to marry Philip Trevor."

Roxie never moved an eyelash. She ate her supper as if nothing had happened, and then went over to the kitchen window. And as she stood there among the morning-glory vines, lo! who should flash past the house but Mrs. Trevor, grand and glittering in her open carriage, with a young girl at her side—a regular wax-doll, blue-eyed, fair-haired, and dressed like a figure in a fashion-plate—a girl who might be high-bred and rich, but who couldn't compare for a minute with Roxie in point of good looks.

Sandy Blake crossed the room and touched his cousin's arm.

"That's his sweetheart," says he, with a wicked grin, "and a good mate she is for him, too! Come, Roxie, let's be friends. Surely you don't value a fickle heart more than a faithful one? It's his way, I hear, to make love to every pretty woman he meets. Let him go."

She flashed round on him in a minute.

"Friends!—with you!" she answered. "Not I! Will you never understand that I hate you, Sandy?'

He drew back a step.

"Be careful!" he warned.

"Yes, I hate you!" she stormed; "and I wish from my heart that you would never speak to me again so long as you live!"

"That's plain English," said he, slowly. "I'll try to keep it in mind. Look out that your sharp tongue don't bring you to grief some day."

And he turned away and left her.

The week that followed was a trying one for Roxie. The Hall was full of guests, and at all hours of the day fair ladies and elegant gentlemen clattered by Joe Blake's door, in carriages, on horses, laughing, talking, flirting, and dazling all the Plympton folks with their splendor. Sometimes Philip Trevor was with them, sometimes not. Once or twice Roxie saw him, attending the pink-and-white heiress from New York; but he never came nigh her again, never sent her any message, never so much as glanced at the old cottage as he rode by it. The town was full of gossip concerning him and his betrothed, and Roxie had to listen to it all. But she kept a bold front—she wasn't the girl to wear her heart on her sleeve for daws to peck at; and I, for my part, respected her for it.

One day I was sent for to go up to the Hall and help Mrs. Trevor's seamstress finish off some *lingerie*—that was what the ladies called the beautiful belaced and embroidered work that was set before me. Of course I caught a glimpse of the visitors there, and heard from the servants no end of talk about them. I left the house at dark, and was trudging along the cool, dim road homeward, when a flying step and a panting breath sounded at my back, and Roxie ran up to me and grasped my shawl.

"May I walk with you a little way?" she asked.

"Why, to be sure," said I.

She looked as pretty as a pink, and so pale and out of spirits, poor child! that my heart ached for her.

"Where have you been working to-day?" said she, with an air of unconcern that didn't deceive me in the least.

"At the Hall," I answered.

She tried to hum a little song, but broke down in a few moments.

"Did you see that Miss Clay from New York?" she said.

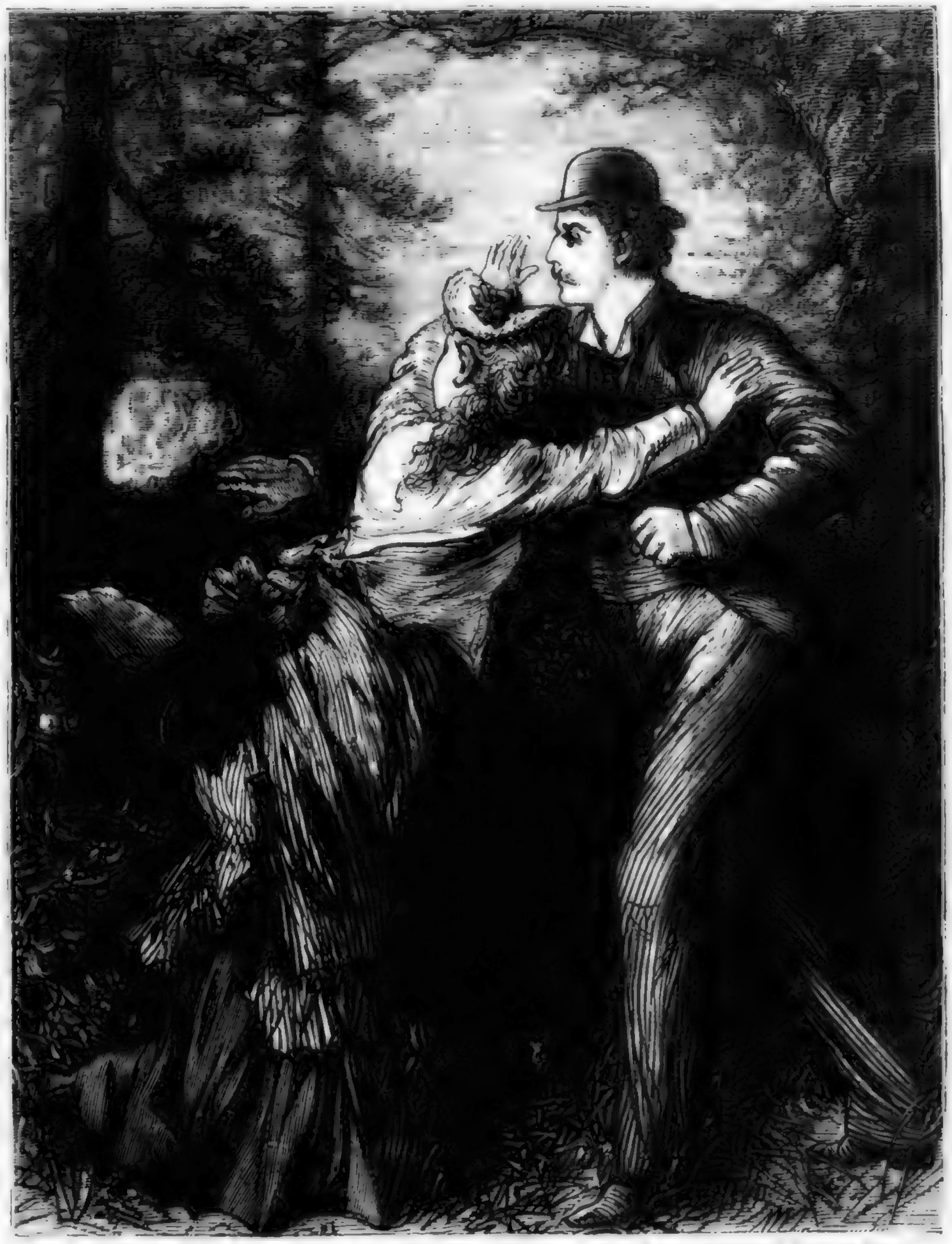
"Yes, I did."

"Tell me something about her, will you? What was she doing?"

"Playing lawn-tennis with Philip Trevor. She isn't particularly pretty, but she's got fine airs, and she dresses like a princess. Take my advice, Roxie, and don't waste another thought on that man—don't remember one silly thing that he has ever said to you. He'd never seriously think for a moment of marrying anybody that wasn't his equal. Root and branch, the Trevors are as proud as Lucifer."

She paced thoughtfully on beside me.

"I know it," she answered, as if the words were wrung from her. "You need not fear for me—I understand it all."



ROXIE.—"WITH A SCREAM THAT RUNG THROUGH THE WOOD, SHE FLUNG HERSELF BEFORE PHILIP TREVOR, CRYING OUT WILDLY, 'FLY, PHILIP—HE WILL KILL YOU!'"

And Just at that moment we both espied the red gleam of a lighted cigar moving along the road, and Philip Trevor himself, tall, fair and debonair, grew suddenly out of the darkness before us.

I must say that Roxie behaved beautifully. She made him a cold bow, and said "Good-evening," just as she might have done to any of the mill-hands.

He seemed a little taken aback, but he fell into place beside her, and says he:

"It's a sight for sair een, as the Scotch say, to see you again. I never before knew how interminable one short week, under certain conditions, may be!"

She answered not a syllable. I filled up the awkward pause with a cough.

"Roxie," murmured Trevor, in a coaxing voice, "will you not speak to me? Good heaven! this is scarcely fair, you know! For seven days I have been hungering for one glimpse of your face. I am harassed and perplexed and bored to death by people I detest. I am altogether miserable: and will you treat me like this?"

"Does your betrothed wife bore you?" said Roxie, in a bold, scornful voice.

Dark as it was, I could see the blood leap into his face.

"Yes, decidedly," he answered, with a short laugh. "Confession is good for the soul, and I will not hesitate to make it. Send this woman away"—this was in a tone not intended for my ear—"I want to talk with you alone, Roxie."

She stopped short in the road, and said, quickly and firmly:

"You have nothing to say, Squire Trevor, to which I can or will listen. Leave me, and don't come near me again. Though I am nobody but Joe Blake's daughter, I can, perhaps, feel an insult as keenly, and resent it as quickly, as Miss Clay even. Good-night, and good-by—for ever!"

He stood as if petrified.

"Roxie, wait one moment—give me a hearing——"

But she grasped my hand tightly, and we scurried off, leaving him there in the dark road, fixed in his tracks, and staring blankly at us. He didn't attempt to follow, however, and in a few minutes Roxie and I stood alone and out of breath at Joe Blake's door.

The stars were shining bright and thick overhead, the garden was full of fire-flies, flashing in and out of the lilac bushes, and the scent of barberry blows and wild roses sweetened the air.

"Roxie," said I—she was leaning white and spirit-like against the rickety gate—"you'll get over it in time. I had an experience a little like yours once, but I outlived it. 'Twas years ago, when I was young, and the man I loved was Philip Trevor's own father, dead and gone now. I lived in a fool's paradise for a few weeks, and then he went away and married the woman who is Philip's mother—went without word or warning, and left me to fight out my battle with the pain and loss and misery as best I could. I've never put faith in a human being since that time, Roxie, least of all would I trust a Trevor."

And then I tramped away into the night without another word.

Well, time went on, and Sandy Blake sulked round the cottage a good deal, smoking his pipe and watching Roxie, and Squire Trevor's guests still made things merry at the Hall.

Finally, one afternoon, Roxie walked over to Plympton post-office to mail a letter to her brother Jim, who was mining somewhere out in Nevada. She turned straight homeward as soon as her errand was done. 'Twas about four o'clock, and the sky was covered with clouds, and a damp south wind blew over the fields of ripe Summer grass, and turned the lining of the willows and alders to the light. As she reached the bridge she heard a clatter of horse-hoofs, and directly two riders came dashing side by side along the dusty highroad—Philip Trevor and his betrothed wife, Miss Clay. The New York heiress was mounted on the squire's favorite white mare. She wore a lovely navy-blue riding-habit, and her fair hair and long vail fluttered together in the wind. They swept by so near Roxie that she heard Miss Clay say, "What a pretty face! Do many of your Plympton rustics look like that, Philip?"

Roxie did not catch his answer—they were gone like a flash round a bend in the road; and in a sudden panic, an overwhelming dread to meet them again, she sprang down the bank and fled along the mill-brook till she reached a clump of pine wood just below the sawmill. She sat there like a half dazed person. The smell of the pines scented the damp wind, the buzz of the mill filled her ears, the water of the brook rippled not far away, and, of a sudden, somebody started out from among the gummy tree-boles, and moved toward her with a stealthy, creeping sound—Sandy Blake, in his working clothes, with a gun on his shoulder. The sight made her start.

"What are you doing here?" said she.

He gave her one of his sidelong looks that always made her blood burn, and answered:

"Shooting crows. Have you seen any in the wood?"

"No!" said she, sharp and short, and turned her back upon him. When she looked up a few minutes after, he had vanished.

Roxie sat silently pulling up the long, green fringes of the squaw-vine that thrust its red berries through the brown, sweet-smelling pine-needles at her feet. I doubt if she didn't wish she had accepted Mrs. Trevor's offer, and gone to Powhatan Mills, just then. She was miserable enough to have thrown herself into the mill-brook and there made an end of the whole matter.

Presently an approaching step awoke Roxie from her meditation. A human shadow fell across the pine-roots on which she sat. She looked up and saw Philip Trevor standing by her side. On his face was an odd, pale determination altogether new to it. He stretched out his hand.

"You need not be ashamed to take it," he said, quietly; "for all is over, Roxie."

"*What* is over?" said she.

"My struggle concerning you. I have told Miss Clay, and she has broken with me—Heaven bless her! As for my mother, she must, like all the rest of the world, yield to the inevitable. I will not fight against my own heart longer—I cannot—I am worn out! For days and weeks I have been in purgatory. I cannot live without you—pride, honor, my plighted word—all have gone down before you, Roxie. I love you with all my heart—I ask you to be my wife."

Straightforward and manly, was he not? The Trevor blood improves with time, I think. Roxie arose from the pine-knots, white with astonishment, and scarcely able to believe her ears.

"This is a strange jest for you to make," said she, bitterly.

He looked her full in her lovely face.

"It is no jest, but heaven's honest truth, Roxie! I love you—I will be only too glad to marry you to-morrow—to-day—as soon as you will give yourself to me."

He stretched out his arms to her, with a flush on his cheek and his sleepy eyes all aglow. And just then a bit of dry undergrowth near the two cracked sharply—something stirred in the wood; not a rabbit, nor partridge, nor squirrel. Something flashed out from behind a rough pinebole, at Philip Trevor's back—a dark, cruel face, the glittering muzzle of a gun pointed straight at the young squire's breast. Roxie, turning quickly, saw the foul, jealous image, with black murder written plainly on the face of it, and, with a scream that rang far and wide through the wood, she flung herself before Philip Trevor, crying out wildly: "Fly, Philip—he will kill you!"

And the next moment there was a deafening report, a blue puff of smoke curling through the woods, and, with the blood streaming from that flower-face which had bewitched Squire Trevor into forgetting pride and name and station, Roxie fell like one dead to the earth.

The saw-mill was near at hand, and Trevor snatched her up and carried her there; a surgeon was sent for in hot haste, and in half an hour the whole town knew that Roxie Blake had been shot by a jealous lover in Millbrook Wood, and that her wonderful beauty was well-nigh ruined for ever.

They never found Sandy. Philip Trevor offered a thousand dollars reward for any clue that would lead to his apprehension, but without result. Nobody in Plympton ever saw his dark, ugly face more. Of course, the scoundrel didn't intend to harm Roxie—he loved her too well for that—she received the shot meant for Trevor, that was all.

At first the surgeon thought she would die, but she was young, and had a good constitution, and she pulled through the danger, and two months after Philip Trevor married her. I never would have believed one of his blood capable of such fidelity.

But in spite of his mother—in spite of all the Plympton folks, who declared her good looks gone for ever, sick and scarred as she was, he married her, and carried her away to some country over the sea, and I didn't see her again for two long years.

After all, Mrs. Joe's teacup told a true story. Yesterday I met Roxie's carriage rolling across the bridge, and she sat among its satin cushions, dressed in a costume straight from Worth's, and looking as handsome as a princess. To be sure, the mark of Sandy Blake's bullet is still to be seen on her face, but it doesn't seem to hurt her beauty. I hear the squire is very proud of that scar, because it is the price she paid for his life, he says.

Well, I always knew that Roxie had brains. She has put on all the airs and graces of a born lady—to look at her now no one would dream that she ever wore a calico dress or carried a pail of water in her life. She's had the good sense, you see, to fit herself for her position. Her husband adores her, And since the birth of that baby-boy, which a white-capped Swiss nurse parades through Plympton streets every fine day—even his haughty old mother is reconciled to the match.

Of course Roxie has made the fortune of the Blake family. You can't touch one of them now with a ten-foot pole. They live in that big house beyond the bridge, and old Joe is owner of the saw-mill, where he once worked as a common hand. Some people are born to good luck in this world, and no mistake. Gracious! here's Roxie's carriage coming now over the bridge, high-stepping horses, liveried driver, and all. Run to the window, do; and take a good look at her as she goes by.

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

The painting by E. M. Ward, a meritorious English artist, revives the memory of that wonderful period of stock-broking and mania in England known as the South Sea Bubble. It gave the pencil of Hogarth the subject of his first published work, and has been the object of wit and sarcasm.

Three of the figures in the painting are shown on a large scale, to give a better idea of the artist's handling of the costume and character of the time. The central figure is the rich young city widow, who comes in in the centre of the painting, followed by her footman. She is in the tip of the fashion, but sadly perplexed, as she listens to the foppish fellow, who is reading out the prospectus of a new company. But his chief auditor is the country gentleman to his right, whose daughter's face, shown larger on the right, above, is a charming picture of simplicity. The sweet, sad face on the left, above, is, in the original, the companion of the care-stricken warrior who is descending the steps on the right of the picture, apparently ruined. In an evil hour he has been tempted to embark his all, and already, as the bill on the door indicates, the wreck is total.

As some of our readers may not know what the South Sea Bubble was, we give a short history:

In the year 1711, Harley, Earl of Oxford, with the view of restoring public credit and discharging ten millions of the floating debt, agreed with a company of merchants that they should take the debt upon themselves for a certain time, at the interest of six per cent., to provide for which, amounting to six hundred thousand pounds per annum, the duties upon certain articles were rendered permanent.

At the same time was granted the monopoly of trade to the South Seas, and the merchants were incorporated as the South Sea Company; and so proud was the minister of his scheme that it was called by his flatterers "the Earl of Oxford's masterpiece."

In 1717 the company's stock of ten millions was authorized by Parliament to be increased to twelve millions, upon their advancing two millions to the Government toward reducing the national debt. The name of the Company was thus kept continually before the public; and though their trade with the South American States was not profitable, they continued to flourish as a monetary corporation.

Their stock was in high request; and the directors, determined to fly at high game, proposed to the Government a scheme for no less an object than the paying off of the national debt; this proposition being made just on the explosion in Paris of its counterpart, the Mississippi scheme of the celebrated John Law.

The first propounder of the South Sea project was Sir John Blount, who had been bred a scrivener, and was a bold and plausible speculator. The Company agreed to take upon themselves the debt, amounting to thirty million nine hundred and eighty-one thousand seven hundred and twelve pounds, at five per cent. per annum, secured until 1727, when the whole was to become redeemable at the pleasure of the Legislature, and the interest to be reduced to four per cent.

Upon the 22d of January, 1720, the House of Commons, in a committee, received the proposal with great favor. The Bank of England was, however, anxious to share in the scheme; but, after some delay, the proposal of the Company was accepted, and leave given to bring in the necessary Bill.

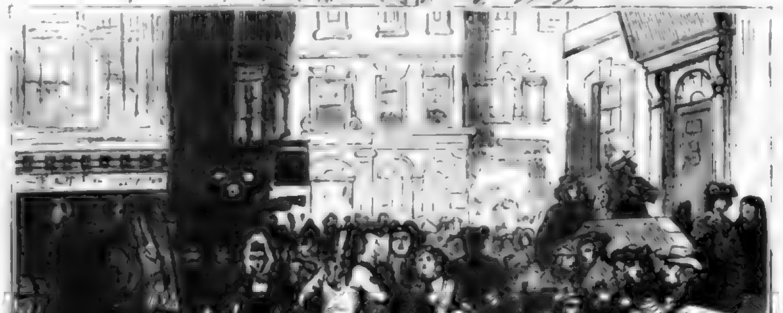
At this crisis an infatuation regarding the South Sea speculation began to take possession of the public mind. The Company's stock rose from one hundred and thirty to three hundred, and continued to rise while the Bill was in progress. Mr. Walpole was almost the only statesman in the House who denounced the absurdity of the measure, and warned the country of the evils that must ensue; but his admonition was entirely disregarded.

Meanwhile the South Sea directors and their friends, and especially the chairman of the Company, Blount, employed every stratagem to raise the price of the stock. It was rumored that Spain would, by treaty with England, grant a free trade to all her colonies, and that silver would thus be brought from Potosi until it would be almost as plentiful as iron; also, that for the latter's cotton and woolen goods the gold mines of Mexico were to be exhausted.

The South Sea Company was to become the richest the world ever saw, and each hundred pounds of their stock would produce hundreds per annum to the holder. By this means the stock was raised to near four hundred; it then fluctuated, and settled at three hundred and thirty, when the Bill was passed, though not without opposition.

Exchange Alley was the seat of the gambling fever; it was blocked up every day by crowds, as were Cornhill and Lombard Streets with carriages.

Within five days after the Bill had become law, the directors opened their books for a subscription of a million, at the rate of three hundred pounds for every one hundred pound capital; and this first subscription soon exceeded two millions of original stock. In a few days the stock advanced to three hundred and forty, and the subscriptions were sold for double the price of the first payment. Then the directors announced a midsummer dividend of ten per cent. upon all subscriptions. A second subscription of a million at four hundred per cent. was then opened, and in a few hours a million and a half was subscribed for.



THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.— FROM THE PAINTING BY E. M. WARD.

Meanwhile, innumerable bubble companies started up under the very highest patronage.

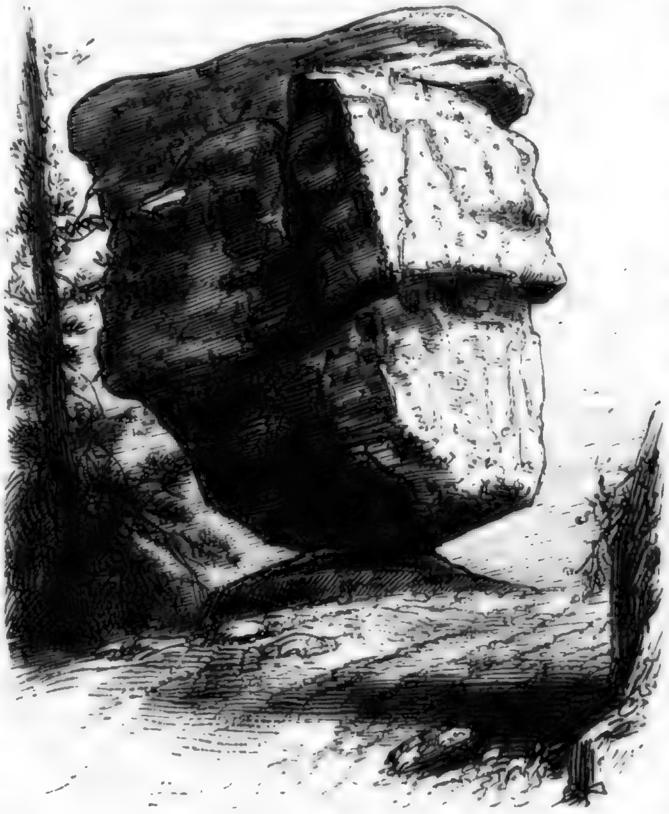
The absurdity of the schemes was palpable: the only policy of the projectors was to raise the shares in the market, and then to sell out, leaving the bubble to burst, perhaps, next morning. One of the schemes was "A Company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is"; each subscriber for two pounds deposit to be entitled to one hundred pounds per annum per share; of this precious scheme, one thousand shares were taken in six hours, and the deposits paid.

In all these bubbles, persons of both sexes alike engaged; the men meeting their brokers at taverns and coffee-houses, and the ladies at the shops of milliners and haberdashers; and such was the crowd and confusion in Exchange Alley that shares in the same bubble were sold, at the same instant, ten per cent. higher at one end of the Alley than at the other.

In the face of exposures, the fluctuations of the South Sea stock grew more alarming. On May 28th, it was quoted at five hundred and fifty, and in four days it rose to eight hundred and ninety. Then came a tremendous rush of holders to sell out; and on June 3d, so few buyers appeared in the Alley that stock fell at once from eight hundred and ninety to six hundred and forty. By various arts of the directors to keep up the price of stock, it finally rose to one thousand per cent. It then became known that Sir John Blount, the chairman, and others, had sold out; and the stock fell throughout the month of August, and on September 2d, it was quoted at seven hundred only.

The alarm now greatly increased. The South Sea Company met in Merchant Taylors' Hall, and endeavored to appease the unfortunate holders of stock, but in vain. In a few days the price fell to four hundred.

The ministers grew more alarmed, the directors were insulted in the streets, and riots were apprehended. Dispatches were sent to the King at Hanover, praying his immediate return. Walpole was implored to exercise his influence with the Bank of England, to induce them to relieve the Company by circulating a number of South Sea bonds. To this the bank reluctantly consented, but the remedy failed; the South Sea stock fell rapidly; a run commenced upon the most eminent goldsmiths and bankers, some of whom, having lent large sums upon South Sea stock, were obliged to abscond. This occasioned a great run upon the bank, but the intervention of a holiday gave them time, and they weathered the storm. The South Sea Company were, however, wrecked, and their stock fell ultimately to one hundred and fifty; when the bank, finding its efforts unavailing to stem the tide of ruin, contrived to evade the loosely-made agreement into which it had partially entered.



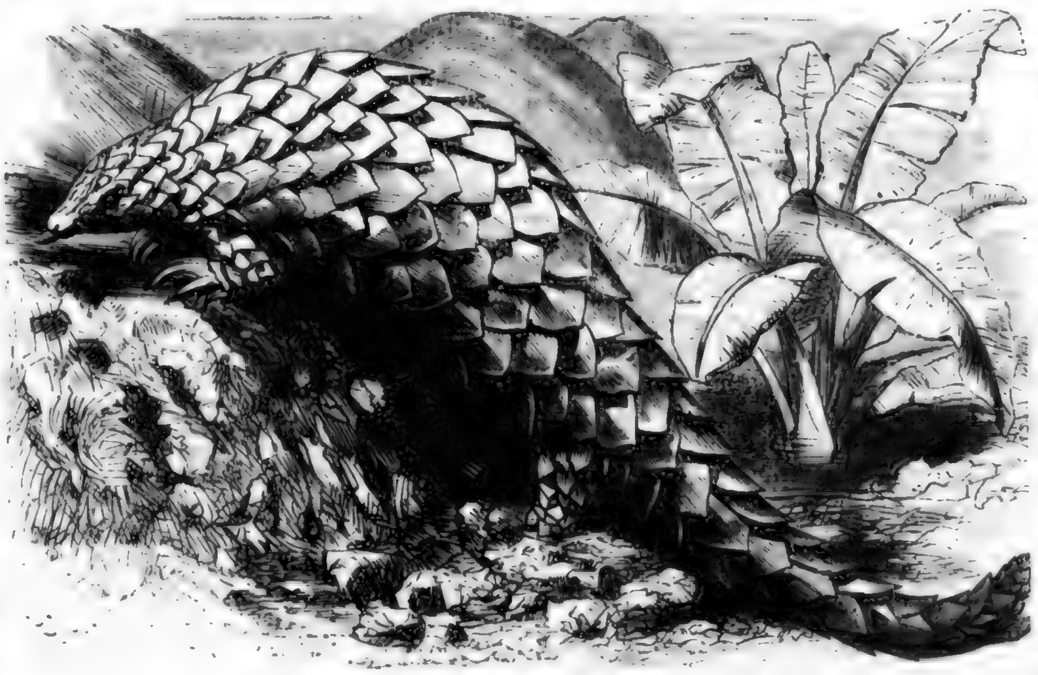
BALANCING ROCK.

Investigation showed the whole scheme fraudulent, and thousands were utterly ruined.

THE BAJJERKEIT (MANIS PENTEDACTYLA).

The Bajjerkeit, or Short-tailed Manis, is a native of various parts of India, and is also found in Ceylon. Of this species Sir Emerson Tennent gives the following short account:

"Of the Edentates, the only example in Ceylon is the scaly ant-eater, called by the Cingalese, *Caballaya*, but usually known by its Malay name of Pengolin—a word indicative of its faculty of "rolling itself up" into a compact ball, by bending its head toward its stomach, arching its back into a circle, and securing all by a powerful hold of its mail-covered tail.



THE BAJJERKEIT (MANIS PENTEDACTYLA).

"When at liberty, they burrow in the dry ground to a depth of seven or eight feet, where they reside in pairs, and produce annually two or three young.

"Of two specimens which I kept alive at different times, one from the vicinity of Kandy, about two feet in length, was a gentle and affectionate creature, which, after wandering over the house in search of ants, would attract attention to its wants by climbing up my knee, and laying hold of my leg by its prehensile tail. The other, more than double that length, was caught in the jungle near Chilaw, and brought to me in Colombo.

"I had always understood that the pengolin was unable to climb trees, but the one last mentioned frequently ascended a tree in my garden in search of ants, and this it effected by means of its hooked feet, aided by an oblique grasp of the tail. The ants it seized by extending its round and glutinous tongue along their tracks. Generally speaking, they were quiet during the day, and grew restless as evening and night approached."

BALANCING ROCK.

The Garden of the Gods is situated within three or four miles of Colorado City, Col., and contains many detached spires, pinnacles and gorges that amply repay a day's examination. From the Gateway to the Garden, through which may be had a view of Pike's Peak, to the Cathedral Rock, the Cathedral Spires, Needle Rock and fantastic carvings in Glen Aerie, to the Balancing Rock, on the road leading from Manitou to the Garden, all nature appears exposed in the most eccentric garb. Throughout Colorado the traveler meets with countless specimens of balancing rocks, but the one shown in our engraving is the most noticeable.

The friendship of an artful man is mere self-interest; you will get nothing, and you may lose much, by it.

THE PET CANARY.

Bird of the household! songster of home,
Whose notes in a wild burst of harmony come,
Like a voice from the woods or a song by the stream,
Of youth's early May-time and Love's early dream.
Thy cage is no prison, no captive thus sings,
And free in the sun flies the gold of thy wings.
"Pretty Dick!" let thy mistress, sweet, whisper a word—
Her heart is a captive more than her bird.

Oh, would thou couldst utter her thoughts in thy lay,
Then free shouldst thou fly to the one far away,
And tell him how oft with her bird in the cage
She has talked of the absent and looked at his gage.
Thou shouldst give him the kiss I am giving to thee,
And say it was sent as a token from me.
"Pretty Dick!" if he told you no more we should part,
Thy wings could not flutter much more than my heart.

A COUNTESS'S HATRED.

By M. T. Caldor, Author of "The Three Rings," Etc.

A LITTLE stir of pleasing expectancy broke up the sleepy monotony of the great drawing-room, about which the ladies were distributed in groups of twos and threes. The hum of approaching voices and the swinging-to of the heavy doors proclaimed that the gentlemen were finally leaving the dining-room.

"Oh, let us pray they have not been discussing those odious political changes," said one sweet, clear voice, "else they will bring their clouds and fogs with them, and our evening will be spoilt. Dear Lady Heathcote, could you not sing that lovely carol for us, as a sort of invocation to better themes?"

The lady addressed smiled benignantly back to the saucy blue eyes of the fair young speaker, and, advancing swiftly toward the curtained recess whose silken drapery concealed a harpsichord, sat there and ran her fingers lightly over the keys.

To the jubilant measures of the lively strain advanced the laggard steps of some dozen gentlemen. The two foremost were still eagerly carrying on some earnest discussion, and a frown yet knit the forehead of the taller and handsomer, when the blue-eyed sylph advanced lightly, with a white finger laid warningly on her rosy lips, and a roguish defiance shining in her eyes.

"Forbear, gentlemen! Leave behind you your grim looks and your grave discussions. Bring nothing that is not gay and gladsome across this charmed threshold," she said, authoritatively.

One of the gentlemen bowed gallantly.

"Your word is law, fair countess," he said. "No one will venture to brave the unbearable penalty of your displeasure. Shall I discuss the shades of the rose that nods so gracefully in your curls, or will you have us plan a new *fête?*"

"The latter, by all means," responded the fair countess, glancing up questioningly into his companion's face. "But see! my worthy guardian does not obey. He defies my commands. I can read in his darkening eye that he means to pursue his own way."

"Very properly, too, I must declare," interposed a stately dame, smiling blandly into the grave face of the foremost gentleman. "We should all be sorry to see Count Edouard vacillating to and fro like a weather-vane. We are thankful to have some one firm and self-reliant—a safe rock to rest against in these troublous times, when every wave sweeps the majority from their feet."

The fair head was tossed in willful caprice; the white, lace-vailed shoulders shrugged most ungracefully, it must be admitted.

"A rock! Excellent, my dear Madame Pauline. Nothing could be better than the simile. Ah, well, wise and staid guardian mine, if you are to be a rock, I must withdraw my prohibition. I must be weak enough to enjoy flowers and brightness. Let me fly to a lighter and more congenial clime."

She flung out the white, gem-flashing hands in a pretty gesture of mock dismay, shot one saucy, defiant glance from her sunny blue eyes into the grave, handsome face beyond her, and glided away.

Madame Pauline laid her hand upon the host's arm, and he, perceiving that the count had turned abruptly away, escorted her across the room to a stately divan of crimson satin.

"The poor Count Edouard—how I pity him!" said Madame Pauline.

"For what, pray? I thought he was fortunate enough to hold your highest esteem?" asked the gentleman.

"Certainly; but one can see what a thorn in the flesh it is for him—the grand, sedate man of thought—to be tormented by this silly, childish creature whom his cousin's will has thrown upon his care. She has not a noble thought in her giddy head. All she asks is plenty of flattery and continual amusement. Such a contrast to my Ermengarde!"

"She is a pretty creature. I cannot imagine her a very disagreeable addition to any house," he said, deprecatingly.

"A pink-and-white doll, with a doll's flaxy curls. Some people might call her pretty. But I am speaking about a suitable companion for our noble and gifted friend. You heard her bitter speech—her unwomanly innuendoes. She dislikes him as heartily as he must despise her. Isn't it hard that he must endure her there in his home, just because her father's will left her to his sister's care and his guardianship?"

"I really never looked at it in this light. I fancy any of these young fellows would gladly take her off his hands," persisted the gentleman.

Madame Pauline tossed her head, and beckoned to the Count Edouard to take a seat beside her, calling her daughter—a sallow, staid-looking personage beyond the flower of youth, or, at least, far beyond its bloom—to occupy the other corner of the divan.

The count lingered a moment, standing, but did not accept the offered seat.

"Ah, my dear count, you must find time this evening to explain to dear Ermengarde the political situation about which she is so anxious and alarmed. I cannot coax her to be gay and unconcerned like other girls. I tell her there is no real cause for alarm while we have your alert eye and ready brain at the front."

"You do me too much honor, madame. I would I could share your faith. For my own part, I am filled with grave concern."

Just here a peal of silvery laughter came from the group gathered about the youthful countess.

"Some people have no thought for aught but the moment's giddy pleasures," said Madame Pauline, shaking her head tragically. "Those idle butterflies yonder, what care they for honor, patriotism, loyalty! Ah, count——"

But the count turned abruptly on his heel, muttering:

"The thunderbolt will come to waken the most indifferent, if something does not openly avert the storm."

And he went over to the gray-haired general, and drew him aside.

While they were conversing, a servant brought a slip of paper and laid it in the count's hand. He read it through with a swift, flaming glance, and turning deadly pale, laid it within the general's hand.

"What tragic looks!" cried out the countess, with a tinkling laugh, that was as sweet as the jingle of silver bells. "What grim phantom is Count Edouard invoking now?"

"Hush, Clarice!" he said, impatiently; "you don't know what you jest about. You make me think—" and here he broke off abruptly.

"Finish the sentence, I pray you. Of what silly, idle, worthless thing do I remind you? What is the simile?—speak, though it be not trite or novel. A giddy butterfly, an idle moth or a silly child, it is one or the other, I'll wager this pearl bracelet."

"The trinket is safe," returned the count. "You seem to speak to me of all three, and they are sporting wantonly over a mine that lies against a burning fuse."

She laughed, but the color fled from her face.

The general beckoned two or three of the elder gentlemen to his side, and thus prevented any further banter, for the count was called for promptly.

Gradually, one by one, the gentlemen augmented the central group of vehement talkers.

"Surely, gentlemen, this untimely discussion can bear postponement till to-morrow," said the hostess, reproachfully. "Don't you see what a dismal plight you leave us in?"

"Nay," retorted the count; "we are following our bounden duty. A spoiled party is of little account, when ruin threaten alike our people and our city."

"Suppose we gentlemen adjourn to the library, and wait there the answer to the count's dispatches," proposed the host. "It will perhaps save the ladies from alarm."

The Countess Clarice lifted a white hand commandingly. There were no smiles now on her fresh, young lips. The blue eyes shone clear and steady.

"Stay, gentlemen; let me tell you an unasked opinion of the wisest course. Stay with us and discuss the matter openly. Tell us what the danger is that menaces. Treat us like natural beings, and not like dolls or playthings. Let us be made proud and glad, even in the midst of danger, by sharing your anxieties, and possibly by helping you out of your difficulties."

The speech made an impression. The general gave her a glance of respectful sympathy, rather than idle admiration.

He turned his eye upon Count Edouard, who had been slowly sifting over the expectant faces of the group of richly dressed ladies.

"I think," said the count, slowly, "we are all to be trusted here. The truth is, I have received startling intelligence of the enemy's movements. There has been a new alliance, and the army is moving cautiously to surround us. It is what I have all along predicted; but no one would listen to me, not even the prince."

"And what will be the result?" demanded Madame Pauline, tremulously.

"Capitulation for our city. Dishonorable capitulation, unless we can get word across the forest before to-morrow night, and receive reinforcements."

A little murmur of horror and indignation arose.

"No, no, count; do you credit nothing to our brave soldiers?" cried one of the former.

"Have I failed in my predictions hitherto?" cried the count, fiercely. "The prince has at last discovered the danger. He consents to the measure I urged so vehemently a month ago. He has started his secret messengers, and lo! the armed men of the enemy are all around us like a steel cordon. Not one of them but what has fallen into the enemy's hands. And here to-night I learn that my own man, secretly dispatched to make his way across the Black Forest, has been turned back. That outlaw ruler of the forest has promised to beat back all attempts to cross for a week longer, and by that time we shall be completely in their toils."

A light hand was presently laid upon his arm.

"If you please, Count Edouard, will you state the matter more clearly. What is wanted is a messenger to cross over to the other town before to-morrow night? If one can go, can take a secret message to some particular place, you think the danger is averted?"

"Yes, Clarice, child; but don't worry your poor brain over it," he answered, hastily. "I am sorry to have you know it."

The graceful head was thrown back haughtily.

"It is not a child who asks, sir. It is a woman—a woman who loves her native city, and is ready to do and dare for it. Can you provide a safe and trusty messenger?"

How clear and cold the sweetness of the silvery voice!

Count Edouard sighed drearily as he returned:

"Certainly; it is the safe passage that is doubtful."

"Very well. Get him ready, and send him promptly to put on my livery. I will take him over to the town through the Black Forest."

"Clarice!"

"Count Edouard!" still more haughtily.

"What is the child talking about?" asked Madame Von Armberg, his sister.

"Some jest, I fancy; but it is ill-timed and unkind," returned Count Edouard.

"I was never further from jesting. I mean to cross the forest in my carriage. I shall leave at daybreak. My maid, Therese, will accompany me. If you wish this messenger to go, send him to me."

"What is all this?" inquired the general; and Franz Von Armberg, the gay young fellow who worshiped the very ground on which the Countess Clarice trod, uttered a cry of dismay and horror when the wild project was repeated.

"Uncle Edouard will never consent to such a mad escapade," said Franz.

"What will the high and mighty Count Edouard reck if the butterfly flits away out of his path, and vanishes? It would be a glad relief, at the best."

The count's face, stern and impassive, was turned to hers all the time she spoke.

"If you are in earnest, countess, tell us upon what hope you build an expectation. Why will you be able to pass where others are turned back?"

"Now you speak as to a reasonable creature, and I will tell you the truth," she answered, promptly. "Therese, my maid, has a lover in the band of this romantic forest chieftain. Once I expressed a wish to see this chief; and Therese, adoring her mistress, told her lover of it, and he promised if we would ride at such an hour, and by an appointed route on the forest road, that we should have safe conduct, and our curiosity be gratified. Well, I went bribing my coachman to keep the hoyden prank from my grave guardian's knowledge, and I saw the Black Chieftain, and was marvelously well pleased with his gallant bearing, albeit a little frightened at my own temerity. And he gave me an ivory ring, quaintly carved, which was to be my safe pass in case I came on another visit. What I mean to do is to try the virtue of the ring. At worst, it can only fail, and if they only bring me to the chieftain's presence, I will risk a woman's wits but I shall accomplish my purpose."

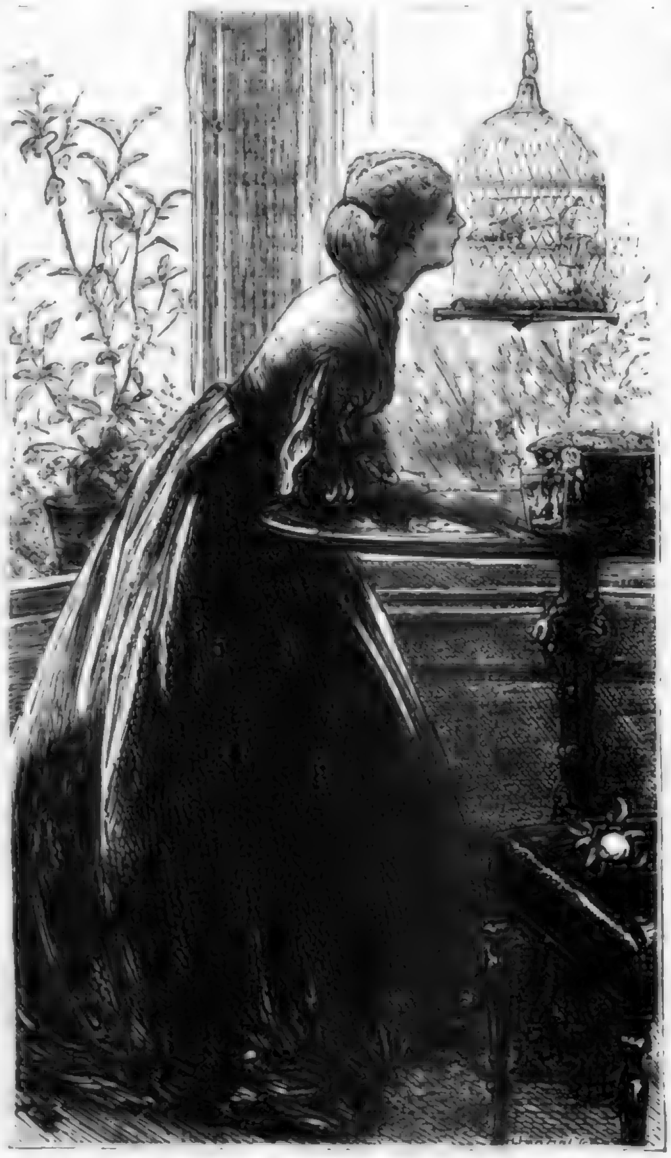
She paused, a little breathless, but looked triumphantly to the count.

"But the danger to you, Countess Clarice! Oh, it is horrible to contemplate! It is preposterous to think of such a thing—is it not, Uncle Edouard?" cried out Franz Von Armberg.

"It is a bold plan, but it is the only chance," spoke the count, slowly.

"You are not going to consent?" cried his nephew.

"I think I must, if the countess holds to her mind."



THE PET CANARY.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 410.

"There is no fear of my failing you," answered the youthful countess, proudly.

"Then there is no time to be lost. I must see the prince and obtain the necessary document; and you will need to prepare Therese and to rest and refresh yourself. It will be no light ordeal."

And the count was already moving away.

"Clarice! oh, Clarice! you must not go—you shall not go!" cried out young Franz, in an impassioned voice, stretching out his hand to seize hers.

But, with an impatient movement, quite heedless of his affection and his anxiety, she tore them away, and swept on to the dressing-room.

By the first beams of sunlight, the traveling-carriage of the countess was slowly wending its way out of the city gates, and toward the Black Forest.

Therese, bright and sparkling under the expectation of a speedy meeting with her lover, was looking forth eagerly, but her mistress leaned against the luxurious cushions, pale and languid. In the other corner of the large carriage, wrapped in a coarse gray cloak, was the stranger who had so suddenly adopted her livery. The countess had given one careless glance, and turned away impatiently. For Count Edouard's sake, even his messenger was disagreeable.

"Oh, my lady, how much sport we shall have!" cried out the petted maid. "It is marvelous to me that the count should have consented. I expected to see him appear at the last moment to countermand his permission. And I fancied you, too, were looking for him."

"If I was ridiculous enough to fancy he would have heart enough to say 'God speed' to me, I am punished for the folly," murmured the Countess Clarice. "Hard, cruel, pitiless *rock!* How I detest him!"

And so violent, indeed, was this dislike, that the tears fell swiftly over the pale cheeks.

"Weeping! Oh, my lady, I know why. The hard-hearted count has said something to wound your sensitive heart. The monster! How often and how bitterly his conduct has grieved you!"

"Hush! the man yonder. Speak French, Therese. How fortunate that you were taught! Did you see anything of Count Edouard this morning?"

"No, my lady; not a lisp, not a sign. I asked his valet, and he shrugged his shoulders and said his master gave orders not to be disturbed on any account. He had lost his night's sleep, and must make it up. Flint! Adamant! How I should like to shake him!"

The fair Clarice bit her lip to keep back another flood of tears. Therese filliped against the window with her rosy fingers, as energetically as if it were the count's cheek.

"Ah, my lady, I am so angry with him! He is so detestable! I would not waste a thought upon the unfeeling monster——"

"But he is as tender-hearted to others as one could wish," broke in the countess. "Do you forget how he risked his own life to save the gardener's boy? And he is very thoughtful and generous to the poor. You must not call him unfeeling, Therese."

"But there never was a skull so thick and stupid," persisted Therese.

"What do you mean, you silly girl?" broke in the mistress, indignantly. "Stupid! That is the last attribute to be imputed to him. Oh, no! Count Edouard is not stupid."

Therese hid a little smile behind the hand that adjusted her vail.

"Ah, my lady! Still I must detest him — because you—hate him so."

The countess sighed.

"We are always quarreling—that is notorious. Yes, of course — I — dislike him ever so much. Heigho! I've half a mind to hide myself in the Black Forest for weeks and months—as long as the Black Chieftain will keep me. I wonder if the count would care—if he would miss me a single instant? Who would have believed he could let me come to-day without a single parting word!"

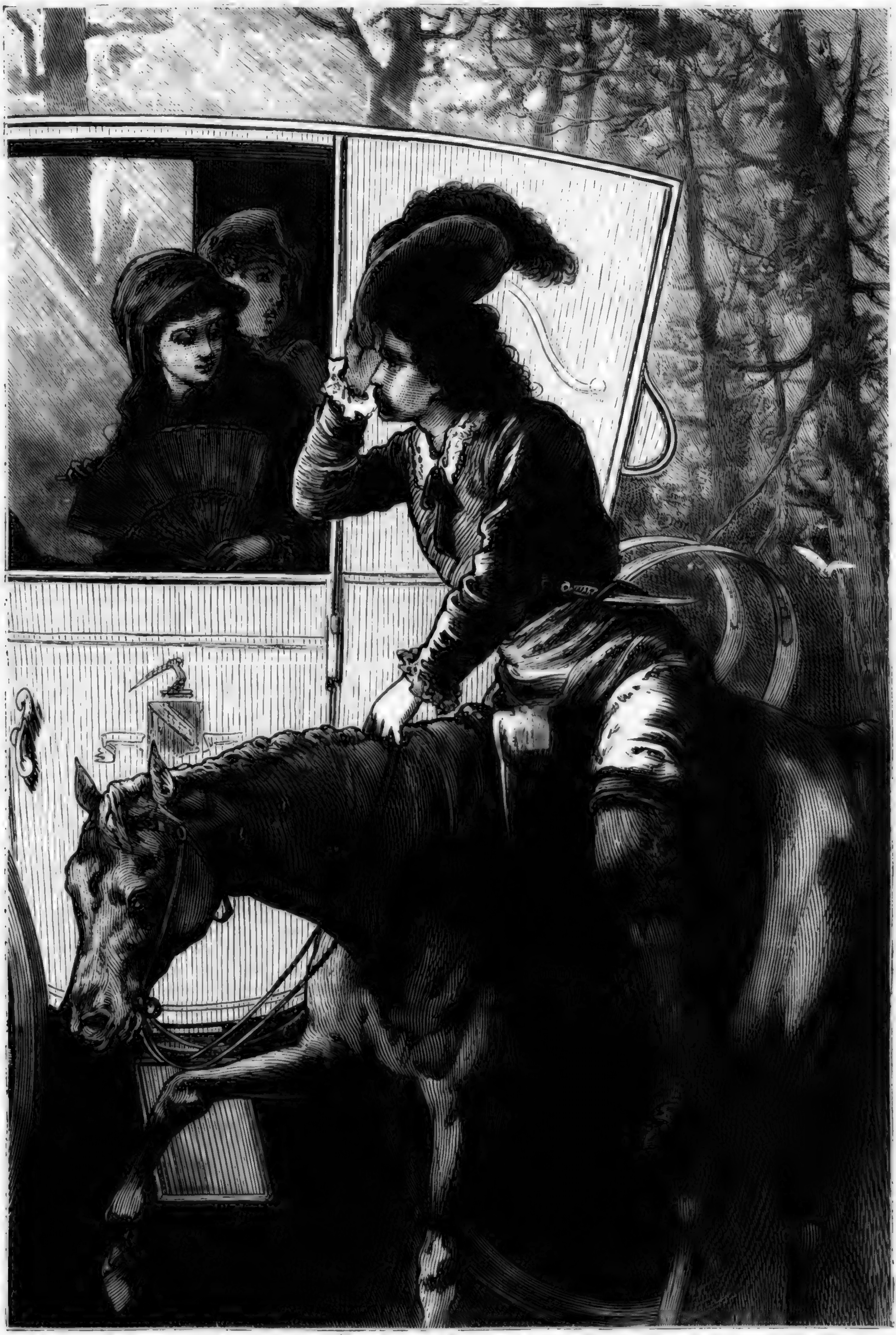
"The poor Franz was anxious enough, my lady. He was nearly frantic; one would have thought he feared some danger."

"That silly boy—pshaw! And Count Edouard actually recommended me to marry Franz. Oh, what a child he thinks me!"

And then she flung back her graceful head proudly.

"He shall see—he shall see that I am capable of heroism as well as he!"

"Therese, I am a hapless creature," she said, tragically.



A COUNTESS'S HATRED.—"THE BLACK CHIEFTAIN RODE FORWARD, GALLANTLY DOFFING HIS HAT. 'YOU WILL ADMIT I HAVE KEPT MY WORD TO YOU, FAIR COUNTESS. NOW I SHALL DISMISS YOUR GUARDS, AND WISH YOU GOOD-DAY.'"—SEE PAGE 410.

"Alas! I have only my maid, to whom I can venture to hint my deepest thoughts. Oh, unhappy orphan! how I miss my mother—my father! If I had but a sister—a brother!"

"There is Madame Van Armberg; she loves you sincerely," ventured Therese.

"Oh, to be sure; but I cannot breathe a word to her. Oh, no, indeed—I never could."

"The cruel count ought to take a brother's place."

"I don't want him for a brother," with a willful shake of her fair head.

"My lady!" exclaimed Therese, as if struck by a new thought, "how nice it would be if you should take him for a—husband!"

"I think you have lost your senses, Therese. How can you think of such a thing, when we dislike each other so much?"

Therese coughed, and was discreetly silent.

"I am very angry with you for such a suggestion."

"I beg your pardon, my lady, for being so bold. I only thought—I—sometimes I've seen the count watching you, and I couldn't help thinking there was passionate devotion in his look."

"For me? Oh, Therese, tell me quickly what should make you think that?"

How bright the eyes shone!—what tender joy broke over the sweet young face! Therese hid another smile, beholding how very angry she had made the countess.

But here the interruption she had dreaded, and yet hoped for, came. A party of mounted horsemen dashed up to the carriage.

The countess showed the heroic spirit of which she had boasted. She threw up the window, and leaned out with a face radiant in smile.

"Good-morning, gentlemen. I am out early in your vicinity," she said. "The Black Chieftain gave me a safe pass through his dominions. I trust it will be respected."

She held up the carved ivory trinket, and it was evidently promptly recognized.

But the men looked at each other doubtfully.

"There was to be no exception at all," said one.

"Where is the chieftain himself?" asked the countess.

"And where is Seippel Trent?" questioned Therese.

"We might ride on before the carriage, and bring the chieftain himself to decide," suggested another.

"By all means. I should be disappointed to miss seeing the gallant Max," observed the lady, very composedly. "You see I put full reliance upon his promise. I only brought my coachman, and courier, and maid. We are going over to the town and back again, as speedily as may be, in fulfillment of a wager. I am to bring them proof of my visit to a certain shop. I don't know why they supposed I could not make the journey; but they would not one of them believe I should accomplish it."

"We must see the chieftain," declared the leader, eying the potent bit of ivory doubtfully.

And part of them galloped off at a furious pace, and the rest followed in the rear of the carriage.

Scarcely an hour afterward the stalwart figure of the Black Chieftain came dashing through a narrow pathway.

The Countess Clarice waved her lace handkerchief with inimitable grace. Even the stolid courier was charmed by the bewitching way with which she leaned out to welcome the outlaw.

"What is the matter with everybody?" she asked, with a childish *naïveté*. "Just when I was so delighted to prove the virtue of your little talisman, most potent chieftain, its power seems doubtful. Can I not cross the forest to——? I shall be crestfallen enough to lose my wager—and the pearl bracelet, too. What mysterious conspiracy is on foot, I pray you?"

His piercing eye was fixed earnestly upon her face, but not a feature quailed, and no wave of fluctuating color drifted across her cheek.

"Is this Therese?" he asked, courteously, beckoning to the maid. "Seippel is out yonder, and he wishes for a word with her."

Therese was only too ready to comply. She sprang out promptly, and the chieftain, leaping lightly from his horse, took her place in the carriage.

"Now, my fair countess, tell me the story. I marvel a little that the grim Count Edouard allowed you to try this expedition."

"Ah, how could he prevent it? Don't you know I defy his commands continually? But I assure you it has all to do with my own planning. I heard them say the Black Forest could not be crossed this week, and I thought I would show them better—thanks to this bit of carving."

She laughed gleefully, and turned upon him the wide, innocent blue eyes in such trustful confidence that the Black Chieftain felt ashamed of his hesitation.

He left the coach, and sought out Seippel.

"Therese knows nothing of the trouble," said the latter. "She declares it is only a freak of her pretty mistress."

"A most untimely one. But I am ashamed to break my word to her. I have decided to send her over under escort of ours."

And he returned to the coach.

"I acknowledge, when I gave you the signet, that I did not anticipate its appearance at this time, my fair lady. But the Black Chieftain's word shall be kept. You say you only require to obtain a proof of your visit to the town? If I provide you with escort and fresh horses, are you able to bear the fatigue of a journey without any rest between?"

"Certainly. And if I am too much fatigued, would you not invite me to rest in some of your sylvan palaces?" she answered, promptly.

"Nothing would please me better than to entertain your ladyship. But these are days of close and hard work. I will see you safely to and from the town, if such be your wish, and if you will comply with my rules. You are only to leave the carriage long enough to visit the shop in my company to obtain the required proof. You are to speak to no one out of my hearing, nor leave my presence while in the town. Will that content you?"

"That is easily promised, I am sure," replied the countess, in the gayest tone, though secretly her heart sank.

"So be it, then. We will have the swiftest horses, and frequent refreshment. Adieu, then, for a little time. I must ride off to give my orders, but I shall speedily overtake you."

The countess laid her hand upon the courier's arm, just as Therese returned, in gay spirits and with blushing cheeks.

"Speak quickly. Can you give me the papers, if I can make no excuse for your visit to the shop? And are they addressed so it will be safe to simply hand them to one of the clerks?"

"They are concealed in the lining of my sleeve. I will have them ready," he answered, in a gruff, disagreeable voice. "The count took care to prepare for any exigency, and they are written in a secret character."

"How pale you are, my lady!" exclaimed Therese. "Will you believe it, they almost believed we were trying to cheat them in some way! Seippel was so very quizzing about our reasons for coming, I could but laugh. I really believe if it were not so well known how unfriendly you and Count Edouard are, they would have sent us back. I don't believe the count's life would be safe here, my lady. One would think they fear him more than all the garrison of soldiers."

Her ladyship smiled proudly, and then sighed dismally.

"I wish we were thus far on our way back," she said. "I wonder if he has given a thought to us?"

Two hours afterward they were joined by the Black Forest Chieftain, and fresh horses, and a luxurious repast relieved the monotony. The journey to the other town was safely made. Her ladyship was a little stiff in her movements, but bright and gay in spirits, when they reached the door of the designated shop.

"If it is all the same to you I would prefer to walk up and down the street for a little exercise to my wearied limbs, and send this servant of mine and Therese in for the two scarfs I promised to bring," she said. "You shall choose your own part: to go with them and see that they work no mischief, or to give me escort."

"I could have no question. My duty compels me to say that I must not lose sight of any of you."

She laughed more carelessly still.

"We will all go in for the purchase, and all have a moment or two for promenade. It is plain our cramped limbs need it before the return journey."

"So be it."

And, sauntering carelessly into the shop, the countess chose her scarfs, and had the date of the purchase duly inscribed in the proprietor's own handwriting.

The Black Chieftain stood by, and kept open eyes and ears, and no word from one of the party escaped him.

Nevertheless, when the courier purchased a silk handkerchief, his adroit hand slipped into the box from which he selected it a bit of paper, on which was written some cabalistic word, which made the shopman start nervously, and as quickly hide his trepidation by bringing out a new assortment to exhibit to the ladies. He did not seem to pay any further attention to the courier. Nevertheless, when he handed the mistress's package for the courier's transmission to the carriage, a letter was slipped from one sleeve to the other, and Black Max was none the wiser.

"Have you brought my scarfs?" asked the countess, a little sharply, when they were again settled in the carriage.

"It is all right," replied the courier's gruff voice.

And Therese wondered at the bright flash that crossed the lady's face.

Her ladyship was pleased at the courier's anxiety that her cushions should be comfortably placed, so she might sleep a little through the trying night journey.

"It is ridiculous, I declare. How pleased I feel!" she said, softly. "One would think I had been absent a long time. I am so glad to be going home to——"

"Not the Count Edouard, surely?" ventured Therese.

"Certainly not," responded my lady, dryly.

Another morning saw them on the outskirts of the forest. The Black Chieftain rode forward, gallantly doffing his hat.

"You will admit I have kept my word, fair countess, in the face of some difficulties. Now, I shall dismiss your guards, and wish you good-day, and a cheery welcome home."

"I owe you many thanks," returned the countess, earnestly. "I trust if the time comes that any such favor lies in my power to grant, you will as fearlessly and trustfully ask for it."

"Thanks. It is true, you might help me. A grand reward is offered me to obtain possession of the person of your churlish guardian, who is obnoxious enough to the allied forces for his vigorous and irrepressible patriotism. If you could put me in the way of tracking him, I would soon rid you of his distasteful presence."

"As it is, you will send him all the torment possible in my speedy return," she retorted. "I don't think, indeed, I should be of any use as a decoy to procure Count Edouard's company. Good-day and good-by."

She sat erect and smiling, until the last bandit had disappeared, when she turned, with a cry, to Therese.

"Oh, did you hear? Count Edouard's liberty threatened! A price set upon his life! Is it not too frightful? What if we should be too late to warn him? Oh, if anything has happened to him!"

"And why should you care? Why need you be troubled, my lady? Surely he deserves nothing at your hands!" said Therese, soothingly.

"Ah, but I do care—I do care!" cried out her ladyship, while the tears slowly slipped down the pallid cheek.

"And so do I!" cried out a new though well-known voice, that made them both start and look wildly toward the courier's corner.

He was swiftly divesting himself of slouched hat and flaxen wig, and mopping off furiously the red paint which gave the florid hue to his face. Now, for the first time, they saw his eyes. How they shone and sparkled!

Countess Clarice gave a little cry of mingling terror and delight.

"Edouard! Count Edouard here——"

"Did you think I would risk my treasure where my own hand could not guard it?" cried he. "Clarice! Clarice! my darling! I have had to wear a mask of icy pride because I loved you so, and because I dared not reveal it, lest the cruel world should say I sought to take advantage of my guardian's position, and win a wealthy bride! I, who am plain and stern, and lacking so much that adorns many a younger and nobler suitor, dare I trust these wild hopes that this romantic episode has forced upon me? Speak but a little word—tell me that you do not really *hate* me!"

What blissful content was in the silver voice—how the blue eyes shone, and what happy blushes swept off the pallor of the night's fatigue!

"Oh, Edouard, how dared you risk so much? What if the Black Chieftain had discovered you? You heard what he said. Edouard—*my* Edouard—you must not venture so much again!"

"Not for your sake, Clarice—for yours, who have saved the city, and made my whole life glad and bright?"

He had both fair hands in his—he bent toward the dewy, smiling mouth. Therese discreetly turned her face to the window, and tried not to smile, remembering all the talk about the senseless rock, and the bitter antagonism of guardian and ward.

And here there came the sound of hurrying hoofs.

"It is Franz Von Armberg," quietly commented Therese, while her mistress, with a cry of terror, threw both arms about the count to protect him from the Black Chieftain's deadly shaft.

"Are you safe, Lady Clarice?" he cried, breathlessly—this poor young Franz, while he dashed forward to the carriage. "Oh, we have had such a night of anxiety! The city is full of wild rumors, and Count Edouard is missing. My mother fears——"

But here he paused abruptly.

Two happy, guilty faces told the story eloquently.

"Count Edouard here!" stammered poor Franz.

"Ay, you did not suppose I would allow her ladyship to venture where I was not at hand to share the danger, if I failed to protect her from it! Here I am, Franz, minus that long beard that your mother declared befitted a hermit rather than a man of fashion. You shall teach me a

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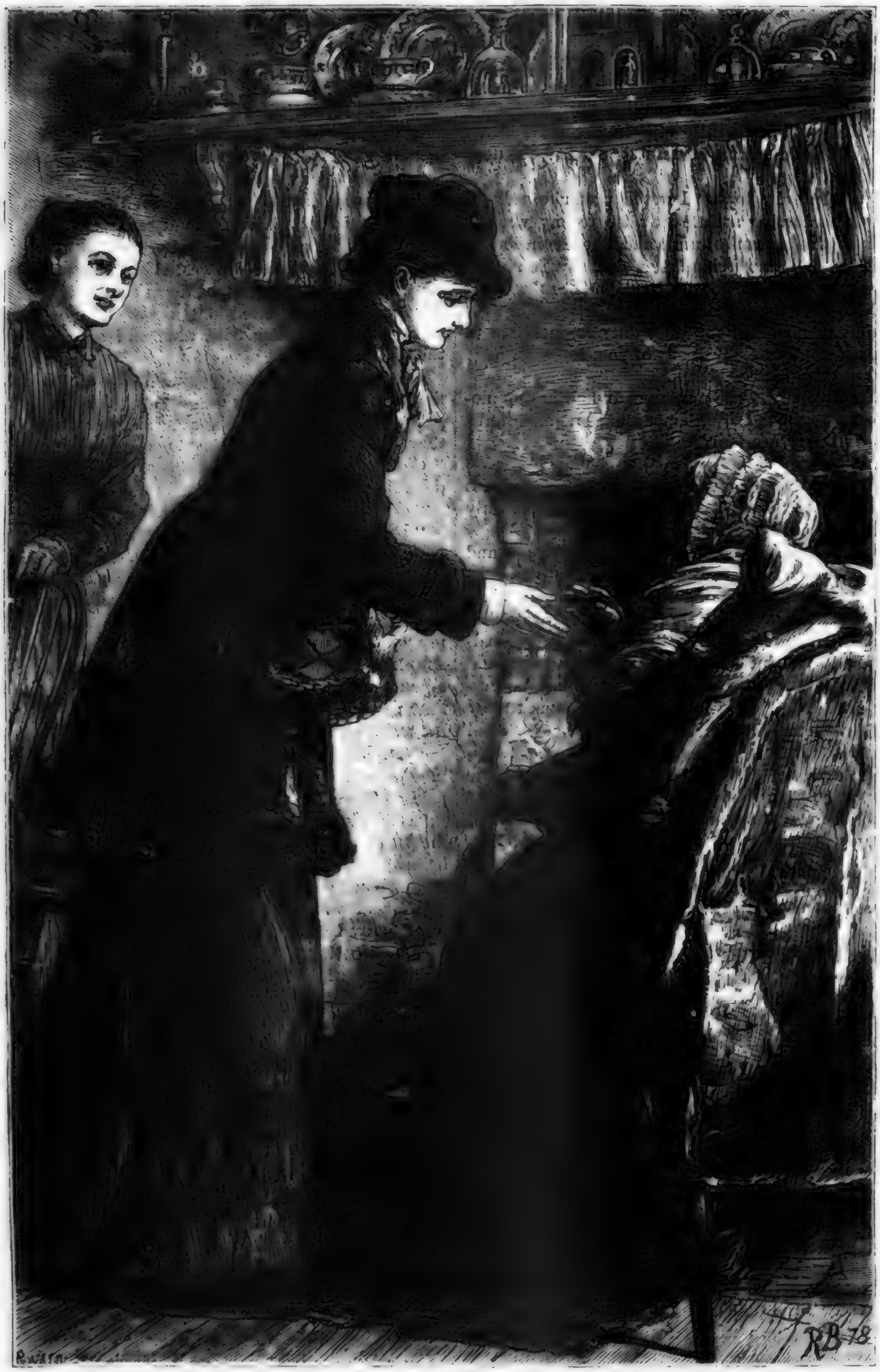
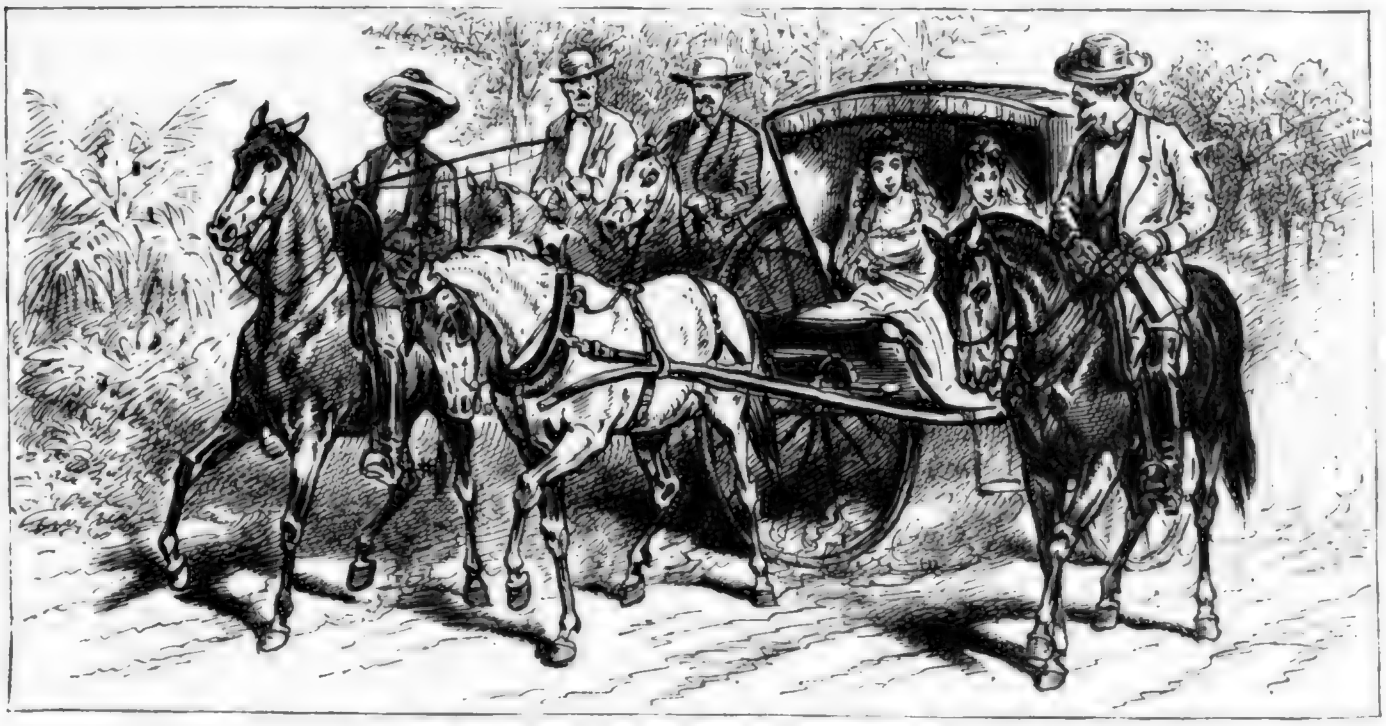
more graceful style presently. Say to the prince that all is well. The message has gone forward safely. And ride forward and bid them prepare the countess a strengthening cordial. She will need its reviving strength, and a long sleep, before any one must molest her."



THE VISIT TO GRANDMOTHER.

Franz wheeled about his horse, and rode off at a still more furious pace. And the heartless little countess, entirely oblivious of the other's chagrin and grief, slipped her hand again into the count's tender clasp, and leaning against his shoulder, whispered: "Oh, Edouard, how thankful I am I went upon your errand! And—how they will laugh at us!"



SCENES IN SUNLANDS.—ON THE ROAD TO A SUGAR ESTATE, CUBA.

SCENES IN SUN-LANDS.

By Mrs. Frank Leslie.

CUBA—A VISIT TO A SUGAR ESTATE.

To visit Cuba and not see a sugar estate, is to read Hamlet, leaving out the Prince of Denmark's speeches, and few travelers would have the temerity to return home and face their friends with the confession that they had committed this solecism—certainly not we.

One bright morning the relative of a dear old friend came, most opportunely; assured us that one's friends' friends are one's own friends; and invited us to visit his wife and himself at their sugar estate of Las Cañas, the largest and finest *ingenio* upon the island, and distant about sixty or seventy miles from Havana.

The invitation was accepted as frankly as it was given, and a few days afterward our party of three drowsily obeyed the summons of the *camarero* to rise at four, dress by candlelight, and, after a cup of bitter, black coffee, set forth for the station.

Sorrow and perplexity here awaited us, for the ticket-seller blandly refused a twenty-dollar U. S. Greenback—accepted elsewhere with the greatest alacrity—and the resources of the party, collectively, would not otherwise make up the fifteen dollars gold required. Much argument, a card and address, and finally a little feminine coaxing, however, carried the day, and the magnanimous consent of the official to intrust us with the three tickets, he retaining the twenty-dollar note until redeemed in coin.

This negotiation was barely over, when somebody strolled along the platform, ringing a tea-bell, the signal for the departure of the train, which, somewhat to our surprise, actually started very near the advertised hour of 5:30—just as the first pink blushes of the eastern clouds showed that they saw the sun coming up from the under world.

Cuban cars are not uncomfortable, the seats and backs of the benches being of openwork cane, the floors bare, and therefore unfavorable for fleas, and the windows practicable. Speed is not great, but who wishes to hurry in Cuba? And if the pauses are frequent, and of uncertain duration, one has the more time to contemplate the lovely scenery and those thousand *cosas de Cuba,* which active eyes discover at every turn, whether in town or country.

I was sorry, or not sorry, as you please, to find that since my first girlish experience of this road, some years since, the spirit of improvement and innovation had crept in to destroy several of its most distinctive features. On that occasion, for instance, the engine was attended by two negroes, one of whom, at each station, languidly split wood and threw it to the other, who as languidly thrust it into the fire under the boiler, the passengers having ample time to get off, watch the operation, stroll around and make acquaintance with the country during each interval. Now, alas! the wood was carried in a tender, quite in the usual fashion, and the train barely waited long enough for the passengers to drink the milk of a cocoanut or two, eat a few sapotes, or exchange the news with the acquaintance they chance to meet.

The railway trip was accomplished in three hours, and gave us an excellent opportunity for studying the rural scenery of Cuba, which, except for the abundance of palm trees and occasional hedges of maguey or cactus, is not at all unlike that of our own Middle States. The land is divided into great fields, where prosperous cattle feed or ruminate knee-deep in herbage, or shelter beneath chestnuts, oak, beech and other familiar trees, growing in groups or isolated specimens, exactly as with us.

Arrived at Union, the nearest station to Las Cañas, we were met by Don Frederico, our amiable host, who, with all the courtesy of a Spanish caballero, and the cordial hospitality of a Cubano, welcomed us as his guests, and led the way to a shady nook, where waited saddle-horses for the gentlemen of the party, and a *volante* for the Sister of my soul and myself.

It is certainly a pity that this vehicle is so fast disappearing from Havana, where it was once the universal conveyance, that a few years more will make it purely traditional, although it must linger for a long while in the rural districts, to whose deep and uncertain roads its peculiar construction is so well adapted. Those of our readers who have, in their country-visits, seen an old-fashioned chaise—a "one-hoss-shay"—have nearly seen a *volante,* and have only to imagine the shafts carried out to an indefinite length at the back, and the body swung between them by leathern straps, at once support and springs.

Nothing can be more comfortable, nothing safer, since there is no legend of a *volante* being upset, although often apparently on the utmost verge of that catastrophe; and there is an easy, cradle-like movement to the vehicle quite fascinating, especially when intensified by the jolts and jerks incident to the primitive roads; strictly speaking, however, there are no roads in this part of the country, but simply tracks, through and between the different plantations, sometimes cut deep into the clayey soil, sometimes lightly printed upon the grass and wild flowers of an uncultivated field.

The *volante* is usually drawn by a sturdy, commonplace horse between the shafts, while a more graceful and less industrious one is attached to the whiffle-tree by loose traces, which allow him to precede his humble companion by a head or so; upon this latter animal rides the *calesero*, holding the guiding-rein of the draught horse in one hand and the bridle of his own in the other, while a savage little whip dangles from his wrist.

And here let me pause to celebrate the especial *calesero* who conducted our *volante* on this occasion—jet black, tall, and of splendid muscular development, he sat his horse precisely as if the two animals had been one; his slippered toes just lightly touching the stirrups; his shoulders broad and back flat as a board; his whole body swaying lightly with every step of the horse—the very perfection of unconscious art rising to the excellence of nature. A suit of snowy linen bound with scarlet, and a Panama hat, the fineness of which would have made many a Fifth Avenue exquisite die of envy, constituted his livery.

Of different style, yet not more admirable, was the horsemanship of Don Frederico and the gentlemen who accompanied him; for they rode their spirited and "managed" horses, as nearly all Cuban gentlemen do, with the fearless grace and abandon of veritable cavaliers. And the horses —pretty creatures!—seemed to enjoy as much as their riders this delightful excursion; for the day was yet young enough to be cool and fresh, the dew still glistened in the thick canebrakes, and a light morning breeze stirred the crests of the royal palms, whose great leaves clashed softly a song of welcome to the strangers who drove beneath.

Passing through the little town of Alacranes (Scorpions), whose drowsy idlers paused in their first cigar to stare as we drove through the quiet *plaza*, our *volante*, courtesying gracefully as it bounced over the uneven stones paving it. Soon after this we suddenly swept out of a cool, verdant road around the high wall of a garden, and out upon a lawn of the Casa di Vivienda, or dwelling-house of Las Cañas. This mansion, like most planters' houses in Cuba, is a large, low building, the roof sweeping down both in front and rear to form those wide verandas which, in a sultry climate, are so important a part of the house. Upon the front veranda opens, by wide doors and numerous windows, the *sala*, or drawing-room—a spacious, cool apartment, its ceiling the polished rafters of the roof, its floor ornamental hard woods, relieved at one end by a great Turkish rug, at either side of which were ranged the usual two rows of rocking-chairs for the reception of visitors.

Some bookcases, well filled with French, Spanish and English volumes, large mirrors, a table or two, plenty of chairs, some *objets d'art* and vases of splendid flowers, amply furnished this cool and charming tropical *salon*, from which opened, at either end, suites of sleeping and retiring-rooms; while behind it, and occupying the covered veranda in the rear, was the dining-room, through whose wide windows we caught glimpses of the garden and greenery beyond.

One noticeable feature of this charming house was a strong barricade of sand-bags at one end of the front veranda, and some regular fortifications at the back, pierced with loopholes for musketry. These, we were informed, had been prepared several years since, in view of a possible visit from the insurgents hiding in the neighboring woods, but, fortunately, had never been needed.

At the top of the steps stood our fair young hostess, accompanied by two pretty cousins, the little group suiting so well with the tropical surroundings that one longed to stop awhile and admire the picture, instead of disturbing it by approaching. Nothing could be more charming, however, than the welcome of Doña Teresa, who presently escorted us to two great, cool, airy bedrooms, daintily furnished, where we were left to refresh ourselves after the dusty journey in the cars, and to prepare for breakfast, served at eleven—and such a breakfast!

Without wishing to pass as a *gourmande*, let me say that if I could imagine the gods on Olympus to habitually feast on first-class Cuban fare, I am a heathen from this day henceforth! And it is only in the country that one meets with it, since Havana is given over to French cooks and foreign ways, and one seldom eats better there than at the Trois Frères or Delmonico's; but fifty miles out of town, where the *cosas de Cuba* still hold sway, one finds the table of the wealthy planter spread with those national dishes which, for flavor, variety and tempting look and odor, excel anything I have tasted in any other part of the world.

A great basket of flowers occupied the middle of the table, and the meal was served *à la Russe;* several admirably trained servants waiting upon the guests with a quiet efficiency admirably contrasting with the "Tenor's" languid inattention.

Coffee was served in the *sala*, and after enjoying it, and chatting a while, all dispersed for the siesta, which, in the middle of a Cuban day, is more a necessity than a luxury. About four o'clock a formidable chambermaid, whose native African accent made quite a new language of her Spanish, came to invite us to the bath-house; and, following her lead, we were shown into a pretty little isolated building, its centre occupied by a great white-marble tank, at least fifteen feet across, and filled to a depth of three or four feet with deliciously cool, fresh spring-water.

The bath was so refreshing that after it one really enjoyed the task which, earlier, had seemed quite a hopeless one —viz., making a toilet for dinner. Descending from our bowers, we found our fair hostess and the other guests assembled, and a stroll was proposed through the sugar-house, the principal and most extensive of the buildings, forming a large, irregular square, facing the mansion; the others being negro quarters, an infirmary, storehouses, a brick-kiln, where tiles of excellent quality are also manufactured, and various offices for carrying on the operations of this great self-sustaining establishment.

In approaching the sugar-house, we paused to notice the procession of large, light cars, each drawn by four oxen, which, traveling upon a tramway laid to the cane-fields, brought thence the ripe, juicy stalks, trimmed and cut to a proper length; and first passing over a scale where each load is weighed and registered, carries it to the foot of an endless revolving belt, upon which the cane is piled by the drivers of the oxen, while numerous half-grown boys and girls stand ready to catch and toss back any stalks falling from the belt to the ground.

Defeated of escape, the unfortunate stalks find themselves carried slowly and relentlessly upward, until they fall into the jaws of three great iron rollers, which, revolving upon each other, crush the cane so completely that the fragments issue at the other side—mere dry, sapless chips, which are carried on by another revolving belt, and shot into the ox-carts which stand waiting below—each, as it is filled, starting on to make room for another.

The rich saccharine juice meantime falls from behind the rollers into a conducting trough, which takes it first into copper receptacles, pierced with holes like a colander, where the bits of cane and refuse floating through it are strained out. It is then forced by a steam pump to the highest part of the building, where, in a sort of upper gallery, it runs into vats, and is treated with a certain amount of lime to help the clarifying process immediately necessary, as this crude juice or *guarapo* ferments almost instantly if left to itself.

The amount of correction to the acidity of the *guarapo* is determined by a test paper (*torna sol*), chemically prepared, of blue color, which turns to red more or less vivid, according to the acidity of the liquid in which it is immersed. After clarifying, the syrup is filtered through vats nearly filled with burned and powdered bone, called animal carbon, prepared and exported from the United States; and we were assured that nothing is more fatal to the clearness and purity of sugar than carelessness in regard to changing this carbon, which, in eight or ten hours, becomes so impregnated with the impurities of the sap, as to be no longer efficient; although, in some mills, it is allowed to remain two or three days.

Later on, we were taken to another building, where such bone-charcoal as is made on the estate is prepared, and also where the carbon already used goes through a purifying process, fitting it again for duty, in the deep ovens with fierce fires beneath, which almost naked negroes were feeding and stirring, while the lurid light half revealed and half hid the blackened rafters and walls of the place, and the masses of charred bone lying about in a very Doré-ish style.

Returning to our cane-juice we find it, after passing through the filtering vats, of which there are a great number, pumped into the first boiler, no longer the open shallow pans of the olden time, whose surface was skimmed by negroes with long ladles, and in whose depths stray negro babies were occasionally found conserved—but a gigantic horizontal tubular boiler, like that on a locomotive, with a little glass window inserted near the top at one end, through which one may watch the seething mass within, while a thermometer, just above, marks the degree of heat it has attained.

The Chinaman attendant upon this engine showed us the delicate attention of drawing out a little of the syrup upon a bit of glass, and inviting us to test its sweetness and richness by the primitive process of a finger dipped into the syrup and then inserted in the mouth. Of course, all accepted the hospitality, and numerous fingers and mouths certified that the *guarapo* had certainly become syrup.

In the next and similar boiler, a process analogous to what maple-sugar boilers call "sugaring-off" is accomplished, and as the syrup falls from this, it is so thick and granulated, as to be more sugar than molasses, and from the greenish-gray of its original color has become of a rich dark-brown.

Drawn by a faucet from this boiler, the liquid sugar falls into shallow copper pans, constantly changed by a set of stalwart, sleek-skinned negroes and Chinese, whose dripping brows and scant clothing testify to the warm and arduous nature of their employment.

These pans, piled upon a truck, are wheeled upon a narrow tramway into an adjoining room devoted to long rows of vacuum pans, so called, although they are really closed copper vessels, air-tight and cylindrical in shape, wherein the sugar is subjected to heat and centrifugal motion, which, after a surprisingly short space of time, changes the semi-fluid dark mass conducted into the vacuum pan by one pipe to dry crystallized sugar, brown, yellowish-white, or perfectly white, according to the time it remains in the pan.

Such as is intended for first-class table-sugar is finally placed in a heated revolving cylinder, from which it issues dry and distinct as sand, and of the purest sparkling white color. Another quality is allowed to cool in mass, and is then broken fine before packing; while the brown does not harden sufficiently to require any care except packing. This is done in hogsheads for the third grade and boxes for the first two; both hogsheads and boxes being manufactured upon the place, although the staves, hoops and boards are brought from the United States.

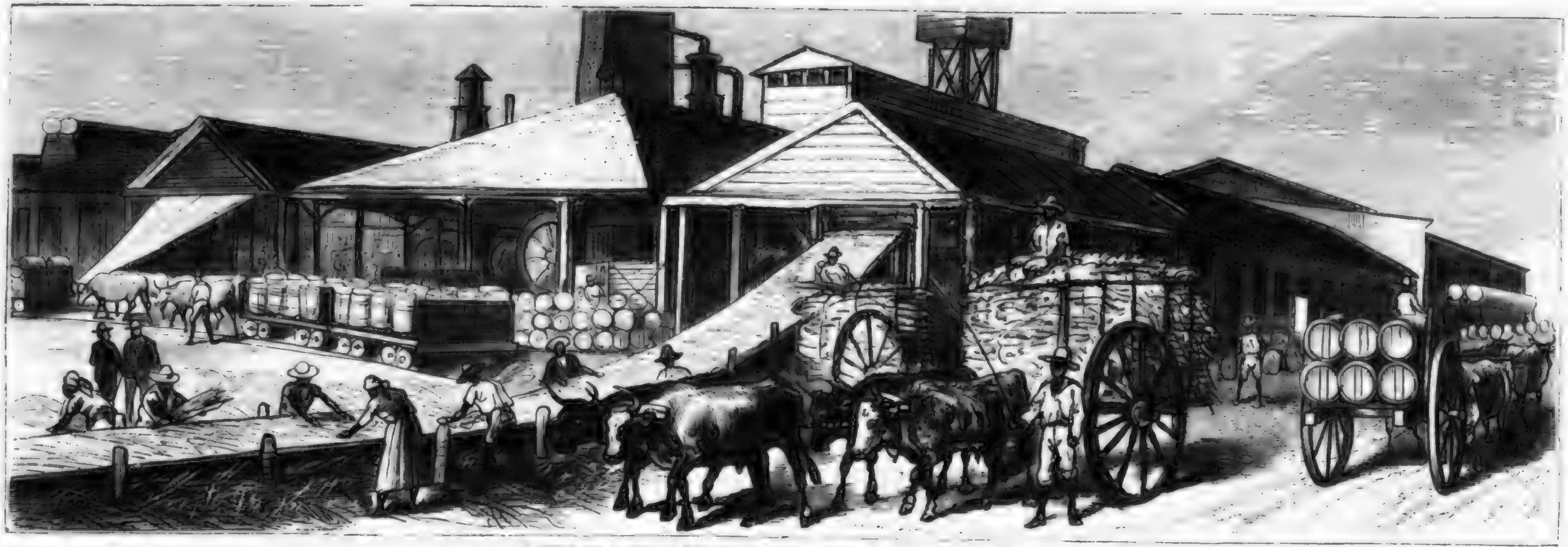
To accommodate this portion of the industry, a carpenter's and cooper's shop is attached to the sugar-house, as well as a machine shop, where the forges are in active and constant operation, and all the iron-work of the various machines is repaired and supplied, and such blacksmith work as is needed upon the estate is accomplished.

The number of boxes shipped from Las Cañas last year was 17,000, each box worth $30.00; and it is expected that the yield this year will be equally great. The sugar season lasts about four months, beginning just after Christmas; and while it continues, the eight hundred slaves of the estate, as well as the Chinese laborers employed, are kept very closely at work; labor beginning at five in the morning and lasting until nine at night, with intervals for food and rest, especially in the hottest part of the day.

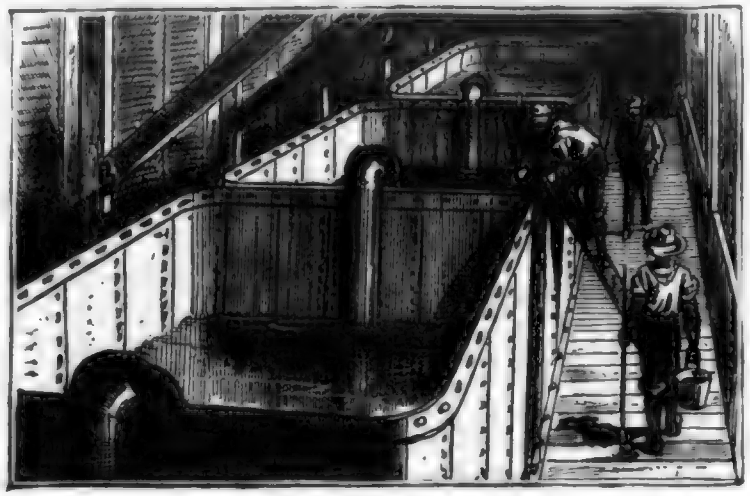
In former times there was much inhumanity practiced upon many sugar estates in Cuba, the negroes being sometimes literally worked to death in order to secure as large a crop as possible while the season lasted; but the protective laws are now so stringent and the consciousness of impending emancipation so strong that there is now very little hardship anywhere—and certainly at Las Cañas none at all, for a healthier, merrier and more robust set of creatures than the negroes swarming at every turn it would be impossible to find.

By the time we had gone through the sugar-house, with its various appurtenances, the sudden tropical night had fallen, and we returned to the house under a solemn purple-blue sky, through which burned the great stars one only sees in these beloved latitudes. The transition from the grand, almost awful, beauty of the night to the soft candlelight of the dining-room, with its cheerful sparkle of silver and glass, and its freshly gathered epergne of flowers, was, after all, an agreeable one; and the next two hours passed very pleasantly, if not very sentimentally. Then came coffee and chat in the opposing rows of rocking-chairs, and, at an early hour, bed; for on plantations people keep good hours, and bear up under a great amount of rest.

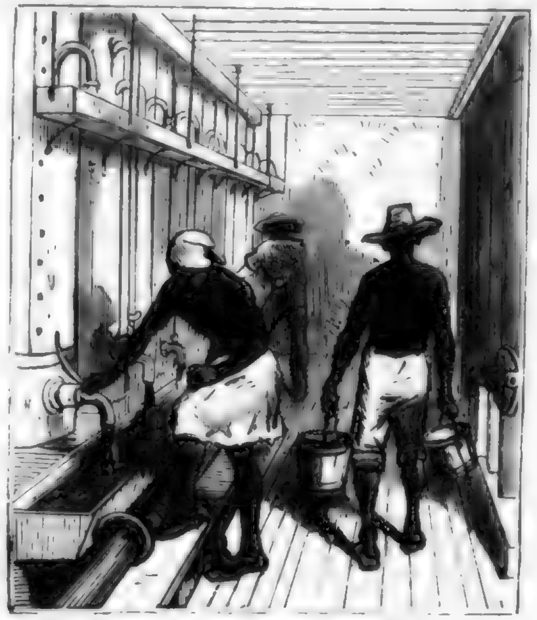
Extinguishing our candles as soon as might be, we opened the blinds of our great, windowless windows, and once more looked upon the wonders of the night, with the millions of great stars shining down in their calm beauty, so careless of whether poor humanity looked up at them or down upon the earth; the dewy, rustling foliage and flowers of the garden sending up a subtle, delicious perfume, and the great, black forms of the sugar-house and its attendant buildings looming against the sky. Here and there a lantern, shining in the depths of the great mill, showed that the chances of the night were guarded against, and in the open *vigia*, or watchtower, at the top of the building, one could see the slowly moving form of the sentinel who keeps vigil there day and night, never sitting down, never resting, but watching, not only over the mill at his feet, but the whole great plantation spread out before him—more especially the acres of thick-set sugar-cane, representing thousands, perhaps millions, of dollars to the owners. And against what enemy does the watchman chiefly keep this vigil? Fire!



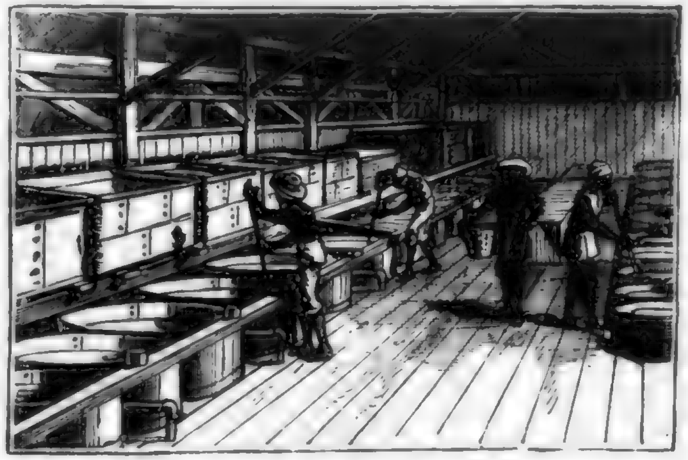
A VISIT TO A SUGAR ESTATE IN CUBA.—SCENE IN FRONT OF FACTORY.



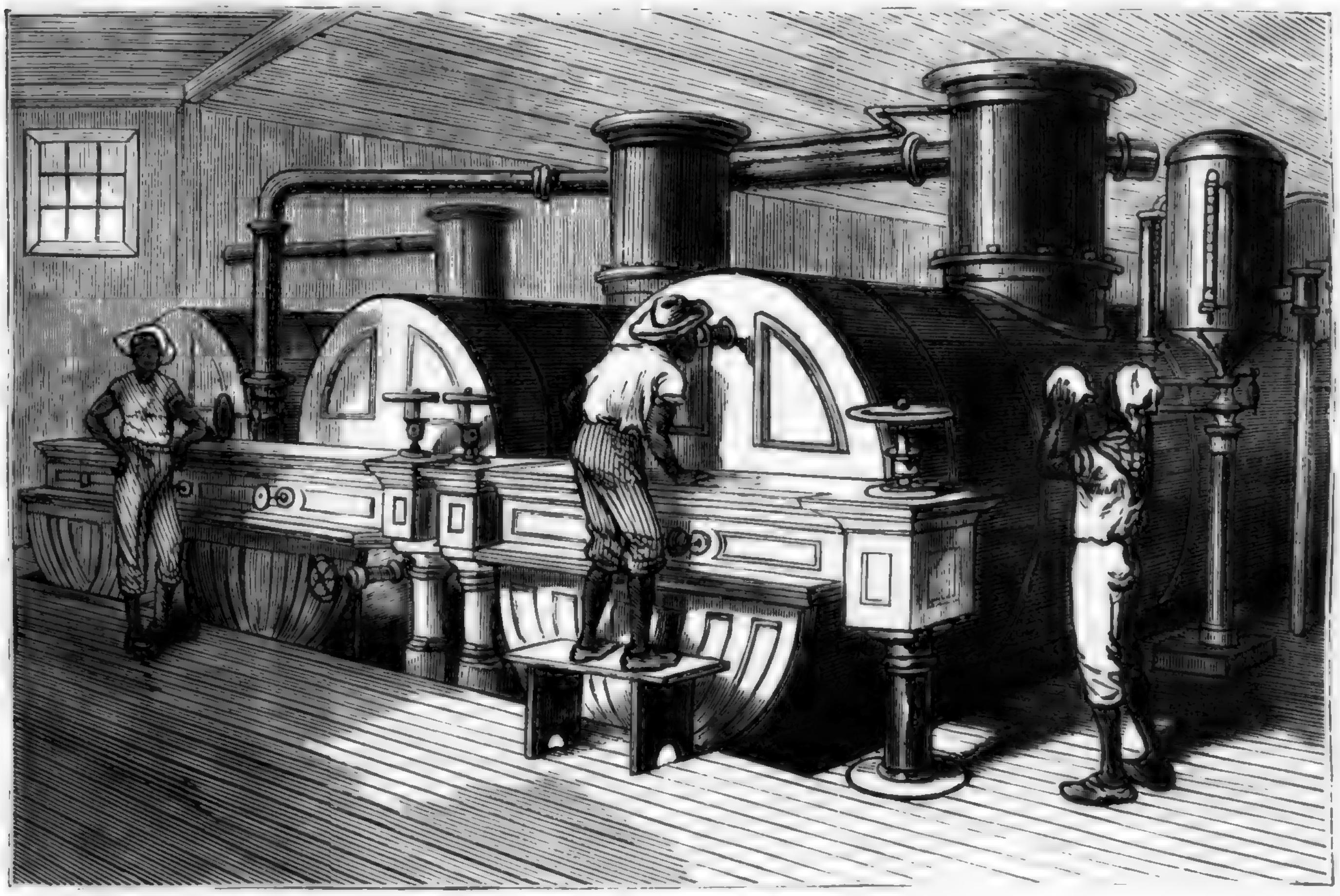
COLD JUICE TANKS.



RUNNING OFF THE SYRUP.



THE FILTERS ABOVE THE FLOOR.

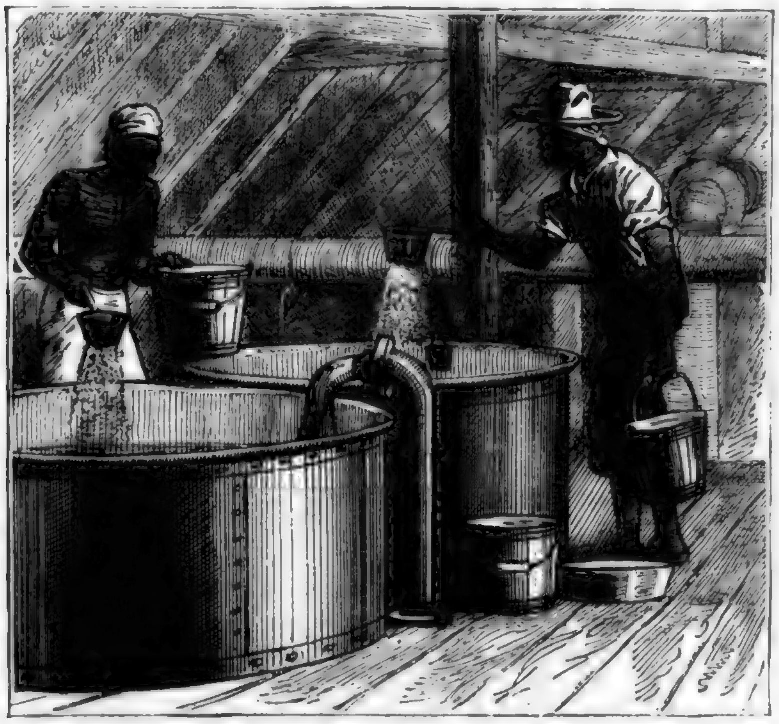


VACUUM PANS FOR BOILING SYRUP.

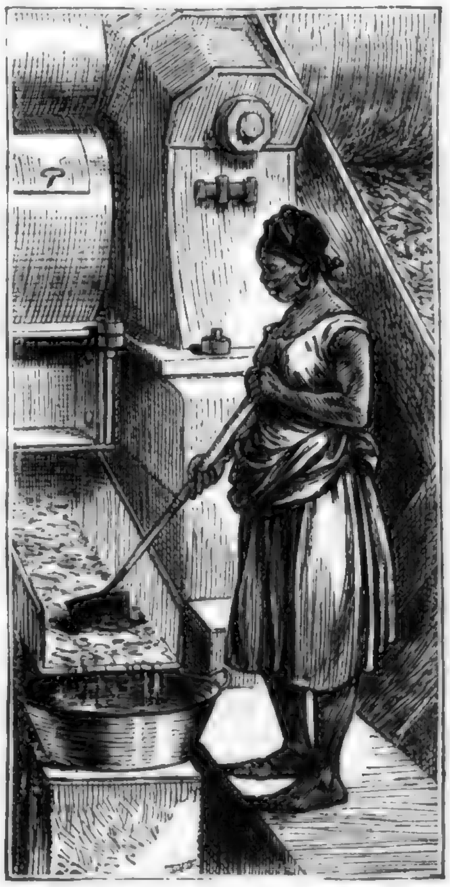
The careless throwing aside of a yet burning cigar or match, or the willful incendiarism of a rival or an enemy, or some one of those thousand chances which no one has foreseen or guarded against, may light the flame, and, once lighted, no human power within reach can arrest the conflagration; for water is scarce, fire engines are not to be had, the material of the buildings is so light and dry, and their extent so great, that fire-engines would be almost useless if present on the spot.

The greatest loss in case of fire would arise, first, from the destruction of the machinery, which is imported at great expense—one of the principal machines at Las Cañas alone costing $50,000—and then from the impossibility of carrying on the works before the season ends; for, after April, the cane is too dry and sapless to cut.

Four men are detailed for this position of general watchman, and relieve each other every four hours, just like the watch at sea, so that the *vigia* is never unoccupied for a moment.



PUTTING LIME IN THE JUICE.



KEEPING THE STRAINER CLEAR FOR JUICE FROM PRESS.

Besides these, regular patrols keep their rounds through the night on all parts of the estate; each man, as he draws near the limit of his beat, shouting to his neighbor, "*Alerta?*" ("Are you on guard?"), and the other responding, "*Alerta estoy!*" ("I am on guard!") And this faint, far-away, yet musical note of activity and security, is indescribably soothing, as well as a little mournful, to the lonely watcher of midnight stars.

It is not wise, however, to devote too many of the wee small hours to star-gazing in Cuba, for the world awakes very early there, and about six o'clock our stately ebony Diana appeared at our bedside, bearing a tray with coffee and some light refreshment, to strengthen us for the labors of the toilet.

Descending an hour later, we found our dainty little hostess, with her pretty cousins, upon the veranda, waiting to take us into the garden, just in the perfection of its beauty at this time of the day, while the dew still hung, diamond-like, upon every leaf and petal, and the colors of every flower seemed deepened and freshened by the night of rest and refreshment after the glowing heat of the day.

The garden was the finest by far that we saw in Cuba, public or private; for the late proprietor, Doña Teresa's father, was a floriculturist, and having both means and time to indulge his taste, he collected, from every part of the world, whatever is rare and curious, as well as beautiful, in the realm of flowers, and upon the rich soil and under the beneficent skies of the tropics, with plenteous irrigation and abundant labor, he created a little Eden such as Adam and Eve never knew!

We walked in the cool and sheltered alleys for a while, gathered here and there a blossom such as one never sees in the forced growth of hothouses, and breathed the rich, strong perfumes, so delicious when they are the living sighs of flowers, so intolerable when imitated by the chemist; and then we returned to the veranda, before which now stood a couple of *volantes* and several saddle-horses, for we were to make a morning expedition to "the Caves," and to some outlying portions of the estate, differing in their wild and picturesque scenery from the flat and fertile cane-lands directly around the house.

And here it may be well to mention that the title *ingenio* is applied to a sugar plantation, a coffee estate being called a *caffetal*, while a tobacco estate is a *vega*, a market-garden is an *estancia*, a cattle estate is an *hacienda* or *sitio*, a countryman is a *guajiro*, and his wife a *guajira;* the two differing as much from a *Habanero* and *Habanera* as from the inhabitants of another country.

This much I learned from Doña Teresa as we swung along in her *volante* over the turfy road, the ideal *calesero* carefully guiding the draught horse away from the deepest holes and biggest rocks—now turning out of the track altogether and making a detour among the shrubs to avoid some impediment, and now coasting skillfully upon its very verge, occasionally, where no escape was possible, administering one decisive cut of his short whip to each horse, and taking the *volante* through or over the trouble by main force; while the señorita sitting upon the little seat in the middle clung to our knees, murmuring "Ave Maria, purissima!" Doña Teresa raised her great, dark eyes to the light, agile figure of her husband riding just in front, and I, who have met real danger too often to be frightened, laughed at the elastic bands of the *volante* as it pitched and tossed and righted itself; while the ebony creature in front never swerved in his saddle or showed the faintest emotion in the sable profile thoughtfully turned upon the horse between the shafts.

A few miles of this amusing drive brought us to the *estancia*, where the vegetables and fruit—principally plantains—for the thousand or more mouths of Las Cañas are mostly raised, as well as the fodder for the many oxen and horses.

A low, rambling farmhouse, with tiled roof, veranda, and plenty of outhouses, including a whole row of pigsties, was the dwelling of the *haciendero* in charge; and the cows, pigs, hens, turkeys and guinea-fowls strolling in and out of the various buildings looked as much as possible like a farmyard scene at home, or in any other part of the world.

A mile or two further, and the *volantes* stopped on the edge of a bit of wild and picturesque woodland.

"The cave! this is the *Ojo de Agua*," announced Don Frederico, waiting to help us to dismount from the *volante*. The Sister and the Señorita at the same time appeared from the second *volante*, a little tossed and tumbled, but none the worse for their dancing drive; and all five of us confidingly followed Don Frederico as he led the way toward what appeared the veritable entrance of Hades, being a steep descent into a chasm of unknown depth, while from out those depths came the whirring sound of many wings, and the dim, indefinite murmur of imprisoned waters.

As we lingered shivering on the brink, a negro, armed with a *machete*, passed up and slowly made his way down what might be called a path, slashing the bushes and rank weeds at either hand to drive away any snakes or reptiles which might be lurking there—although, indeed, such creatures are almost invariably harmless in Cuba, except the scorpion, whose bite is very painful.

Encouraged by this safeguard, and by Don Frederico's pleasant words, five pairs of feminine feet, covered by the least useful shoes possible for such a purpose, tottered down the pathway, and, passing under a low roof of rock, walked out upon a natural plateau extending deep into a cave whose rocky walls and ceiling dripped with moisture; while far below lay a pool of bright water, whose shape and brilliancy probably suggested its name, "*El Ojo de Agua*" —The Eye of Water.

At the further end one could dimly perceive a low, irregular natural arch, beneath which the waters disappeared, flowing no one knows whither, as the arch is too low to admit a boat, should any one be hardy enough to wish to explore the dark channel.

Above the rocky roof of the cavern, in the light and warmth of the upper air, grew a great banyan-tree, and this had sent its piercing, fibrous roots down the crevices of the limestone in thousands, most of them mere white threads, swaying hither and yon in the fresh breeze that eddied through the place, but some of them well grown, and two or three inches in diameter, and covered with tough bark. One of these had crawled along the roof of the cavern for a long distance, and finally, finding an opening in the rock, had crept back to seek a more nourishing soil. Another hung in a great loop, until it finally caught hold of the side of the plateau and grappled with the rocky soil composing it.

The wild whirr of wings which we had noticed before entering was now explained by the flitting around our heads of a frightened flock of swallows, whose home is in the clefts of the rock, close to the water's edge, and who, terrified by the rare presence of strangers, dashed wildly about the cavern, twittering angrily, and finally fled out into the open air.

The spot was a delightful one, and we might not linger as there was still more to see, and the heat of the day would be upon us before many hours; so with one long, lingering look into the placid depths of El Ojo de Agua, we climbed the rocky pathway, disposed ourselves in the *volantes* and swung forward again through plantations of fruit-trees, plantains, divided into six or eight different varieties; *mameys, aguacates* or alligator pears, *sapotes* and several other kinds of tropical fruits, scarcely known to foreigners even by name, but forming an important item in the year's provision of the Cuban.

Speaking of plantains, a botanical friend informed us that the name of the species called by us the banana is *musa paradisiaca*, the veritable "forbidden fruit" which Eve so unfortunately coveted, and bought at so high a price!

Again the *volantes* stopped, this time at the entrance to a lovely woodland path close to another little cottage, the dwelling of the *guajiro* in charge of this part of the estate.

Proceeding in Indian file through this cool and shaded path, we presently emerge upon the wildest and loveliest mountain glen imaginable; the opposite side clothed with the lush, luxuriant tropical verdure; graceful palm-trees rising royally from among the lower growths, and great riotous vines flinging their arms from trunk to trunk, embracing everything within reach, and like beautiful Sin clinging closer and closer, until Death comes—twin sister of Sin—and the poor tree dies in the double embrace.

From the edge of the wood the path made a sudden downward slope, and up this slope bounded a great hound to meet us—a hound one would have hated to meet as an enemy, but who made himself very agreeable as a friend, and politely conducted us down the gorge, where a gang of negro women in scanty garments, were clearing the path of underbrush and weeds by the help of heavy knives and their own horny fingers.

The *guajiro* was overlooking the work, undertaken since the previous night in preparation for our visit, and only one instance of the magnificent hospitality which marked our stay at Las Cañas.

It was pleasant to see how these poor creatures, more resembling beasts of burden than women, straightened their bowed backs, and pushed away their matted hair to look into the face of the young mistress, who, with her tiny figure and pure, pale face, moved among these Amazons like a fairy among gnomes, and never failed to respond to the "Dios te bendiga Patrona!" with a kind "Buenos dias!" and on this occasion with a more substantial proof of goodwill, for this was Doña Teresa's first return to the home of her childhood after seven years of marriage spent abroad, and she had announced that it should be marked by the gift of a dollar each to the eight hundred slaves, most of whom had known her as a child, and who all, with patriarchal simplicity, addressed her as "Terecita," and nothing could be prettier than to see, whenever she stirred from the house, or in the evening, when she sat upon the veranda, how these poor people flocked about her, not all of them attracted by the promised dollar, for after they had received it, they came again and again, sometimes bringing little presents of fruit and flowers, eggs, chickens, even and sea-beans—almost anything, in short, to show their feathers, love and fealty to their fair young mistress, who, though weary and feeble, always received each one graciously, replying courteously; remembering to ask for absent relatives, and showing all those charms which mark the gracious sovereign of large or little realms.

If all owners were like "Terecita," and all slaves happy as those of Las Cañas, then might we indeed consider emancipation a huge mistake, and freedom indivisible from straight hair!

Leaving the negro women happy over their dollars, so quietly given that I only saw the gift by chance, we descended into a cave still more lovely than the "*Ojo de Agua*," for at its furthest extremity a natural fissure in the rock, its shape and size suggesting its name of the Cathedral window, admitted a stream of morning sunlight which, piercing the gloom of the cavern, fell full upon the water, lighting it to wonderful effects of shimmering blue and green, and flashing diamond lights.

At the other end stood two graceful stalagmites, the one very like the vailed statue of a woman, called the Virgin, and the shorter one, leaning against it, the little St. John. In this cave also wound the fibrous roots of the water-loving trees growing overhead, and we pulled some of them down to carry away, fondly hoping they might be induced to grow elsewhere—a hope proving as fallacious as it was unreasonable.

From this our little procession wound along a lovely path cut for us upon the opposite side of the glen, passing several more negresses and one or two old men upon the way, and so came to a third cave, whose waters are supposed to connect themselves subterraneously with the first.

Being now thoroughly tired and very warm, we were glad to get back to the *volantes* and return to the house with no further detours.

Plenty of water, a shaded room and some slight change of dress soon repaired all damages, and at eleven we were ready for breakfast.

Late in the afternoon, when the shadows of coming night made the outer air endurable, we again ventured forth, and this time drove to the cornfield, where we found the large gang of laborers, negro and Chinese, resting and eating, while the patient oxen munched the sweet tops and leaves of the sugarcane scattered kneedeep over all that part of the field which had been cut; while beyond, the serried ranks of stalks stood, tall and close and strong, their rich-green leaves rustling defiance to the enemy who, in a few moments, would be upon them.

Tiffin over, the men resumed their labors, cutting away at the stout stalks just above the earth, with the short, sharp *machetes*, which one could not but think would make such terrible weapons in insurrectionary hands. With one blow the stalk is severed; with two or three more the leaves and top are separated and left lying as they fall, while the bare cane is thrown upon a heap, presently loaded by other hands into the oxcart, creaking and groaning along the line.

Don Frederico gallantly cut and trimmed a section of sugarcane for each of the ladies, and certainly this fresh, sweet draught was very refreshing, if not easy to consume elegantly.

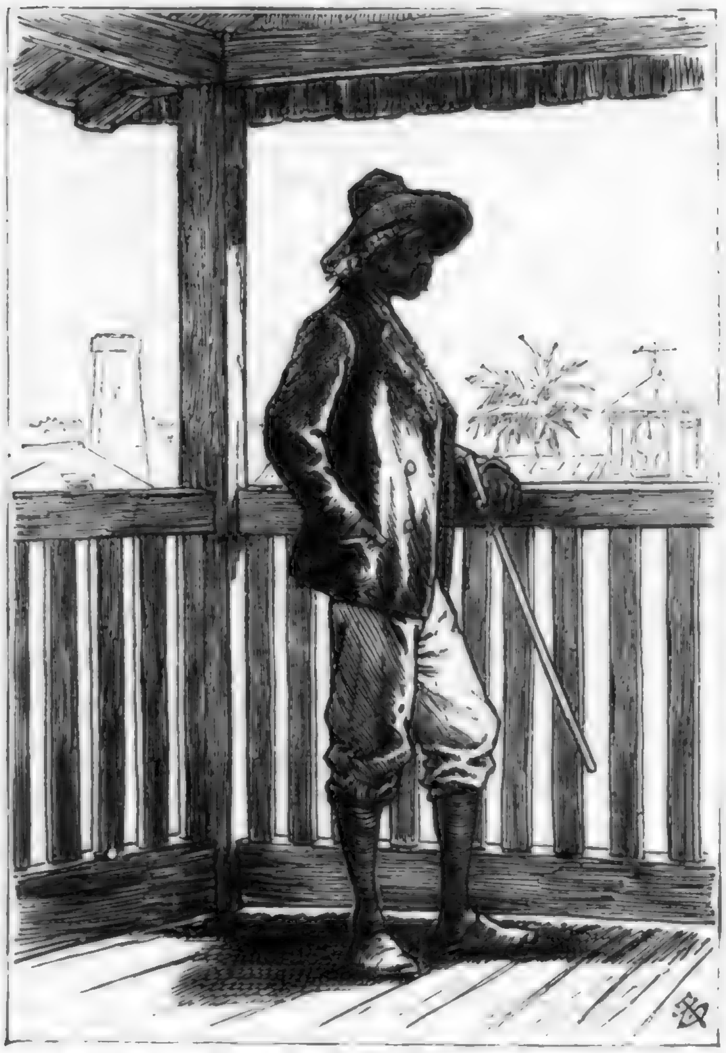
The cane is propagated from lengths of one or two joints laid longitudinally in a trench about a foot in depth, and covered lightly until the sprout appears, generally in about a fortnight, when a little more earth is added, and so on until, in about four or five months, the trench is filled, and the cane firmly established.

Planting is done in the rainy season, which begins in June and lasts until November, and the first cane is cut directly after Christmas. It is usual to raise several crops from the same planting, the ground being turned over about once in three years, one-third of the estate each year.

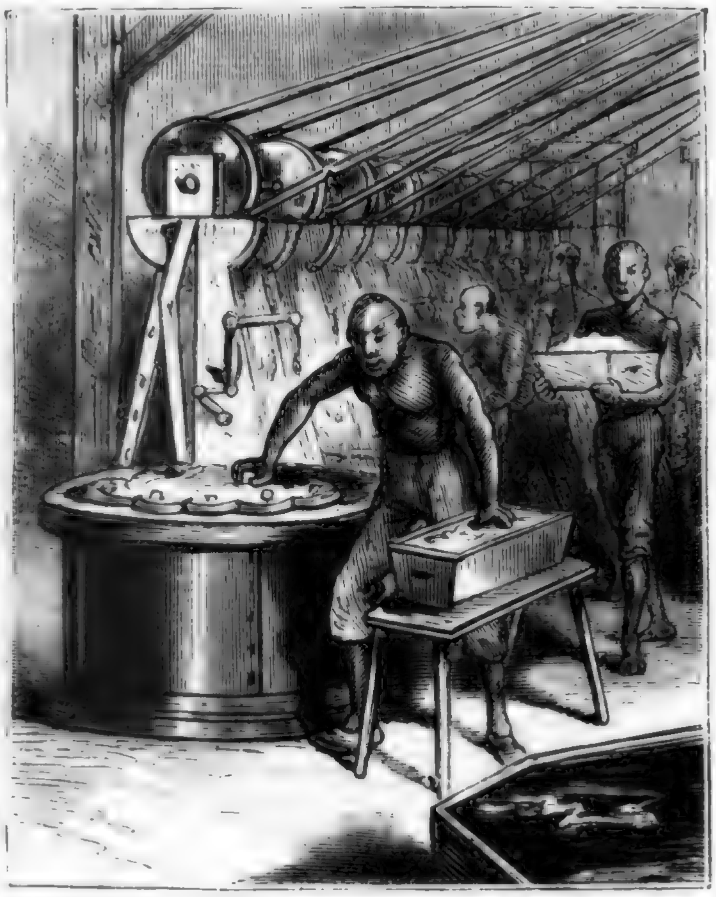
After driving around the plantation for a little, and admiring the activity and method everywhere displayed, we returned to the quadrangle of the home buildings, and visited the negro quarters.

These are in a great edifice built around an interior courtyard, upon which opens the doors of the little dwellings of two or three rooms, apportioned to each family. We looked into several, and in spite of the heat, found always a good fire blazing upon the open hearth, with one or more saucepans simmering pleasantly over it, in anticipation of the evening meal.

This cooking, however, is of an accidental nature, so to



A VISIT TO A SUGAR ESTATE, CUBA.—IN THE WATCH-TOWER.

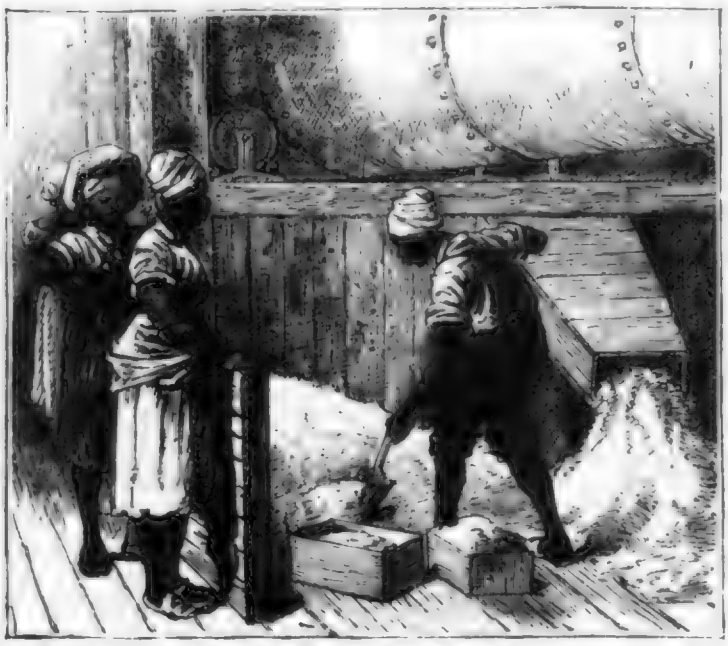


CENTRIFUGAL FOR REFINING.

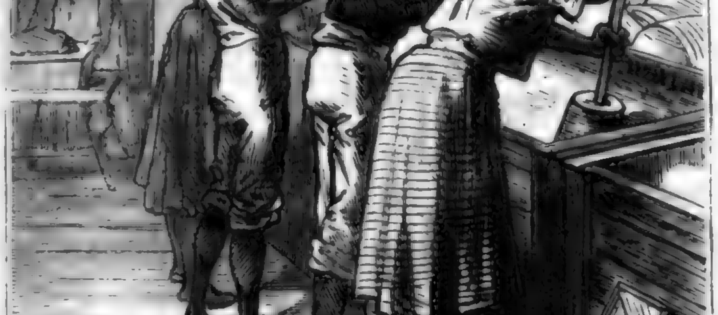
speak; the general rations being cooked and served in a great kitchen, fitted with several caldrons, and with picturesque heaps of yams, corn, vegetables, etc., lying about the floor, while a warlike-looking negress stood flourishing an enormous ladle during our visit, and apparently quite ready to roast, toast, or broil us, should occasion offer.

Sometimes, however, the rations are served raw to such as are capable of cooking them, and the *gastronomes* really make very nice dishes, by adding to the pork, *tasajo*, or jerked beef, rice, sweet potatoes, and maize of the rations, the product of the poultry-yards and gardens cultivated by the old men, children and invalids, left as housekeepers, while the able-bodied hands are in the field or mill.

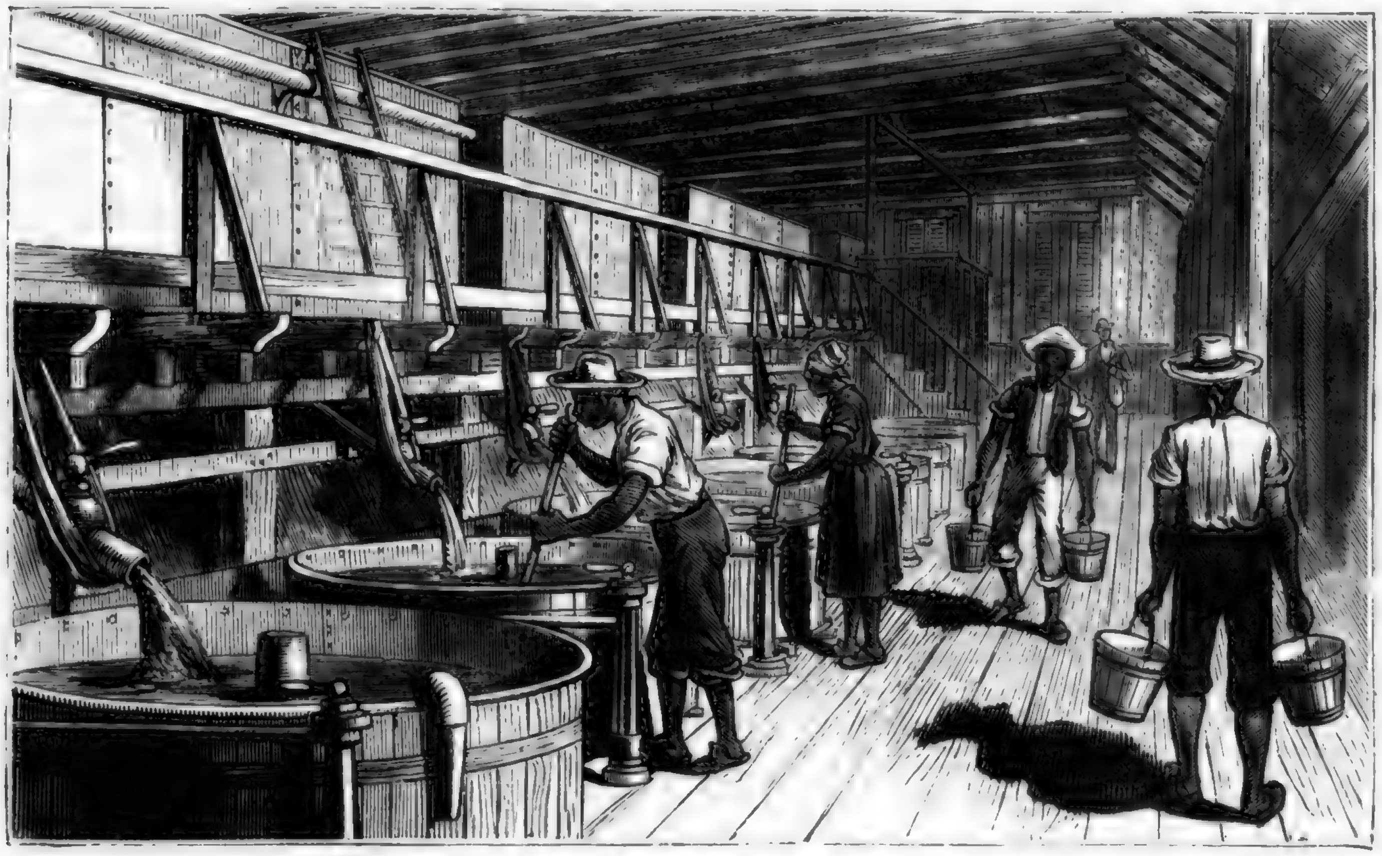
An arched passage, closed at night by iron gates, gives admittance to the courtyard of the *barracon*, and in this cool and shaded spot we found the piccaninnies of the establishment collected under charge of an old crone or two,



FILLING BOXES WITH SUGAR.



PACKING SUGAR IN BOXES.



A VISIT TO A SUGAR ESTATE, CUBA.— THE DEFECATORS.

who tried to look amiable and pleasant, but did not very well succeed.

The little, half-naked, black wretches seemed happy enough, however, and tumbled pell-mell over each other to kiss the visitors' hands, especially those of Doña Teresa, of whom perhaps they would have said, had they read Browning:

> Little hand holds mickle gold "

The Chinese laborers have quarters to themselves, and prepare their own food. They are said to be, here, as in California, very satisfactory workmen — more intelligent than the negroes, and quite as industrious.

From the *barracon* we went to visit the infirmary, built upon the same fashion, except that the inner courtyard was laid out in a pretty garden, surrounded by a wide veranda, where the poor convalescents might lie and enjoy the air and sight of the flowers.

Upon this opened the rooms—a pharmacy, well stocked with drugs and instruments; several dormitories, one

SPREADING BAGASSA OR WASTE CANE TO DRY FOR FIRING.

especially for children; a kitchen; and, finally, a little room devoted to a machine for manufacturing ice—a powerful agent in some of the diseases of this climate.

Nor was the ice entirely devoted to medical service; for while we watched, three *caraffes* were attached to its three tubes, and in a few moments the water within was *frappé*, and finally solidly congealed, ready for the dinner-table, where it formed a most refreshing feature.

In the outer halls of these buildings are constructed the apartments of the machinists, engineers and other white *employés* of the estate; while the *mayoral*, or overseer, had a pretty little house, with veranda, rocking-chair and wife, all to himself.

After this we glanced into the mill, where Indian corn or maize is ground for the rations, and contemplated respectively the great storehouses filled with hogsheads and barrels of sugar—enough, one would say, to sweeten all the ills that flesh is heir to.

As we returned to the house, the bell above the slave quarters rang solemnly, and the Señorita at my side said, simply: "It is the Angelus, Señora; but the poor black people do not know, more than the oxen, what it means."

Late in the evening we strolled out once more to the sugarhouse, in active operation until nine o'clock, and after going through it again, emerged at the back, just in time to meet a flitting group of white-clad, barefooted women, each bearing upon her head a basket of the dried corn-trash to feed the furnaces.

They glided along so noiselessly, like a company of sheeted ghosts, that we did not see them until they were close upon us, and suddenly struck up a wild, barbaric chant, pathetic, like all untutored melody, and yet probably intended as a joyous utterance, for as each deposited her load upon a great heap near the furnaces, she broke off in laughter or exclamations of pleasure, or mingled in a game of romps, intended, perhaps, for the visitors' amusement.

The furnaces are fed almost entirely with this dried corn-trash, and of course require constant attention. They are set in a semi-cellar, and, standing upon the brink of this pit, and looking down at the negroes thrusting in great masses of fuel, while the light fell luridly upon them and the surroundings, we were startled by a voice remarking in English, with a very strong Spanish accent:

"He looks like a reminiscence of the old place, don't he?"

Who the speaker may have been, and with what "old place," characterized by fiery furnaces and attendant imps, he may have been familiar, I am quite unable to say; all that I know is, he was tall, dark, handsome, with flashing eyes and a mysterious manner. I did not notice the shape of his shoes, or ask him if it was true that the forbidden fruit was a banana!

Leaving the troop of white ghosts flitting away again in the moonlight, we slowly returned to the house, and finished the evening upon the veranda; retiring early to prepare for next day's journey homeward.

Diana appeared with the dawn, and after a sleepy toilet we descended to find our kind hosts awaiting us, with some substantial additions to the matutinal cup of coffee, and the kindest and most graceful expressions of regret at our departure.

The *volante* was at the door, the *calesero* in the saddle, Don Frederico's horse, and one for the artist of our party behind, and presently, with real regret, we said good-by to the three charming cousins, who again stood at the top of the veranda steps to say *adios* as heartily as they had said welcome; and with a sigh and a pang we turned our backs upon Las Cañas and its hospitalities, and set our minds to enjoy the fresh morning drive to La Union.

Too soon, however, this also was over, and three hours of heat, and dust, and weariness, brought us back to Havana; only one incident occurring to break the monotony of the journey, and this was the entrance at some little way-station of a *guajiro*, carrying in and under his arms, a large valise, to which was attached the most diminutive of monkeys, an enormous turkey-cock, with his legs tied, but otherwise at liberty; and a brace of partridges, or quails, rather, also tied by the legs at either end of a long string.

He selected a seat just across the car from ourselves, deposited the turkey underneath it, and the valise, monkey and quails, upon it; seating himself in the modicum of space left. Scarcely were these arrangements made when the train started, and the motion alarming the menagerie, it manifested itself accordingly—the turkey beginning to flop and squirm around upon the floor, uttering feeble gobbles, whereat the monkey, with an expression of great concern, leaned over the edge of the valise, sustaining himself on his two hands, and chattered a warning or consolation in his shrillest tones; while the quails, tied legs and long string notwithstanding, took to flight, and, with a horrible flutter and whirr, landed between the Sister and myself.

The owner, who ought to have been a German rather than a Spaniard, or, who possibly is connected with the diner-out who slid the roast goose into his neighbor's lap, and only remarked: "Madame, I will thank you for that goose," rose languidly, captured one quail, and thereby tore the other from among our draperies, and carried them back, without a word of apology.

We hoped, *en revanche*, that the turkey and quails proved tough, and that the climate did not agree with the monkey!

CRAZY JIM'S TREASURE.

"DO you know, my dear," said my husband, as we sat before the sitting-room grate, one evening in December, "I am not so sure that Jim's crazy is all insanity, after all?"

I looked at the speaker, not quite sure that he had not a touch of Jim's trouble. Crazy Jim not crazy! Why, the man had been the byword in Ellston since I was a mere baby; the whole village knew that he was a poor, demented creature, only kept out of the almshouse by the charity of the villagers, who employed him in light jobs suited to his age and feebleness.

"Not crazy!" I said, after a pause. "Why, Harry, he has been crazy for years!"

"Tell me what you know about him; I am not quite so well posted in Ellston gossip as you are. Was he ever in California?"

"I believe he was. I have heard older folks than I am say that he went out in '48, when the gold was first discovered. Nobody kept any note of his doings, I think; for I never heard any more than that he came back to Ellston, after five or six years' absence, ragged, forlorn and crazy."

Was he crazy when he went away?'

Oh, no! Father says he was one of the village loafers, always hanging round the public-house, doing little chores—a sort of Jack-of-all-trades. He is handy yet, if he has a mind to work—which does not happen very often."

"Did anybody ever know what drove him crazy?"

"He told himself, when he first came home, about a fever he had in the mines; but, Harry, the especial insanity he has now, telling about the piles of gold he has hidden away somewhere, is new. He did not talk of that until within the last two or three years."

"How did he act before?"

"He wandered about in a stupid, dazed way, more like an idiot than a lunatic. Sometimes, if he had sufficient food, he would stay in his miserable hovel for days together."

Harry, or Dr. Henry Sunderland, my worthy lord and master, sank into a reverie, which lasted till I meekly suggested that I had known him to be better company—before we were married, for instance. Then he roused up, telling me he was horribly tired, and he was afraid Mrs. Potter's baby was going to die; after which cheerful items of news he added that he guessed he would get what sleep he could, and went up-stairs to bed.

We were having a sickly Winter in Ellston, and old Dr. Newton, who had dosed and blistered the Ellstonians for forty years or more, was obliged to allow "that upstart"—as he contemptuously termed my husband—a share in the village practice. Old age and its infirmities were pressing heavily upon the old doctor, while Harry was under thirty, and an enthusiast in his profession.

We were very glad that some footing was gained in Ellston, for we had married upon the slenderest of incomes, six months before, Harry being a resident of the village only a year, though I was born there, and my father was the pastor of the Episcopal Church, with nine olive-branches beside myself to call him father.

Somehow, after Henry went up-stairs, with a slow, weary step, the little talk we had had made me uncomfortable. Poverty was an old friend of mine, and our little home seemed to me the perfection of comfort, after the many pinching economies of my maiden life; but my husband had once lived in luxury, having expectations from a wealthy aunt, who quarreled with him when actually on her deathbed, and willed her property to an asylum. Harry declared solemnly that had she followed his directions, and allowed him to exercise the judgment and professional knowledge she combated, she might have lived. But she sent him away, summoned a physician more accommodating to patients' whims, and died, happy in having gained her point and been treated according to her own desire.

Thrown then upon his own resources, Harry came to Ellston, and meeting me several times, found me a place in his heart, and asked me to share his home and fortunes.

But in a very few weeks I knew the rankling pain in my husband's life was the loss of that fortune he felt should have been his. The slow, tedious process of gaining wealth by his profession seemed to him a positive slavery, and he talked often of those more fortunate men who conquered fortune at one blow—acquired wealth in one successful venture.

This was why it made me uneasy when he talked of Jim's craze having any foundation in reality. For Jim had roused from his state of almost idiotic stupor, to brag of a hoard of wealth hidden cunningly away, to which he alone had access. Yet those who had questioned him closely on the subject declared he wandered off into the wildest vagaries, when he tried to describe either the fortune or the hiding place.

From the day when Harry first put out his sign in Ellston, Jim had been one of his most constant patients. He had taken a violent dislike to Dr. Newton since the time when that gentleman gave him an emetic, which, Jim declared, instead of curing him, made him as sick as death. Yet the poor old man had all sorts of aches and pains, and an unbounded faith in doctors' stuff, so he fairly haunted Harry's office, and, after our marriage, my kitchen.

Harry was always gentle with the poor old fellow, and I had ever a cup of hot coffee and a meal for him, while we gave him all our odd jobs of work to do, paying him fairly.

The day after the conversation already recorded, I was busily clearing away the breakfast-dishes, for we kept no girl, when Jim hobbled into the kitchen. He had been presented by Harry with a long, heavy overcoat, somewhat worn, of which he was very proud, and he was wrapped in that, his small, shrunken limbs looking smaller than ever in the coat that had fitted Harry's tall, stalwart figure. Upon his scanty white hair was a battered old hat, and he carried in his hand a dismal old umbrella he used for a walking-stick, in fair weather or foul; for the days were long past when it could be raised.

"Morning, Miss Sunderland," Jim said; "doctor says the best thing for my rheumatiz this day is some of them sassidges an' a cup o' hot coffee."

"You like that better than medicine, don't you, Jim?" I asked, clearing a place for his bowl and plate at table.

"Well," he answered, "vittles is good, there's no denyin'; but a little doctors' stuff ain't bad. Rubbin' now," he added, with a solemn expression, "seems to require doctors' stuff. Leastwise I never tried sassidges and coffee," with a doubtful air, as if, after all, there might be a virtue in these dainties for external application.

"Oh, no; the doctor meant you to eat these!" I said; "and here are some hot buckwheats."

"Jest as you say, miss," said Jim, who never would give me my married title. Indeed, upon one occasion, when Harry had suggested to him the propriety of so doing, he had shuffled his feet, rubbed his head, and finally broke out with:

"Wa'al, doctor, seein's I knowed Miss May sence she was in long clothes, heapin' sight longer'n you have, I got the name puty well sot'n my head, if 'tis cracked. No 'fense, doctor; but I knowed her 'fore you did, long enough."

So we let Jim have his way.

As he sat by my fire, warming himself and munching his breakfast, the memory of Harry's words the night before tempted me to say:

"Jim, they tell me you've got a fortune?"

"Miss May," he said, in a solemn whisper, "don't—don't get that into your pretty head. Don't you, now! See what it's done for me! Such a heap o' gold in one's brain turns it. It does, indeed, Miss May — it does, surely!"

"But, Jim, is it here?" I persisted.

He got up hastily, swallowing the last of his coffee.

"I'll jest shovel the snow off them paths to-day," he said, "an' split you some kindlings. Oh, Miss May, sich heaps o' gold, all shining like the sun. All shining!"

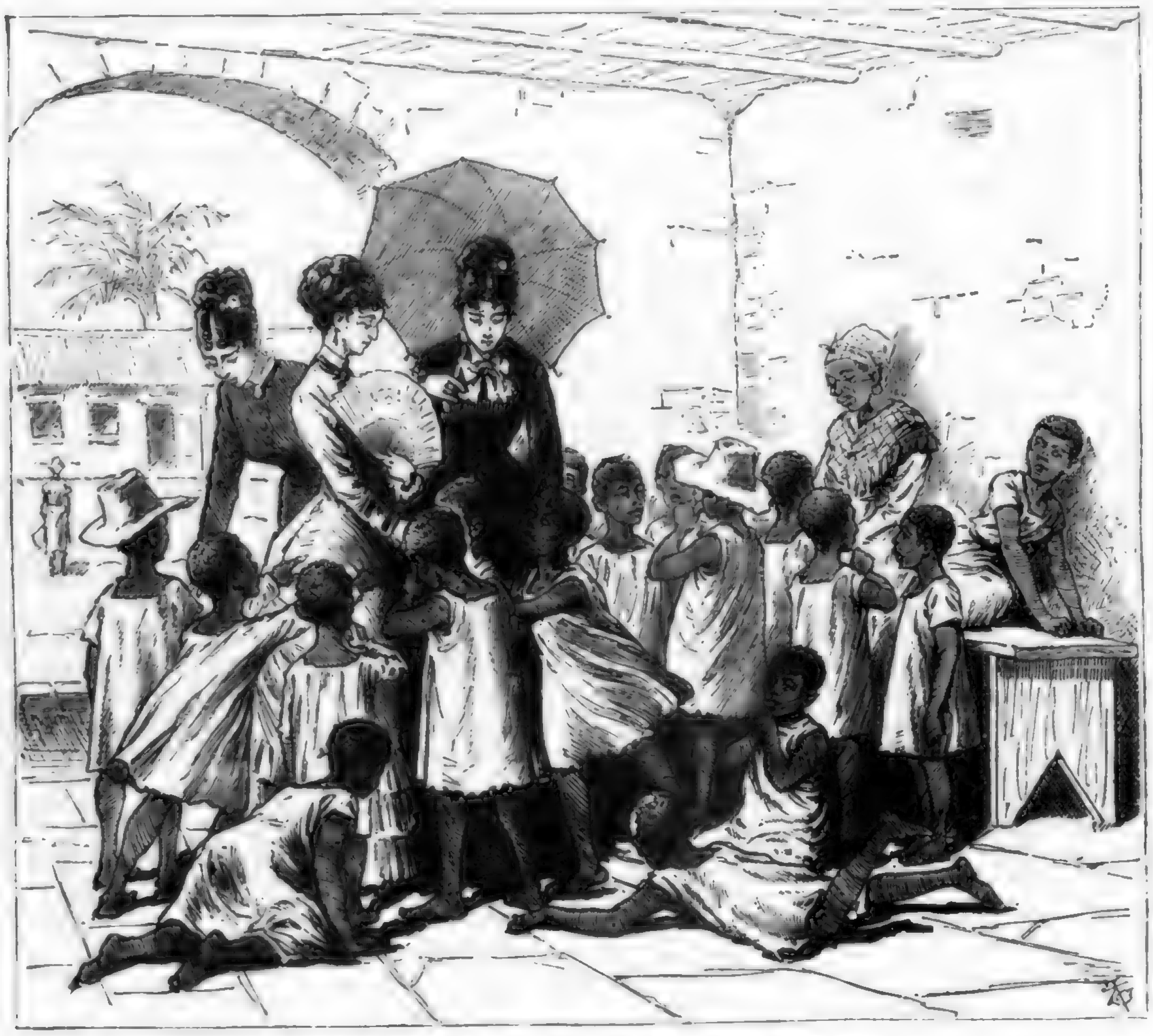
And seizing the shovel, he shuffled off, leaving me more than ever convinced of his insanity.

It was two weeks later, when one morning, Jim, after eating his breakfast, fell into a deep sleep beside the kitchen fire. This was an unusual thing, for the poor old man was very careful to observe all respectful forms, and such an act of rudeness was most unlike him. As I looked into his face, his head resting uneasily upon the back of the chair, I saw that he was deeply flushed, and his breathing greatly oppressed. Knowing that he held liquor in abhorrence, I became alarmed at his appearance, and went hastily to the office, hoping Harry had not gone.

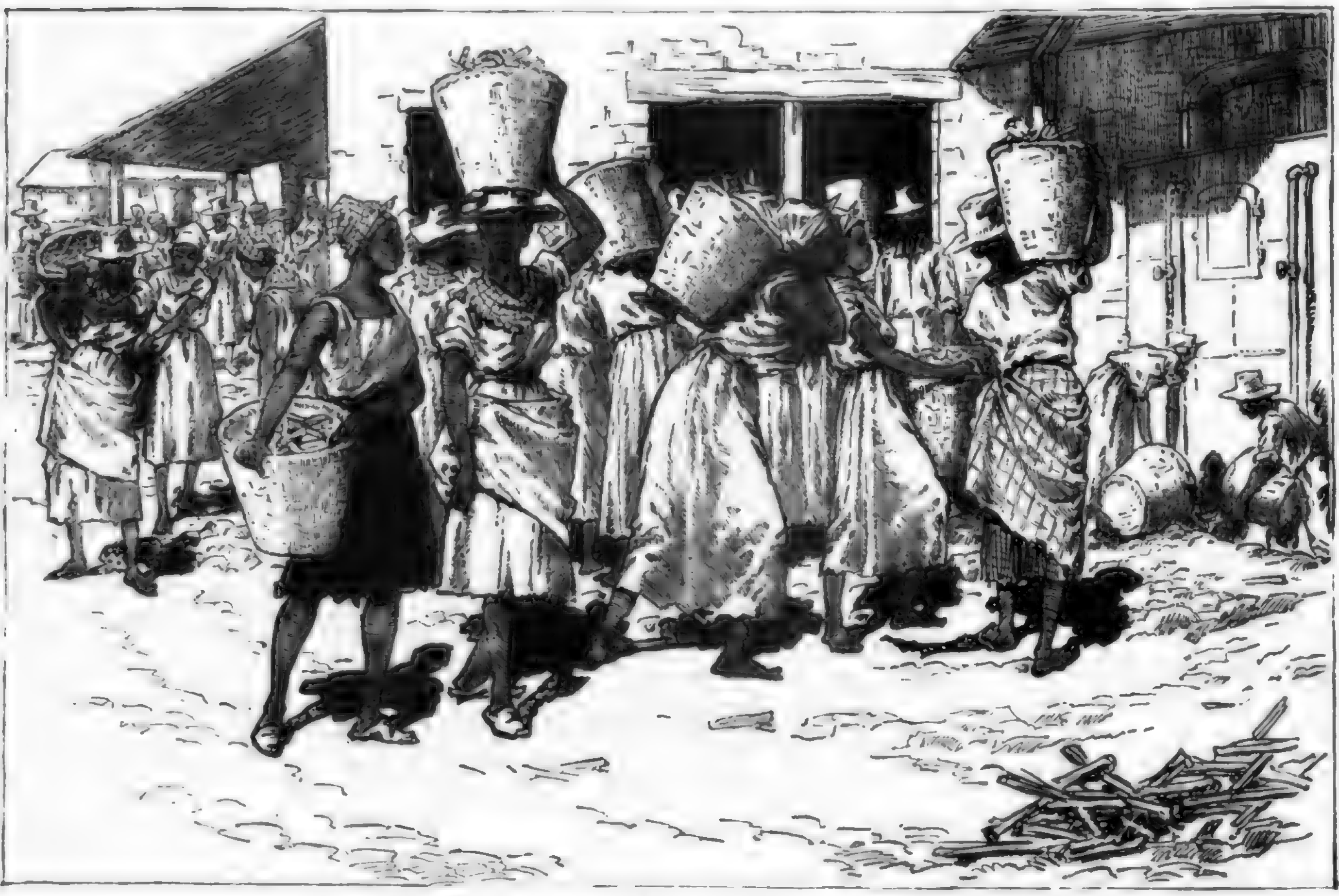
There had been a bad fever raging in Ellston for several weeks, more of an epidemic than actually contagious, and as soon as Harry looked at Jim, he said he had it.

"Couldn't we fix him up here, somehow?" Harry asked. "He will surely die in that miserable hole he lives in."

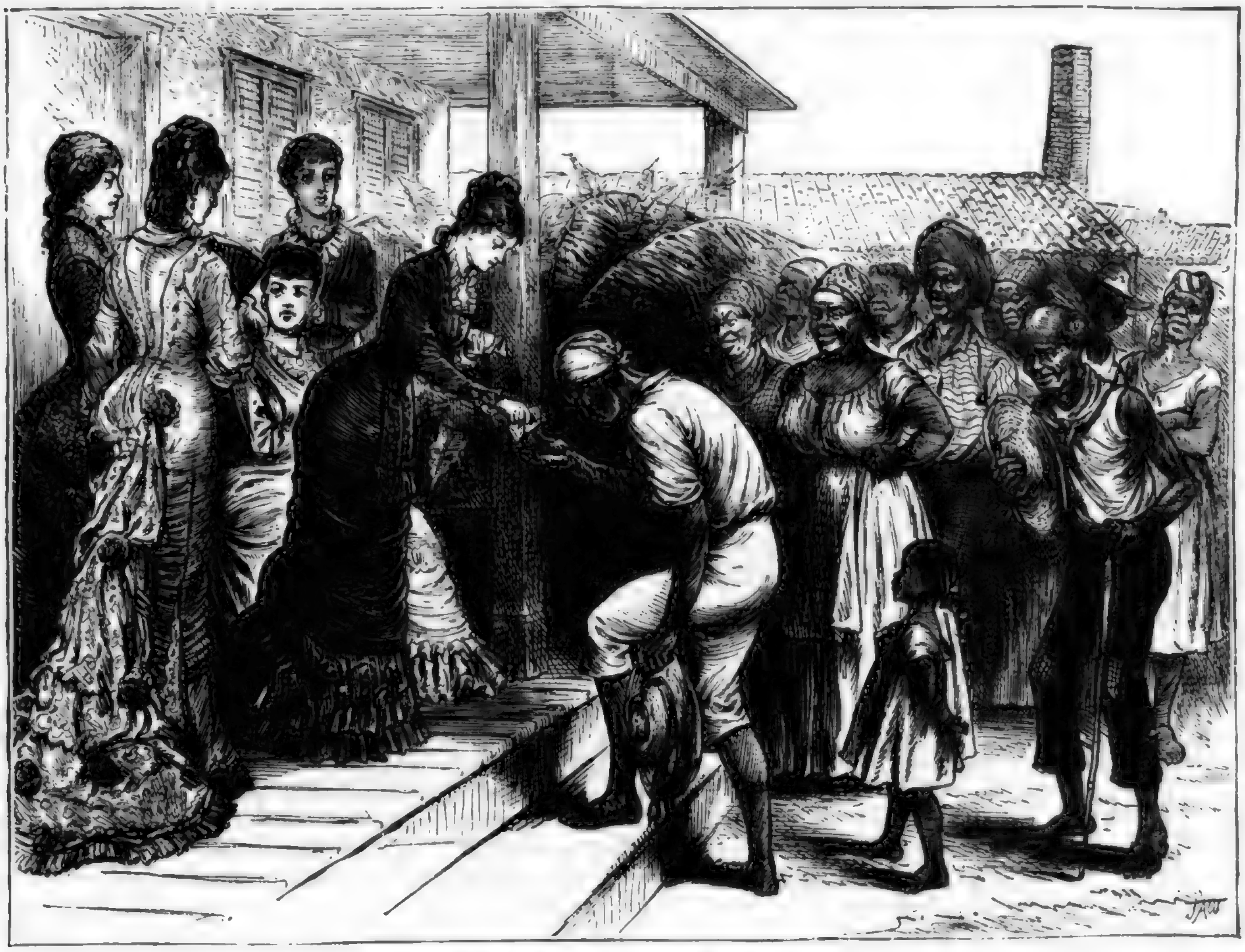
"There's nowhere but the spare room," I said, rather



A VISIT TO A SUGAR ESTATE, CUBA.—IN THE NEGRO QUARTER.



CARRYING BACASSA OR DRIED CANE TO THE MILL.



VISIT TO THE NEGRO QUARTER—THE WELCOME.

reluctantly ; for visions of Jim's rags in my dainty apartment scarcely pleased me.

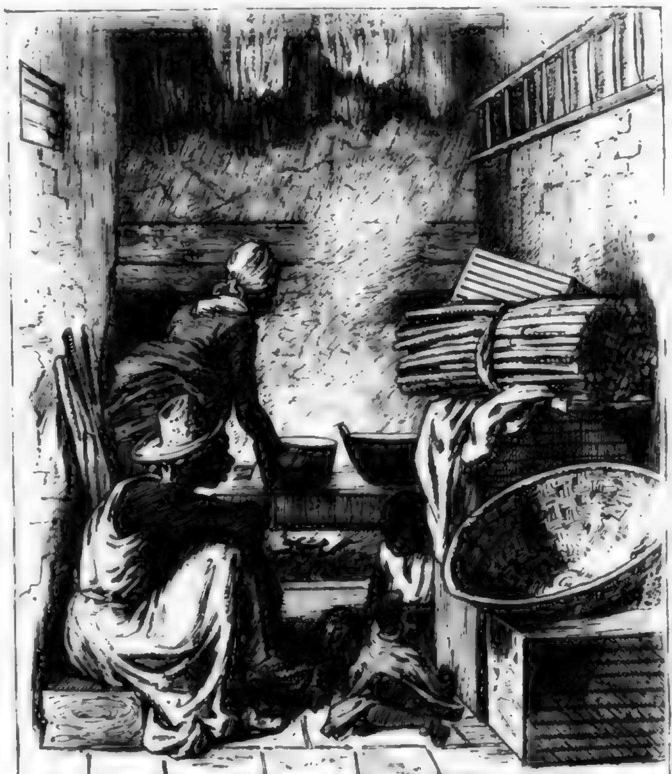
I was rather ashamed, a moment later, when Harry said, heartily :

"Of course, I forgot that," and lifted Jim in his strong, young arms. "Poor fellow, he's more skin than bone. You go first, May, and get the bed ready. Lay out one of my night-shirts, and I'll make him comfortable."

And when he called me in, a little later, he had the old man, still in the stupor I called sleep, lying on the white pillows, with his hands spread out on the white counterpane.

"You had better sprinkle some vinegar over those, May, or burn them," Harry said, pointing to Jim's ragged garments, "and get me some ice-cold water, dear."

The fever raged for nine long days, and we nursed Jim as if he had been a father. His perfect patience, his meek gratitude, his astonishment at the quarters he was in, were all touching to see ; and when the fever turned, and Harry told me the old man must die, I wept tears of real sorrow.



A NEGRO CABIN.

We were sitting beside him when his life was nearly at its close, and Harry had spoken some words of the eternal rest and home, when Jim spoke, in a clear, distinct tone, with eyes as calm as Harry's own.

"Doctor," he said, "you and Miss May's been dreadful good to a poor old beggar. 'Tain't everybody'd put such as me into their nice room, an' tend him like you's did. But, doctor, look at me. Ain't I clear o' the maze I've had so long ?"

"I think you are, Jim."

"It's a queer story. I'll tell you, and you can sort it out. But it's there—the gold, I mean. We found it—two great nuggets, and a heap of smaller ones ; and we buried it, Tom and I, for fear we'd be murdered for it. Tom had the fever and died, and I was scared to death, a'most, for fear the rest would know we'd hid it. Some o' them got an inkling of it somehow, and thought it was in the hut. Five or six came one night, and beat me over the head, and threw me down an old pit. I was afraid o' my life to go back. Then I guess I got off my head. I can't recollect getting home, but I came somehow. But, doctor, the gold's there, and it's your'n. I gives it to you. You look in my coat—the one you gave me—and you'll find the chart Tom drew when we hid it. It's easy tracked from San Francisco—nearly two days' tramp. Tom's marked it all. I saved it. Jest where it's hid there's a red cross on the picter. I tell you it's there, doctor, and it's your'n—all your'n, mind. I ain't got no one b'longin' to me, and no one was ever so good to me as you 'n Miss May. You'll go and get it, doctor, an' take a little for a white stun with 'Jim' on it. I allers calkilated on a white stun over me, with 'Jim' on it, an' a broken lily or something 'nuther under it. You'll mind the stun when you git the gold?"

"Yes, Jim; I'll not forget the stone."

"Say the good words again, sir—them you was sayin' this mornin'. I'm goin' fast—goin' fast!"

Harry said a simple prayer, and the dying lips moved as if Jim whispered the words after him. Fainter and fainter, for Jim was "going fast." He spoke no more, and when Harry bent over him again, he gently drew the sheet over his face.

We buried him in the village churchyard, and Harry told me he should have a headstone as soon as he could possibly afford the expense. But he spoke no word of that dying speech till Jim had been dead more than two months. Then, when we were sitting together one evening, he said to me, with a sigh:

"It was almost a pity you burned poor Jim's rags, May. The chart may have been there, after all."

"I did not burn them. They are all in the closet of the spare-room, covered with camphor."

"May!"

Never had I heard Harry's voice ring out with such a trumpet-like tone as it did when he shouted out my name then. Never had I seen his face so full of wild excitement, his eyes flash with such fire, his cheeks flush such vivid crimson, as when he sprang then to his feet. Without another word he rushed up-stairs, and I heard his hurried footsteps crossing the room we had seldom entered since poor Jim was carried out from it to the village cemetery.

In a few minutes, that seemed to me like hours, I heard the hasty footsteps recross the room and come quickly down-stairs again. The door of the room where I waited was flung wide open, and my husband stood before me with a large open sheet of coarse paper in the hand that shook as if with an ague-fit.

"May!" he cried, in a strange, hoarse voice, most unlike his usually clear tone, "I have found it! I have found the chart!"

A chill like death seized my heart, looking at Harry, and thinking of the poor old man who had died a little time before.

"It may be mere waste paper," I said, knowing as I spoke how feeble my words were to calm his tempest of excitement.

"Get a light, darling! Quick! quick! It is getting too dark to trace this network of fine lines. Oh, if the gold should really be there, May!"

I brought the light, and Harry spread the paper on the table before him, while I went to prepare supper. But it was untasted. Until a late hour my husband pored over the chart; and this was but the first of many such nights. Every leisure hour for weeks following, Harry studied the map drawn by poor Jim's dead friend; neglecting his meals, his rest, his books—everything, in fact, but his professional duty. That alone, of all his old pursuits, still kept its hold upon him.

But he grew pale and thin, absent-minded, and so unlike himself, that I trembled for both his life and his reason. I tried, by every gentle art within my knowledge, to win him from what I believed to be a mere chimera, a vagary of a poor lunatic's dream; but I found to my dismay that the resolve to find Jim's treasure had taken complete possession of his mind.

"Only one consideration holds me back, May," he said to me; "I hate to leave you."

"I believe it would kill me," I sobbed.

"And yet," he said, "if after a few months I could return to you a rich man; if I could take you from this dull little village to my old home in Philadelphia; if I could wrap you in fine shawls, clothe you in velvet and silk, give you rich jewelry! Would not all this reconcile you to a few months of separation?"

"But, Harry," I urged, "Jim was crazy."

"Not when he was dying. The mind was clear then as yours or mine; nay, such cases often occur. Death seems to lift the clouds from many long-dimmed intellects. The chart, too, is no crazy man's work, May. It seems as if I must go!"

"But if the gold is not there? It may have been removed since. Think how many years have passed. I cannot let you go; you might be ill; you might die out there, away from me!"

Then I would cling to him, sobbing, for I knew if he went, he must go alone—another little life, not yet commenced, held me fast at home. Seeing me so distressed, Harry promised to say no more about the gold until our baby came.

But I saw him growing pale and moody, evidently dwelling upon this glittering prize he believed lay within his grasp. Believing, as he did, that Jim's mind was unclouded on his deathbed, he also believed in the reliability of the chart.

It was very carefully drawn out, and evidently the work of a more educated head and hand than poor Jim's; and even my doubts were staggering as I looked at it, and read upon the back the clearly written directions and the memoranda of the hidden gold.

So, seeing there was no happiness for my husband till he had solved the vexed question, when baby May was two months old I bade him go. It was a sore parting, and my heart seemed breaking as he bade me farewell. The pang was intensified by the fact that I had been bound to secrecy from the first.

"I don't care to be the village laughing-stock in case I do fail," Harry said; and I, thinking this would be the end of his hopes, could only promise perfect silence.

It was hard to have my father look at me with a grieved expression of surprise when I told him only that Harry had business of a strictly private nature in California. It was hard to see my dear, gentle mother draw away from me at my reserve, when I would tell her nothing of my husband's errand in his long, mysterious journey.

I bore it all as well as I could, turning for comfort to my baby, my little precious sunbeam, who was my constant care and pleasure. And I cherished strong hope, not so much of Harry's success as of his speedy return to me. I had convinced myself that he would know no happiness until he had tested the truth of Crazy Jim's dying revelation. Yet could he but prove the chart a delusion, the golden treasure a vain chimera of Jim's disordered imagination, I hoped he would give his heart once more to his chosen profession and his home, and be contented to remain with me and at Ellston.

It was Spring when he left me—the last days of May—only a week after the anniversary of our quiet wedding, and I knew there must be a long, weary waiting for letters. The Pacific Railroad had no existence in those days, and it was many weeks before I had tidings of Harry's arrival in San Francisco. The next steamer brought me another letter. Harry was still in the city, trying to decide in what direction to start upon his journey to the mining districts. He wrote that everything was so changed since the chart was drawn, that it was confusing work to try to follow it. Still he was hopeful. A third letter, received after an interval of six weeks, informed me that he had determined his course, and was about to leave the city. Then followed months of total silence, during which two steamers coming from San Francisco were lost. Had my husband met his death on one of them? Had Jim's treasure made me a widow?

Mother spoke to me once of wearing weeds, but the possibility of death was not yet a certainty, and I clung yet to hope. Poverty showed me an uglier face than ever before, for I would not return to be a burden upon my father's hands, and sewing was hard to obtain, and very poorly paid in the little village, where every woman prided herself upon the amount of work she was able to accomplish.

Baby throve, and was ever my great comfort; but many, many nights, after she slept peacefully in her little cradle, I ceased weeping and praying only when daylight broke. How often I regretted the instinct of saving that led me to snatch Jim's rags from destruction! How often I prayed for death to take baby and me again to Harry, I can never tell.

But one evening in May, after my husband had been away a year, when I was sitting with my baby in the little room where Harry and I had passed so many happy hours, May pointed over my shoulder, and then hid her face in terror. I sprang to my feet, to face a pale, wasted shadow of my husband, so white and wan that I screamed out, thinking it was indeed a spirit.

But the dear voice I loved spoke in feeble accents:

"May, I have come home to die, darling."

In a moment May was on the floor and I was clinging to Harry. Seeing how very weak he was, I put him in his own easy-chair, brought him some wine, and petted him back to some appearance of life. I would not let him speak —it was happiness enough to know he was once more at home, alive; and I could wait very patiently for the story of his wanderings and sufferings. That he had suffered deeply was written upon his face.

I can assert truly that the thought of the gold that had separated us for a whole year never once crossed my mind. But the next day, when Harry was rested and looked more like himself, he drew me down beside him to say:

"I cannot really rest, May, till I tell you the story of my adventures. After I left San Francisco, with a good horse and two stout saddle-bags well filled with provisions, I followed the path I thought indicated by the chart, until I reached a point where I thought I might commence to search for the hiding-place of Jim's treasure. For two weeks I wandered about, never going far from my stopping-place, returning at night to a small, deserted hut, probably the old home of some miner.

"The third week, in one of my wandering journeys, I met a small band of men driving sheep to San Francisco from the mountains, who told me one of their number lay, two miles back, dying of fever, and they were seeking some shelter and assistance for him. I followed their directions, and found the man with a comrade on the roadside. Together his companion and myself lifted the sick man, and we carried him to my hut. Finding I was willing to care for the sufferer, the others left him in my care. Two days later, May, my professional experience told me my charge had smallpox of the most virulent nature. I will not tell you the details of those days. My patient recovered, and I took the disease. As faithfully as I had tended him, my companion now nursed me; sharing with me the medicines and supplies his comrades had brought us as they passed again, returning to the mountains.

"I was very dangerously ill, and Winter had set in—the mild Winter of that climate—before I could resume my search. Again I was left alone, and again, day after day, I looked for the little mound on Jim's chart, and the red cross above it.

"Never can I forget, May, the day when my long, faithful search was rewarded. In a little clearing, surrounded by giant trees, I found a spot exactly answering the description given on the back of the chart. It was nearly nightfall, and I spent the night beside the spot, fearing to lose it if I returned home. Early in the morning I went to the hut for the pick and shovel I had provided, and late that day I commenced to dig. Night came upon me again before any result was obtained; but the first streak of dawn found me at work again. May!"

Here Harry sat erect, with flaming eyes and crimson cheeks.

"May," he shouted, "I found it!"

He sank back exhausted, while I sat breathless and bewildered.

"I found it!" he cried again. "It took me several days, in long, tiresome journeys, to carry it to the hut and hide it there; for I could not use my horse in the tangled forest road leading to the hole. It was cunningly hidden, May. No chance could ever have unearthed it. Sometimes it fairly crazed me to think of the millions probably hidden in the same way, never to be found."

"But your own!" I said, soothingly, for he was trembling with excitement—"tell me of that."

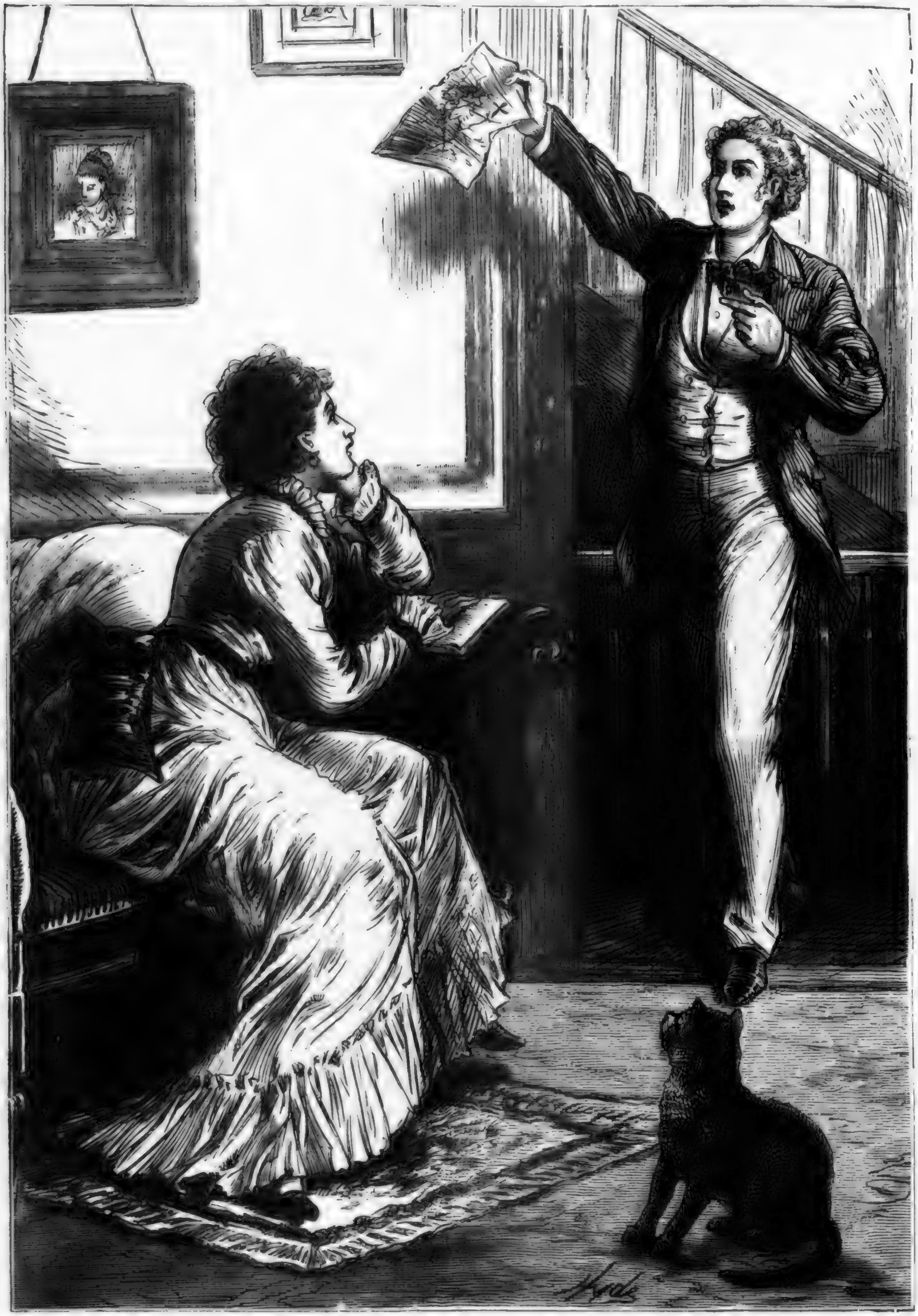
"When it was all in the hut I packed the strong leather saddle-bags once more, securely hiding my treasure under the articles of clothing I had brought with me from the city, and again returned to San Francisco.

"I had sold the gold, realized a fortune sufficient to make us rich for life, May, and was preparing to return home, when I was again stricken down with illness. For long weeks I lay in the hotel, hovering between life and death, unconscious of all around me. As soon as I was able to stand upon my feet, I again made preparations to return home, and I am here, darling. The money is safe in New York, and my will in the hands of a lawyer there."

But Harry did not die. Slowly he regained his strength and health, while we still kept our secret. Ellston believes that our house in Philadelphia, our country-seat at Ellston, are the result of a legacy to my husband; and we got far more credit than we deserved for the handsome white stone we put over the grave of poor Crazy Jim.

ERROR.—The mixture of one error with much truth adulterates the whole; as the chalice of pure liquid is rendered dangerous by the infusion of a drop of poison. We should therefore beware of all error, however slight and inconsiderable it may appear. One error may soon lead to a hundred—ay, to a thousand.

AS THE blind man knows not light, and through that ignorance also of necessity knows not darkness, so likewise, but for disinterestedness, we should know nothing of selfishness. There are, perhaps, in this world many things which remain obscure to us for want of alternating with their opposites.

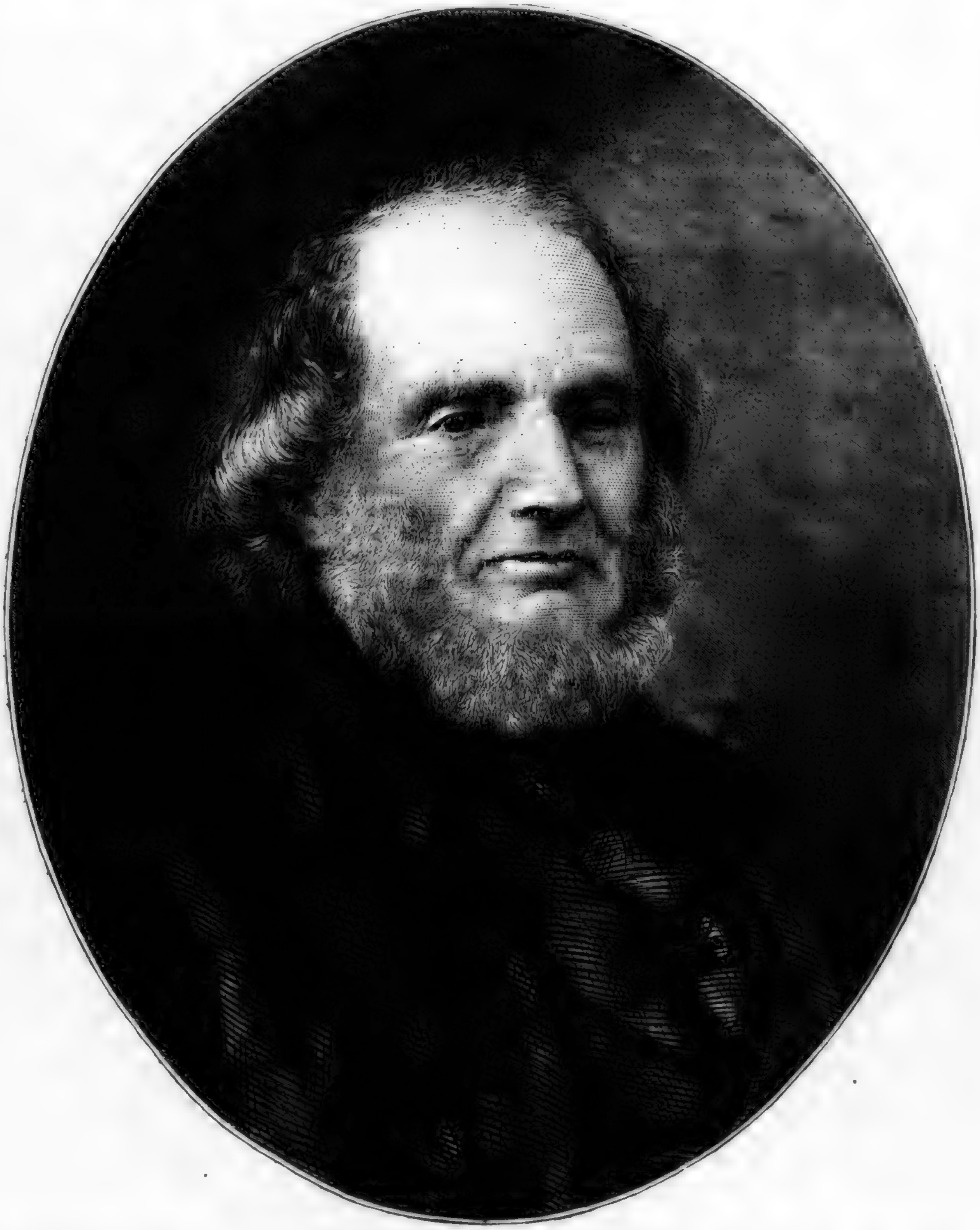


CRAZY JIM'S TREASURE.—"'MAY!' HE CRIED, IN A STRANGE, HARSH VOICE, MOST UNLIKE HIS USUALLY CLEAR TONE. 'I HAVE FOUND IT! I HAVE FOUND THE CHART.'"—SEE PAGE 426.

EARL RUSSELL.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL.

THOSE familiar with the London *Punch* prior to 1865 will recall, through a series of many years, in the political cartoons of that inimitable journal, the face of a puny, diminutive individual, marked by features not easy to forget. He was made to appear in almost every conceivable *rôle;* but it was the special delight of *Punch* to represent him in the capacity of groom, surrounded by other grooms and stable-boys (all public characters), or as footman in the Queen's establishment, or as jockey in charge of a favorite horse on the race-course. Wherever he was placed, and whatever character he was made to assume, he was invariably surrounded by others of his stamp who were larger, better-looking and more presentable than he, and who seemed disposed generally to jeer or poke fun at him; but which did not in the least disturb the confident bearing and the look of imperturbable self-complacency which stamped his whole demeanor.



EARL RUSSELL.

This little, puny, hatchet-faced fellow was Lord John Russell, known for short always as "Lord John"; called, familiarly, by his admirers, "Johnny"; by his opponents, "Finality John," and who, in the later years of his life, was created a peer of the realm, with the title of Earl Russell. He was born on the 18th of August, 1792, and he died on the 28th of May, 1878, at the age of nearly eighty-six.

The great Dramatist tells us that "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Each of these three contingencies can be applied to the late Earl. Furthermore, the period when he came upon the stage of action was specially favorable to his career, so that the history of England for nearly sixty years is illustrated by it. Yet this man was not a brilliant intellect; nor a first-class debater; nor an orator; nor a good party leader; nor a statesman of a high order; nor a successful diplomatist. Neither had he the least degree of magnetism in his composition, whether to move the masses or act on his associates. He was not a man of any genius in any direction; his natural intelligence and his means of adaptation were common-place; he had neither wit, humor nor quickness of parts; he was impracticable in council, and not to be relied on in his party affiliations; and further, he was cold, unsympathetic and ungracious. What, then, was he, and how, with such adverse elements, did he come to occupy so large a space in the history of his country?

This is what we propose to explain, and to do so we must go back a little.

The ultimate success of the revolt of the American Colonies in 1776, which led, seven years afterward, to the recognition of their independence, greatly strengthened the cause of the Whig party in England. The Tories began to show signs of weakness under the assaults of their opponents, whose watchword was "Reform."

In the midst of these bitter political contests the French Revolution burst over the world, and the terrible excesses which followed are known to all. The Tory party of England seized eagerly on the events which were daily taking place in Paris and turned them to efficient account against the Whigs. "Behold," they exclaimed, "what you would bring upon us! Look across the Channel and witness the result of your doctrines!" This was sufficient to keep the Tory party in power.

The wars of Napoleon followed, in which England, under Wellington, in Portugal and Spain, retrieved her previous disasters, till the Bourbon (Louis XVIII.) was replaced on the throne, Napoleon was sent to Elba, and Europe was at peace.

It was at this juncture that Lord John Russell, then twenty-one years old, took his seat in Parliament as member from Tavistock, a borough then, and indeed now, under the complete control of the House of Bedford, an ancient and aristocratic family of enormous wealth. Lord John was a younger son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, which house had been, for at least a hundred years, the pride, and, if not the chief support, of the Whig party, at least, the most powerful of its supporters. He was nurtured and educated and carefully trained in accordance with the traditions of his family. He was not even permitted to enter either of the English universities, because of their Tory principles, but was sent to Edinburgh, and placed under the special charge of the famous Dugald Stewart. Edinburgh University could then boast of great names, such as David Hume, Dr. Ferguson, Lord Kaimes, Dr. Robertson, Adam Smith, and the like. Brougham and Jeffrey and Horner had lately finished their studies, and, with Sidney Smith, were already belaboring the Tories with might and main. It was under such influences that the political faith in which he was born was strengthened, educated and turned into a practical direction. And in this faith he lived and labored and died.

It is almost impossible now for us to measure the force of the political passions already fully awakened by the social state and laws of England and the general condition of the country when Lord John first took his seat in Parliament.

England was staggering under the tremendous load of debt incurred by a long period of war with France. Corruption was rank in every quarter, from the army contractor to the poor of the realm. There was nothing in the smallest degree connected with political affairs which did not reek with venality. The finances were disordered, trade depressed, so that the heavy taxation became unendurable. There was no honest representation for the people in consequence of the system of "Rotten Boroughs," which placed the power of Parliament in the hands of a few.

No Catholic or Jew was eligible to office, and a most unjust discrimination existed against Dissenters. The excesses which followed the outbreak of the French Revolution, as we have said, silenced the party of Reform during all the years of war; but when that was over, the smothered fires broke forth with a fiercer flame, threatening the safety of the kingdom. And it is no wonder. The Prince Regent, who, at one time, favored the Whigs, had alienated his old associates, and by his conduct toward Queen Caroline and his disgraceful course of life had put new arguments into the mouths of such radicals and revolutionists as Cobbett and his set.

A plot was formed to seize the members of Government, and set up a Committee of Public Safety. The outbreak of two or three small conspiracies showed what fierce and vindictive passions were seething beneath the surface. Amid all this political commotion, trade was suffering, the country banks were breaking, and the Bank of England suspended specie payments by authority of Parliament. Corn was wickedly dear, by reason of unrighteous restrictions; while the legitimate attempts at reform by the Whigs had been successfully resisted.

Here, indeed, was the opportunity for young Lord John. As a son of the great "Whig Duke," trained in a political faith which was to him a part of his religion, he was naturally looked to as the representative of the Reform movement in Parliament, and he accepted the trust with alacrity. He had greatness thrust upon him. How far did he achieve greatness?

His first efforts in Parliament were like those of most young men, almost on the side of radicalism. He voted with a "mere handful" after Napoleon's abdication against the treaty which rewarded the treason of Bernadotte with the crown of Sweden. And later, when the great Emperor, escaping from Elba, burst like a volcano over Europe, Lord John was one of a petty minority of seventy-three who voted *not* to declare war against him! After one hundred days came Waterloo, and from that period commenced his career.

The stubborn attitude of the Tories had provoked the most deplorable popular excesses, which were exhibited in the bread riots, incendiarism, and organized destruction of machinery. These elements were so potent that the cause of Parliamentary Reform was passing out of the hands of the Whigs, and had become the property of the mob-leaders, Burdett, Cobbett, "Orator" Hunt, and Major Cartwright. This alarmed the Whigs, and for a time deprived them of any great power. And it was this situation which gave Lord John, as an aristocrat and radical reformer, a remarkable advantage.

He improved the occasion, so that he soon became the acknowledged leader of the Reform party in the House of Commons. He commenced a vigorous attack on the system of rotten boroughs. He proposed to transfer their rights to great unrepresented towns and large counties. It was three years before the least gleam of good fortune came, and that in the disfranchisement of a single borough only. Canning was still all-powerful, and while adroitly exhibiting many liberal tendencies, he had the force and the influence mainly to stifle all reform.

Canning died. Wellington succeeded, with Peel, to power. Essentially a military leader, having no sympathies with the masses, he proposed to stamp out violently the reform agitation. It was too late. Lord John boldly assailed the Test Acts which were leveled against Dissenters, and carried their repeal. This was succeeded by the passage of the Catholic Relief Bill, and Daniel O'Connell took his seat in the House of Commons.

It was the writer's good fortune, many years afterward, to be present in the "Grass Market," near Dublin, on the occasion of a speech by the great "Agitator." He was, as usual, notably bitter against Wellington and Peel. Referring to their long and determined opposition to the Catholic Emancipation Bill, he exclaimed, "Why, there is Wellington, who has won a hundred battles, and there is Peel, who has practised a hundred rogueries, and I have beaten them both!" To "Johnny," O'Connell awarded the full meed of praise.

The dissolution of Parliament in 1830 was almost simultaneous with the expulsion of the Bourbons from France, and the advent to power of Louis Philippe, the Citizen King. Its effect upon the English elections was magnetic. The ministerialists were routed in almost every quarter; so that when, on Parliament's assembling, the Duke of Wellington announced, with dogged obstinacy, that no Reform Bill would be entertained, the disgust was so great that Ministers were ignominiously defeated on an ordinary motion touching the Civil List, and made haste to resign.

The Whigs came into power, and Earl Grey was called to form a Cabinet. It has never been satisfactorily explained why Lord John was not one of its members. He was made Paymaster of the Forces, but this gave him no seat in the Cabinet. Perhaps Earl Grey already began to comprehend the intractable nature with which he had to deal; perhaps he thought there was quite enough opportunity for so young a man [in England, thirty-eight is an immature age for a statesman] in the future which awaited him. At all events, the slight, if slight it was, had no effect on Lord John.

With the advent of his party to power, after eighteen years of stubborn persistence in the minority, his time had come. With the advent of his party to power, he who had led the forlorn hope with such unflinching courage, prepared with great care the "Reform Bill," with which his name will always be identified. It was the initiatory of a series of measures adopted since that period, having for their object reform in every department of English polity.

It was on the first day of March, 1831, that he came down to the House of Commons prepared to move his Bill. The House was crowded beyond all experience. Lord John's speech on that memorable occasion was marked by great moderation, but the Bill which he proceeded to unfold, it is said, "took men's breaths away." When he came to read the long list of condemned boroughs, the Tories, now the "Opposition," assailed him with ironical cheers, and with shouts of derision. "Can such a Bill pass?" asked many old Conservatives.

We wonder now that reform could have been so long delayed—that large cities like Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and others, should be so many years without representation, while a great number of boroughs literally without voters returned their members to Parliament under the arbitrary direction of the proprietors.

Lord John, in advocating the Bill, took for his text the memorable watchword of his father, adopted, singular to say, the very year he was born: "We wish to reform the Constitution because we wish to preserve it."

While the Tories derided and the Conservatives trembled, and even many Whigs doubted, the nation seized upon the measure with an enthusiasm which showed it had long been prepared for a step which surprised and dismayed the most experienced politicians. According to one writer, "Never was there such a stirring of the dry bones. In the popular excitement, Lord John Russell stood forward at once as the foremost and the central figure among the conquerors. His personality was identified, and justly so, with the national cry—The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill."

It is almost impossible to give now an adequate idea of the great excitement. Late sessions were in order, and when the House adjourned, morning after morning, at sunrise, throngs surrounded the entrance, eager to learn the progress of the Bill. In the country, especially northward, in the neighborhood of the great manufacturing cities, multitudes assembled to meet the mails from London which told how the battle sped.

It was at this period that "Johnny," as he was now familiarly called, became the favorite of the great middle class of England, and here, at the beginning of the year 1832, at the age of forty, his popularity and his influence culminated. It was this year, after the general elections, that he became a member of the Cabinet, only to quarrel with his colleague Stanley; and from this time forward Lord John, in all the years of political life and strife, years of success and disaster, up to his retirement at the age of seventy-five—in the times when, more than once Prime Minister, he attempted the direction of affairs; or when, as member of the Cabinet, under other Prime Ministers; or when figuring as one of the Opposition—we say, from this time onward he displayed such unhappy traits of character and temper as made him, as a Prime Minister, unfit; as a member of any Cabinet, impracticable; and as an associate in Opposition, not to be relied upon. This may seem a severe judgment, but we believe it to be correct.

We have already made a pretty full statement of the qualities which Lord John did not possess. We now will mention the characteristics which were both the cause of his prime success and of his ultimate failure. He had the element of a born and thoroughbred aristocrat—a personage dear to the sturdy-natured Englishman, explain it as we may. He had the cold dignity and the disagreeable assurance of his caste. He was infused with a complete contempt for those who did not hold the Whig faith, which made him illiberal toward all who differed from him. He had an utter ignorance of all moral fear, and a self-confidence so extraordinary that no squib, joke, or pasquinade could affect him, nor could any satire or sarcasm, however well leveled, disturb the conceited serenity of his nature. Sydney Smith, albeit his coadjutor, did not spare him. "Give Johnny the command of the Channel Fleet, and he would accept it without hesitation," was one of his witticisms. "The Russells," he said, at another time, "never alter their opinions; they must be trepanned before they can be convinced." And when, after a vain attempt at reconciling the schism on the Irish tithe question, the Cabinet was broken up, Stanley announced the result in the often-quoted phrase, "Johnny's upset the coach."

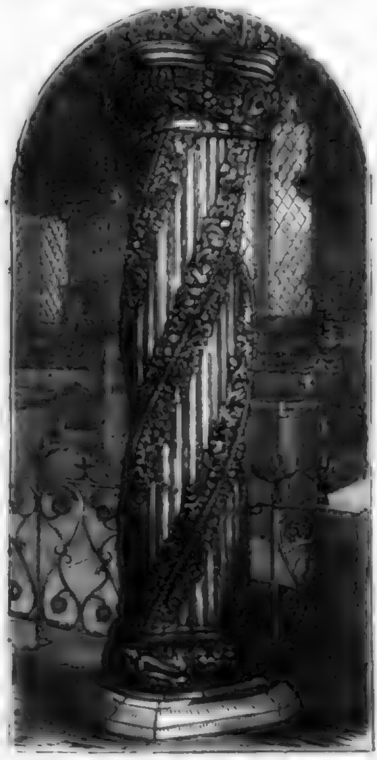
His persistence, added to his honesty of purpose, his vein of sound, common sense, which never took too high a flight, but which was always understood and appreciated by the people, gave him, in the earlier part of his career, while he was still the people's advocate, and not a member of the Government, an influence and a popularity almost unbounded. But in co-operation with others—either governing, planning, or resisting, his imperturbable assumption, his never-to-be-disturbed conceit, his dogged obstinacy made it impossible for him to remain long in any combination.

Besides, other men, abler than he, were prepared to dispute his claims, and to bear off his laurels. Of his more memorable rivals, which at different periods included Stanley, Sir James Graham, Peel, Lord Palmerston, O'Connell, and later, Gladstone, we mention especially Sir Robert Peel and Lord Palmerston. Peel's first great triumph was in the repeal of the Corn Laws. Lord John, in order to do away with the odious sliding scale, proposed a moderate fixed duty. At the next session Peel, abandoning his Tory affiliations, boldly moved the repeal of the Corn Laws altogether; thus taking the wind out of "Johnny's" sail, at the same time forcing the latter to sustain the Bill. In fact, it was not long before the more advanced of his party began to clamor against him because he would not support the Ballot and Universal Suffrage. So that, like our own Seward, he who had been abused as a Radical was now called a Reactionist.

The man who most worried and annoyed him, with whom he was most at war, and oftenest in accord, was Palmerston—"naughty, jaunty, wicked Pam." They were half the time tugging at each other's throats, and the other half they were in the most loving state of reconciliation. Now "Pam" would be Prime Minister, and "Johnny" one of the happy family in the Cabinet; then "Johnny" would be Prime Minister, with "Pam" a subordinate member. Next "Pam" would kick "Johnny" out altogether, and then "Johnny" would eject "Pam," and so forward during a long course of Parliamentary sessions.

We do not propose to give a history of British politics during the many years in which Lord John was prominent. The object of this article is to show, in a way which shall not be wearisome to our readers, how the name of this man became associated with the first great step of England toward *honesty in representation*, and how he subsequently figured.

At forty he had achieved what he of all persons could best achieve. From that time, abler men stepped in. After his great triumph, his personal triumphs were ended, with one noteworthy exception. In 1857, he carried the Bill which he had so long championed, to enable Jews to sit in Parliament, and introduced Baron Rothschild to his seat, as his colleague from London. But mainly his influence had gone. His position, which continued always prominent, was subject to mortifying circumstances and unfortunate defeats. When Lord Palmerston died, in 1865, Lord John—who had been created four years previous Earl Russell—became again Premier. He had notably failed in 1854 and in 1860 in carrying another Reform Bill. He attempted it now, was defeated, and the Ministry resigned. Lord John never made an attempt to return to public life. He had deserved well of his day and generation, and when he retired, his services were remembered, and his failings and his faults were measurably forgotten. For the remaining ten years of his life he retained in his retirement all his former interest in political events, which was exhibited by numerous speeches, letters and pamphlets, on almost every topic. These added nothing to his reputation.



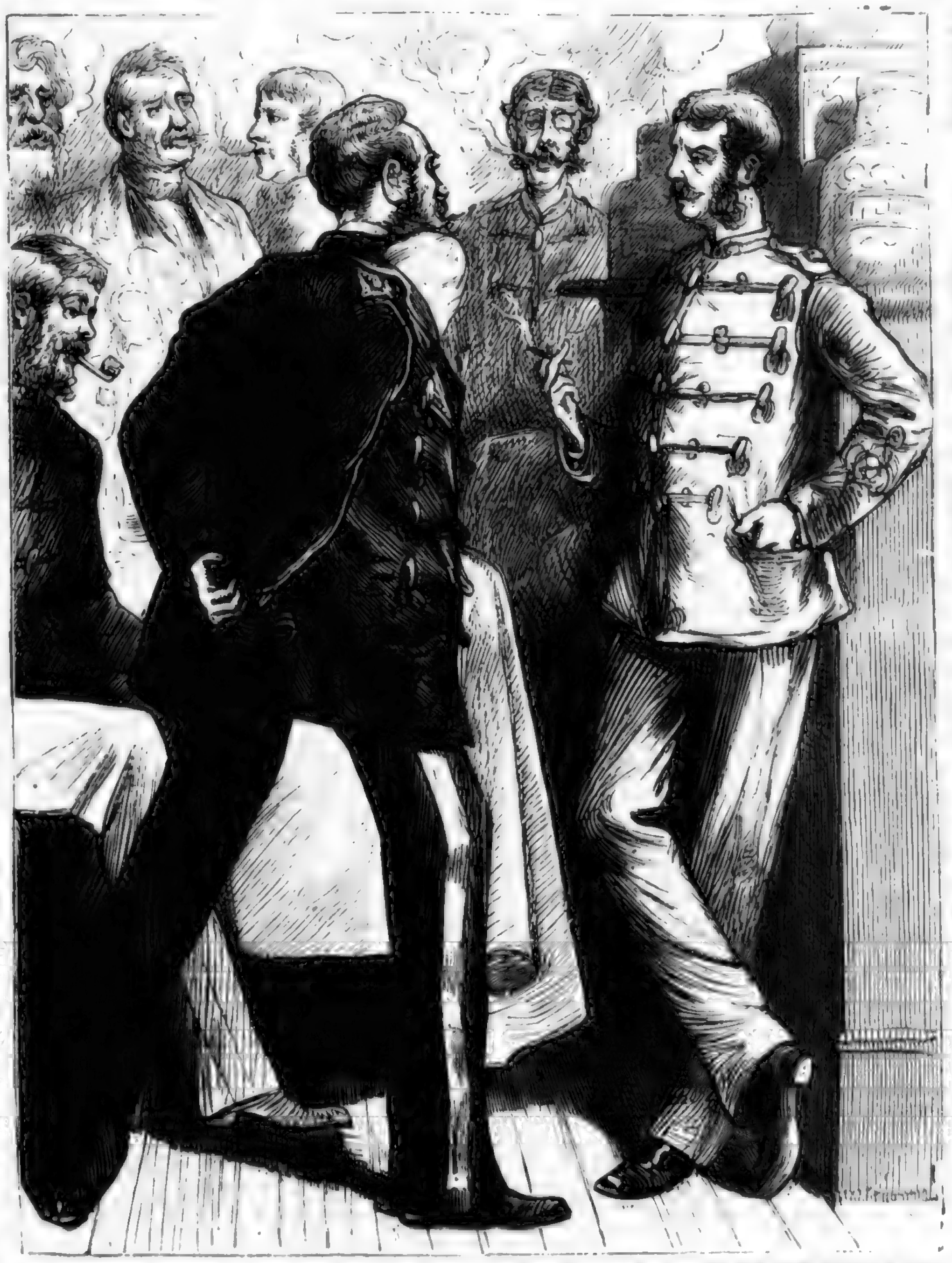
THE PRENTICE'S COLUMN IN ROSLYN CHURCH.—SEE PAGE 438.

LIZARD IMPRISONED IN A FRAGMENT OF AMBER.

It is generally conceded that in our late war Lord John (then created Earl Russell), as Foreign Minister under Palmerston, sympathized with the North. But he was too thorough an Englishman, and his nature was too frigid, to permit any exhibition of partiality. We remember his correspondence with Mr. Seward in the *Trent* affair with not very pleasing emotions; and in this connection it is agreeable to recall a speech made not very long ago by the Earl on the occasion of the unvailing of the Albert statue. He stated at that time that the last act of the late Prince Consort referring to public affairs was the reading and criticising of the letter which he, Earl Russell, submitted to him, demanding from our Government the surrender of Mason and Slidell, who had been forcibly taken from the British steamer *Trent*. "The Prince Consort, on that occasion," said the Earl, "objected to some expressions in the letter as unnecessarily blunt, and suggested they should be softened; that while the demand must perforce be a peremptory one, he hoped it would be conveyed in the least offensive way." In accordance with this advice, the Earl said that he did change the phraseology of the paragraphs objected to, so as to meet the views of the Prince Consort.

In his correspondence with Mr. Adams about the Confederate cruisers, Earl Russell did not appear to advantage, and it is referred to by Englishmen always with a wry face. So is also his management of the negotiation in relation to the Danish Duchies, with which the nation was so little satisfied. In fact, his foreign negotiations were never skillfully conducted, and at the famous Vienna Conference his course was so unpopular that he was compelled to retire from the Cabinet.

The writer, on three several occasions, was present in the House of Commons when Lord John was called on to meet a crisis. The first was in 1842, when Sir Robert Peel carried his motion of "No confidence," which forced Lord John to announce the dissolution of Parliament. We perfectly recall that memorable night. Lord John was at bay, and appeared really at his best. He had for his opponent the ablest man in the kingdom. In the mind's eye we can see him now, looking even more diminutive than he really was, as he sat cross-legged on his bench, his hat pulled clear over his brows, according to his fashion, looking neither to the right nor left, but rather downward; displaying only his nose and his lean cheeks, and his square, solid chin. When he rose, taking off his hat in a manner most deliberate, he spoke in a quiet, determined way, mincing his words somewhat, which gave them in force something incisive. He talked straight along, not replying to the sarcasms which had been heaped on him—for just before the Ministers had been ignominiously defeated on a prominent measure—while he repeated the old Whig platitudes and postulates, and the old Whig ideas of political faith, as if they were fresh that morning, and with the native assumption of a man "born in the purple." When Sir Robert Peel arose again to confront him, an American youth, as the writer then was, could scarcely make himself believe that it was Lord John who was son of the great Duke of Bedford, and that it was Sir Robert who was son of the Manchester cotton-spinner. As all know, Peel's triumph was complete, and Lord John, having been forced to resign, became Peel's supporter in an important measure in the next Parliament.



BROWN, THE BETTOR.—"THE COLONEL, IN HIS RAGE AND DESIRE TO PROVE HIS NEW CAPTAIN TO BE A HUMBUG, PROCEEDED TO DIVEST HIMSELF OF HIS UPPER GARMENTS!"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Many years thereafter, in 1852, we were present at a very different crisis, when Palmerston, by his too speedy recognition of Louis Napoleon's *Coup d'Etat*, was, with almost incredible swiftness, driven from power. On this occasion Lord John exhibited the same cold, phlegmatic impersonation of the sensible, commonplace English character he had always proved himself to be. He manifested no feeling of triumph; in fact, he exhibited no feeling of any kind.

"Jaunty Pam" took leave of the Government, only to reappear dominant at the next election. It was then we saw another passage of arms between these two. On the side of Palmerston it was conducted in that free and easy way, half-comic, half-serious, but always with an air of conscious superiority; which, while it greatly impressed everybody else, failed entirely to reach the self-sufficiency of his antagonist. No one present on that occasion can forget how Palmerston triumphed, while he left on the minds of all the conviction that, while triumphing, he was dealing kindly with a defeated friend.

Another word, and we have done. Lord John, singular to say, was ambitious of literary fame. But, though he wrote much, he achieved little. He undertook, as a youth, with his usual self-conceit, the drama of "Don Carlos," in rivalry of Schiller. He published, during his life, a dozen works which we will not now take the space to mention, except the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Moore," a thoroughly indigested and unsatisfactory life of the poet, who was an early friend, and his consistent flatterer.

AMBER.

Amber has been known from earliest antiquity. The celebrated founder of the Ionian school of philosophy, Thales, who lived 600 years before our era, speaks of the property which, above all, contributed to render it celebrated—that of attracting light bodies when it was rubbed. It is from the Greek name of amber, *electron*, that our modern term electricity is derived.

To explain the origin of amber, the Greeks had one of those graceful traditions characteristic of the young and marvelous genius of that people. They said that the sisters of Phaethon, weeping for the death of their brother, were changed into poplar-trees upon the banks of the Eridanus (Po), and that their tears were transformed into amber.

Chemical analysis shows that there are in 100 grammes of amber 81 grammes of carbon, 7.30 of hydrogen, 6.75 of oxygen, and some traces of clay, alumina and silica, amounting altogether to about 3 grammes. This is exactly the composition of resin; indeed, amber is itself a resin.

"Amber," said Pliny, "trickles from the pith of certain trees resembling pines." This quotation proves that the Roman naturalist considered amber as a contemporary production. He was right so far—amber is a resin; but it is a *fossil resin*.

The places most rich in amber are the borders of the Baltic Sea, between Dantzic and Memel; it is found also in Denmark, in Norway and Sweden, in Poland, France and England, and in different parts of Asia and America.

Wherever amber is found, it is associated with lignites. It is nearly certain that the resinous trees which produced these combustibles secreted amber, since it is not rare to find fragments of amber lodged in the midst of beds of lignite.

The presence of organized bodies, and particularly insects, imprisoned in amber, was well known to the ancients, and is mentioned by the poet Martial, in particular.

The illustration given here shows a lizard imbedded in a piece of amber. The original fragment of amber belonged to the collection of the Jesuit Father Kircher, and was presented to him by the Duke of Brunswick.

The amber which is most esteemed is translucid, and of a beautiful lemon-yellow; but there are also varieties semi-opaque, and one of a pale yellow, with veins and spots of dead-white, that is much esteemed.

Amber is worn as an ornament principally in the East, where it is cut into beads, and threaded as necklaces. In western countries it is prized merely as serving to fabricate small objects of art, especially the mouthpieces of pipes and cigars. This latter usage in the East is justified by the prevalent belief that amber never will allow the transmission of any infection. This, of course, would be a highly valuable quality, but unfortunately there is nothing to prove its existence.

Lumps of amber are generally very small, but occasionally a piece is obtained of considerable size; as, for example, a specimen of amber in the Royal Museum at Berlin, which weighs eighteen pounds. Amber is wrought on the turner's lathe by steel instruments, and polished on a leaden wheel with pumice-stone and water.

THE PRENTICE'S COLUMN IN ROSLYN CHAPEL, NEAR EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

Few more elegant specimens of Gothic exist than the Prentice's Column in Roslyn Church, as our readers will admit. It stands out conspicuously, even in that church, where all is beautiful. Its beauty is so great that it has given rise to a legend, which the old guide used to relate with singular gusto and implicit faith.

The architect, as the story runs, made his plan for the church, and reserved this pillar for mature thought and study. To improve his taste and gather new ideas of beauty, he went to Rome, and after a long stay came back with drawings for the column, surpassing in beauty anything yet accomplished; but what was his dismay to see, not the bare, unchiseled pillar, but a creation of such rare grace and beauty that all the gems of continental architecture on which he had feasted his eyes faded from his memory, cast into oblivion by the charming work before him. When thought came, he felt that his fame was gone; some mightier architect had borne away the palm. His apprentice entered to welcome his master, and had no sooner alluded to it as his work, than the architect, in an ungovernable fit of anger, seized a hammer and killed him with a single blow.

This beautiful chapel, long since desecrated, and tottering to ruin, has been, in our day, restored to art and religion.

BROWN THE BETTOR.

"I NEVER knew such a fellow as you are to win, Brown," said a fellow-officer to Captain Brown of the Lancers. "It's of no use to bet with you; one might just as well give you the money out and out. It's sheer luck."

"It's nothing of the kind, my dear fellow," said the captain, "but a matter of calculation."

"Ah, well," said the other, "I don't calculate; do you, colonel?"

"No," said the colonel, "I only bet."

"By-the-way, colonel," said the captain, "as this is my last night, I'll make a wager with you."

"Good," said the colonel; "I'll take you. By-the-way, you'll find your new colonel a Tartar. Rollins is not such an easy-going fellow as you've found me. What do you think of my wager?" he continued, to the other officers of the mess.

"Oh," cried first one and then another, "I'll take him at that—an even pony, Brown."

"Done—I'll take you."

"And I."

"Done."

"And I."

"Done—done—done—done—done."

Captain Brown entered his bets in his book, and then the wine was passed round, all talk of wagers was set aside, and a most convivial evening was spent, by way of farewell to one of the most popular officers in the regiment, who had exchanged into the Hussars for the sake of going on foreign service.

A few days after, and Captain Brown had joined his new regiment, where he was most cordially received; and as a dinner had been given at his departure from the old, he had come with so good a series of friendly recommendations to the new regiment, that a little banquet was got up in his honor.

Now, Brown was a modest man, and he never aired his successes. In fact, though he intended to line his pockets at the expense of his new comrades, he wished to do it quietly and as opportunity served.

He would have been glad if nothing had been said about his betting propensities; but as the evening went on, and the conversation grew more free, the colonel began, in a bantering strain, to touch upon the reputation Captain Brown had obtained, and did not scruple to keep up a running fire of comment.

"Button up your pockets, gentlemen," he said, at last, after a variety of pointed allusions; "no betting with our new captain. I hear he wins every wager he lays."

"Then I shall go to him for tips," said one.

"Mind he don't have you," chuckled the colonel. "I'm told he never fails to win."

"But that's impossible," said one.

"I don't believe it," said another.

"I tell you it's a fact," said the colonel; "he wins every bet."

And so the conversation went on, every effort being good-humoredly made to draw Brown out; but for some time he refused to be drawn, but sat calmly thinking, smoking, with his eyes half-closed, till he could keep quiet no longer; for the colonel, dropping the indirect, assumed the direct attack.

"I say, Brown, my dear fellow," he began, "tell us, is it true? They say you win every bet you make."

"Yes, colonel," said the captain, "it is quite true."

"Nonesnse!" chorused a dozen voices.

"It isn't nonsense," said the colonel, "for I'm told on very good authority—namely, his old colonel, a dear friend of mine—that it is true. He told me when it was first settled that Brown was to exchange; and now, you hear, he attests it himself."

"Proof, proof!" cried the others.

"Ah!" said the colonel; "proof. Come, Brown, how is it you manage it? You won't mind telling, I suppose?"

"Oh dear, no," said Brown, smiling; "I don't mind telling. You see, the fact is, I am a physiognomist."

"A physiognomist?"

"Yes; I study the countenance of the man I bet with, and know beforehand how matters will be. It may seem unfair, but it is my power, and I think I have a right to use it."

"Well, that's curious," said the colonel; "but do you mean to tell me you can read a man's face and tell what he is thinking?"

"I did not say that," said the captain; "but I can read a man's face enough for the purpose of a wager."

"You can read mine, then?" said the colonel, chuckling.

"Oh, yes," was the calm reply.

And the officers round the table grew interested.

"What can you read there, then?"

Captain Brown looked at him intently for a few moments, and then said:

"Well, for one thing, I can read that the old wound on your back has broken out afresh."

"Nonsense!" roared the colonel. "I never had a wound on my back!"

"Indeed?" said the captain, smiling. "But there—let it pass."

"No, confound it, sir!" cried Colonel Rollins, showing by his choleric visage that he really was the Tartar described, "I won't let it rest. I tell you I never had a wound on my back, though I can show four where I *faced* the enemy."

The younger officers exchanged glances, and the colonel saw it, and it made him more angry.

"You do not like the subject touched," said Captain Brown, gravely—"a retreat, a duel; then we will pass it over. I beg your pardon for touching so tender a place."

"But, confound it all, sir!" roared the colonel, "I have no wound on my back to break out afresh!"

The captain smiled.

"Come, then," said the colonel, fighting hard to keep down his anger. "You are a betting man. I'll bet you—I'll bet you two ten-pound notes to one that I have not got a wound, nor yet even the scar of a wound—even a scratch—upon my back. Will you bet?"

"With pleasure, if it pleases you, colonel."

"Damme, sir, it does please me! I want this cleared up. A wound on my back! Damme, sir, I never turned my back to the enemy in my life! Now, sir, will you bet?"

"I will," said the captain, speaking reluctantly, and as if he were forced into it; while the colonel was evidently growing purple from suppressed rage.

"Good, then," said the colonel; "twenty pounds to ten. The mess here are witnesses. Smith, lock that door."

A young cornet obeyed; and, heated by wine, the colonel, in his rage and desire to prove his new captain to be what he mentally called a humbug, proceeded to divest himself of all his upper garments, revealing several bullet-scars and sword-cuts upon his chest and arms; but there was not the vestige of a scratch upon his back.

"Come, look all of you!" cried the colonel—"I'm not ashamed. You'll find no wound upon my back."

One and all inspected the old gentleman, and declared that there was no scar,

"Not a trace," they exclaimed.

"Now, Captain Brown," said the colonel, "perhaps you will come and look, sir, and satisfy yourself!"

"I'll take the word of these gentlemen, colonel," said Brown.

"No, no, sir. You would not believe me, so I don't see why you should them."

"But I am satisfied, indeed," said Brown. "I have lost. I was mistaken."

"Humph! I'm glad of that," said the colonel, snatching himself back into his clothes, and, at last, buttoning up his coat. "I'm afraid, sir, you could not read my countenance."

"No, sir; I confess I could not; I am beaten. There are your ten pounds."

The colonel chuckled and looked delighted as he pocketed the money; for this, and the feeling that he had been too much for his new captain, put him in the best of humors. So jolly was he that he patted Brown affectionately on the back when they parted.

"You couldn't read me, my lad, eh? No, no; rather too deep for you, eh—eh?"

"Much too deep, colonel. I was beaten," said Brown.

And from that day, for a whole fortnight, Brown's glory as a bettor was under eclipse. At the end of that fortnight there was a change.

The reason was this:

Colonel Rollins was so delighted at having, as he said, beaten the betting man, that he wrote to his friend, the colonel of the Lancers regiment:

"Dear Warren: That was all gammon about Brown's luck at betting. He said he could read people's faces, and so won in that way; and, hang me, if the first night he was here he didn't bet me that I had a reopened wound on my back. I bet him, of course—two to one—proved to him that I had not, and pocketed his ten pounds. It will be a lesson for him. He's a nice fellow, though, and we all like him very much.

"Yours, very truly, John Rollins."

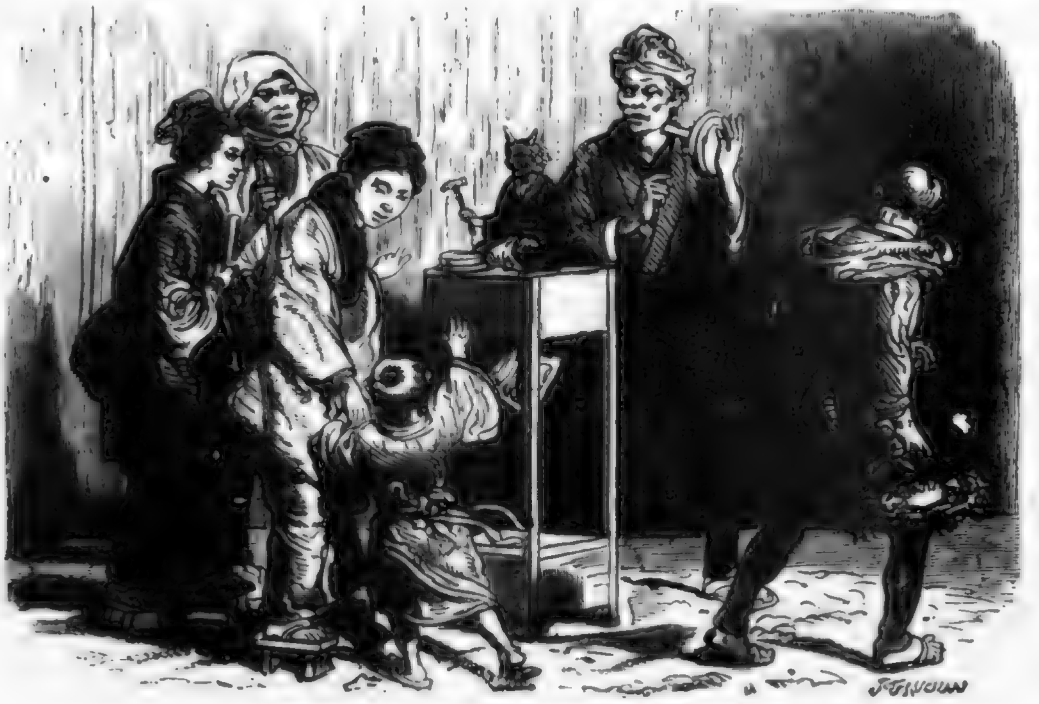
An answer came back in the course of a post or two.

"Dear Rollins: Glad you like Brown. Hang him! we don't. He has bitten us too often, and has just bitten us again. Confound him! The night before he left us I was talking about what a sharp officer you were—quite a Tartar—and he laid a wager with me, that was taken, too, by half the officers in the mess, that he'd do as he liked with you; in fact, that the very first time you dined together, he'd make you take off your shirt before the whole mess, and that you would write and tell me. It seems he has done it, and we've all got to pay. You may keep Brown. We don't want him back.

"Faithfully yours, Frank Warren."

"Well," exclaimed the colonel, "of all the tricks—but, hang it all, how dare they say that I was a Tartar!"

The Wife-beater.—Of all the contemptible creatures in the world, the man who beats his wife is certainly the most contemptible. The bully at home is always a coward abroad. He always revenges himself upon his wife and children for the contumely that his lack of courage submits him to in the street. Such men are not to be brought to a complete sense of their baseness by any process of reasoning. Kindness has no effect upon them. Generosity only fills them with contempt for the generous; and they are certain to hate the manliness they cannot imitate. The mode of treating them effectually is, to punish them severely.



FORTUNE-TELLING.— A STREET-SCENE IN JAPAN.

COMBAT BETWEEN A TOAD AND SPIDER.

Our pretty white schoolhouse stood just on the edge of the woodland, while between it and the old homestead stretched, for a full half-mile or more, the broad, rich fields of the Clifton estate. At the time of which I write, the crops had been gathered into the barn, and partridge-pea and other wild-flowers reared their tiny, richly tinted heads as far as the eye could reach, and filled the Springtide air with delicate perfumes.

It was on a Saturday, and as Wirt and I sauntered lazily along the thread-like path over which we had "so often crept unwillingly to school," our steps were suddenly arrested by a sign from him. His quick eye had detected a mysterious movement amongst the tiny plants. Breathlessly we watched the indicated spot, and soon a toad, cutting fantastic antics, hopped into the path before us. From his wild capers, it was evident that he labored under unusual excitement. For some moments he continued rapidly hopping from the path amidst the flowers, and back again. This performance was kept up for fifteen minutes, perhaps, when suddenly an enormous spider appeared upon the scene, and the mystery was explained. They were engaged in deadly combat, and furiously the battle raged without either appearing to gain advantage.

The toad seemed to act on the offensive, and fiercely he dashed upon his wary foe, who, always ready, bravely held his ground. It was observed that after each repulse the toad hopped off in the same direction, and was lost to sight amongst the shrubbery, but in a few moments he would return, only to resume the fight with greater fury.

"What can he be up to? Let us see," whispered Wirt; and we stealthily moved to a position from which we could the better watch his movements. Soon we espied Mr. Toad nipping the leaves of a strange-looking weed. In a moment he had sprung back into the path to renew the attack. Again discomfited, he returned to the shrub. Thus again and again did he charge the foe, and as often return to nip the strange plant. At last Wirt impatiently plucked up the shrub by its roots and cast it far away. As usual the toad returned from the struggle, but the plant was no longer there. Unable to find it, he hopped violently about in the vain search, and seemed to grow weak and weaker, until, finally, rolling over on his back, he lay quiet. He was dead. The spider nimbly betook himself to the bushes at our approach, and escaped. The poison had done its work.

How often have I since regretted that we had not carefully noticed that little shrub, whose tiny leaves proved so ready and powerful an antidote to the spider's deadly bite; for who knows what sufferings might have been relieved had we profited by the knowledge imparted to us by the unfortunate toad, but which we thoughtlessly disregarded!

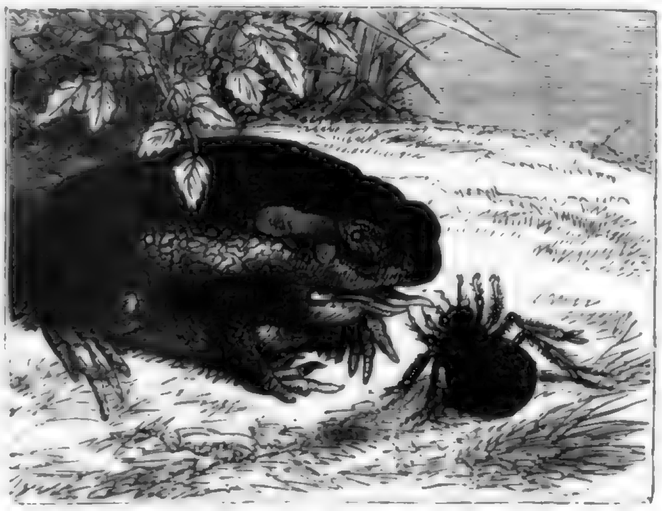
FORTUNE-TELLING IN JAPAN.

Street scenes in Japan are lively enough — so much buying and selling in the open air; barbers, and other minor trades, busy at work. Even many operations which with us seek the cover of darkness are here paraded in the full light of day. While our fortune-tellers seek mystery, and fly the light, their Japanese fellow-tradesmen (we cannot say sisters, for Japanese fortune-tellers are men) set up their stand in the broad light of day.

His pile of sibylline leaves is ready for every purchaser; and should their inquisitive nature tempt them to seek more profound or more direct answers from the prodigious rascals whom popular ignorance supposes heaven to have made its special confidants, they have but to ask. The wizard puts the query, in his own terms, to a little metal imp, fiery red and horned, which complacently raps out on a gong the required answer.

There are fools even in Japan, so our fortune-teller drives a pretty fair trade, on the sure capital of human credulity and personal impudence.

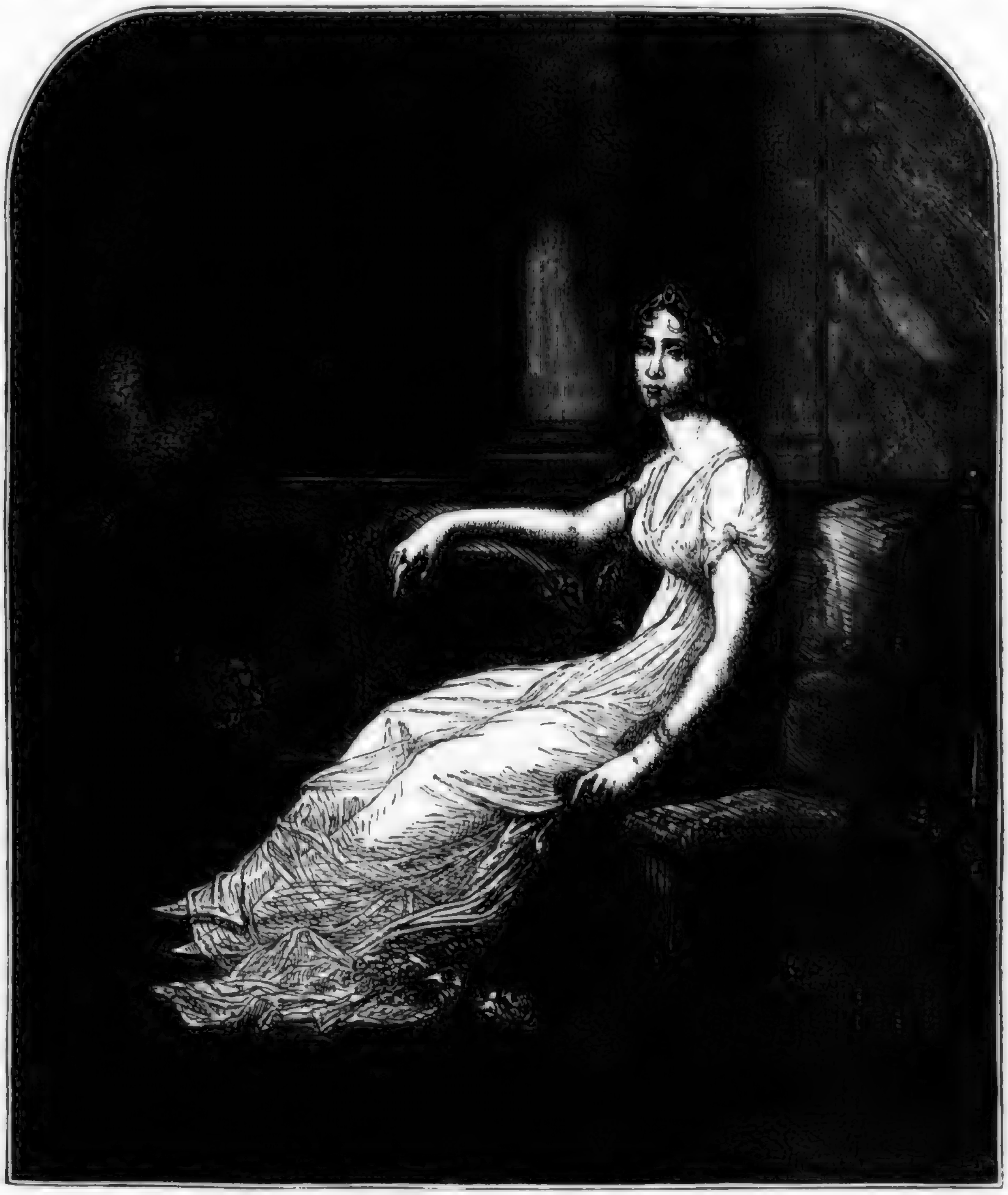
Those who have become addicted to evil habits must conquer them as they can—and they must be conquered, or they will conquer us, and destroy our peace and happiness. And those who have not yet yielded to bad habits, must be on their guard lest they be unexpectedly assaulted and subdued.



COMBAT BETWEEN A TOAD AND A SPIDER.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

THE name of the amiable, cruelly sacrificed Josephine seldom fails to awaken emotions of respectful sympathy and regret. The brilliant moon of that meteoric life, suddenly terminating in black, premature eclipse, has chiefly challenged the attention and wonder of mankind, albeit it will, I think, be found that the story of its dawn and changeful morning is scarcely inferior in romantic interest and tragic potency to that of the later fortunes of the divorced, discrowned Empress; and this, too, when divested of the false lights and illusive coloring had recourse to by prejudiced or enthusiastic historiographers, and related with the brevity and plainness with which, in these pages, it must necessarily be treated.



JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

Marie Françoise Josephine Tascher de la Pagérie, the only child of Captain Joseph Gaspard Tascher de la Pagérie and his wife, Marie de Sanois, who had been for some years settled at St. Domingo, was born at the residence of her uncle and aunt, M. and Madame Renaudin, St. Pierre, Martinique, one of the lesser queens of the Antilles, on the 24th of June, 1761. This at least is the date assigned by French historians; but as that happens to be the precise day whereon the treaty of peace restoring Martinique to France was signed, it is quite possible that a natural desire to establish the French birth of the Empress beyond quibble or question may have led to some slight inaccuracy in the matter.

The Renaudins were possessed of considerable property in the neighborhood of St. Pierre, in land and slaves, and Madame Renaudin, a well-educated *Parisienne*, adopted the child, with a cheerful good-will, which the early development of Josephine's graces of mind and person increased to a thoughtful, zealous tenderness, ever spoken of in after life by her charming niece with grateful acknowledgment.

Yes, graces of mind and person—not intellectual superiority of the one, nor absolute beauty in an artistic, or more properly statuary, sense of the other; Josephine, neither as girl or woman, having been remarkable for mental power; whilst her beauty confessedly owed its subduing charm to the irresistible fascination which the glowing softness of Creole loveliness, when allied to purity of heart and quiet elegance of manner, exerts over the least impressionable of mankind. Josephine's large, spiritual eyes were, no doubt, exquisitely beautiful; her complexion in youth, too, was as bright and sunny as her place of birth; her hair, lustrous and silken, her teeth unexceptionable, her figure elastic and sylph-like, and her low-pitched, agitating voice so finely toned and modulated that Bonaparte could find no words forcible enough to express the exultant gratification with which the plaudits of the French people for his victories filled him, than "that they were sweet as the voice of Josephine."

Mademoiselle Tascher's aptitude for feminine accomplishments was sedulously cultivated by her aunt, and whilst still very young, she played charmingly on the harp, and danced with surprising elegance and grace. Her tastes—one a passionate love of flowers, to which Europe is indebted for several tropical varieties, the camellia amongst them—were as refined as her temper and disposition were mild and endearing, the sympathizing gentleness which added lustre to the diadem of the Empress being equally conspicuous in the days of her obscure girlhood. At that time, ere yet the labors of Clarkson and his zealous coadjutors had to a great extent crippled the traffic in slaves, the facility with which negroes were procured from the African continent rendered them cheap as offal, and the torturing rigor by which they were coerced into incessant exertion, unmitigated by fear of pecuniary loss, was consequently such as the most hardened slave-owner of the present day would probably shrink from.

To those of the oppressed and trampled race belonging to her uncle, Josephine was a guardian angel; and so tenderly was she loved by her relations, that the slaves were exempt from punishment, except in very flagrant cases; to spare her the agony of mind which its infliction would have excited.

This relaxation of discipline did not, it would appear, answer in a commercial sense; but it none the less for that rendered Josephine the idol of the colored race, and their devotion to "*la jeune reine*"—an appellation which may have suggested the strange prophecy to be presently noticed—manifested itself in a thousand ways and instances, once in the saving of her life by the sacrifice of that of a young negress, who suddenly interposed her own person between Josephine and the spring of an irritated and deadly serpent, received the reptile's fatal bite, and expired a few hours afterward in the arms of her young mistress.

The passions kindle early into flame in that fiery, precocious clime, and Mademoiselle Tascher was not more than thirteen when she and a young Englishman—lad, I should say, for he was not more than two years her senior—conceived a violent attachment for each other, and exchanged vows of eternal love and faithfulness. William, the boy-lover, was a son of English parents who had been long domiciled at Martinique, were related, it seems, to the Lord Lovell, and had been compelled to fly their native country for participation in the rebellion of '45. Madame Renaudin appears to have sanctioned the betrothment of the juvenile lovers, and there was no end of trees knife-graven with their intertwined initials, and morning melodies, evening serenades, sung by the enraptured boy at his mistress's lattice, usually to the responsive accompaniment of the Creole maiden's harp.

Of course, happiness like this was too bright, too ethereal, to last long in this commonplace, humdrum world, wherein too sensitive souls have so often the misfortune to be born; and in this particular instance young love's dream was rudely dissipated by the awakening grip of the flinty-hearted father, who carried "*ce cher* William" to England, where family affairs, that had unexpectedly assumed a more favorable aspect, required his immediate presence. The cruelly sundered sweethearts engaged to write to each other at least once a day, and they did so for a considerable time, Madame Renaudin undertaking to post Josephine's letters, which she did punctually—into the fire; and William's missives, as they arrived, were also ruthlessly consigned to the same dead-letter office. An old tale!

But although Josephine must, of course, have pined grievously in thought, her personal charms and graces continued to expand and bloom so strikingly that her sable maids of honor and the petted companions of her sports were every day prouder and prouder of their "*jeune reine*"—so much so that the since much-marveled-at prophecy of the African sibyl, in so far as it announced the future greatness of Josephine, excited not the least surprise in their credulous and simple minds. This curious incident is thus related:

Mademoiselle Tascher, then about fourteen years of age, was dancing and otherwise disporting herself with a number of negro girls, some of whom suddenly caught sight of an old black beldame famous for sorceries and fortune-telling, scampered after her, and brought her to Josephine's presence, with the hope that she might be permitted to read and expound the no doubt brilliant future mysteriously inscribed on her palm. Josephine laughingly consented; but the old woman had no sooner looked upon the delicate white hand placed in hers than she affected to be terribly agitated, and it was only after much entreaty that the dark oracle thus delivered herself: "You will be married soon, and the union will not be a happy one. You will be a widow, and then queen of France. Some happy years will be yours, but you will die in a hospital, amidst civil commotion."

"Such, ladies," said the divorced Empress at Malmaison, addressing her profoundly interested attendants, "is the exact truth respecting this famous prophecy. The menacing end does not greatly disquiet me. I live here in peaceful retirement. I have no longer anything to do with politics, and hope to die calmly in my bed."

When the slave seer uttered this prediction, Josephine treated it with contemptuous disdain, and gravely lectured the young negresses upon the folly of placing credence in the silly inventions of such manifest impostors as the pretended prophetess. The gradual unrolling of her many-colored web of life changed, as we shall see, that feeling of contemptuous disdain successively to one of exultant credulity, and of boding disquiet; and a luckier guess certainly never fell from the lying lips of the astutest Aruspex of classic Greece or Rome than this apparently well-attested one of the negress of Martinique.

Mademoiselle Tascher's first marriage was near at hand, and was probably known to be so by the fortune-teller. Vicomte Alexandre de Beauharnais, a captain in the French army, visited Martinique upon business connected with his brother, the Marquis de Beauharnais's property there; was introduced to Josephine, felt or fancied himself furiously in love with her, and forthwith solicited her hand in marriage.

The young lady would not listen to the proposal, though made by a vicomte; she would remain, her aunt was solemnly assured, faithful to her English lover, and Monsieur

Alexandre de Beauharnais might look elsewhere for a wife! Madame Renaudin, a lady of much tact, and fully resolved that her niece should marry the vicomte, gave this amiable sentimentality free play for a while, and in the end managed the affair so adroitly, that when M. de Beauharnais embarked for Europe, which he did after a stay of about two months only at Martinique, he and Mademoiselle Tascher de la Pagérie were legally contracted to each other; and it had been arranged that Josephine and her aunt should follow him to France as speedily as might be, where the marriage would be definitively solemnized. It so came to pass. Madame Renaudin and her niece sailed from Martinique in 1776, arrived safely at Marseilles, and were met at Fontainebleau by the Vicomte Beauharnais. The wedding did not take place for several months afterward, during which Mademoiselle Tascher took up her abode in a convent at Panthémont.

This delay has been attributed to a reluctance on the part of Josephine, revived by a chance interview with "William," whom she met at Marseilles. Whatever may have been the difficulty, it was smoothed over by the address of Madame Renaudin; the marriage of her niece with the vicomte—he was thirty years old, just double the age of his bride—was duly solemnized at Paris, and Madame de Beauharnais was soon afterward presented to Queen Marie Antionette, who had not long previously ascended the throne upon which that blushing, confused girl-wife was destined to succeed her.

Hortense, the mother of the late Emperor Napoleon III. (and composer, by the way, of both the words and music of "Partant pour la Syrie," and "Brulant d'amour, et partant pour la guerre"), and Eugene, Viceroy of Italy, were the children of this marriage—a very unhappy one, especially after about four years of simulated, impatient decorum on the part of M. de Beauharnais, who by that time had thoroughly emancipated himself from "the superstition of conjugal fidelity."

One of his mistresses, a person of rank and fair reputation in society, insinuated herself into the confidence of the young, neglected wife, condoled with her, spoke of her English lover, and contrived to purloin an unfinished letter written by Josephine to her aunt, Madame Renaudin, who had long since returned to Martinique, in which the following passage occurred: "But for my children, I should, without a pang, renounce France for ever. My duty requires me to forget William; and yet, if he and I had been married, I should not to-day have been troubling you with my griefs."

This letter the abandoned woman placed, at a fitting moment, in M. de Beauharnais's hands, whom it rendered furious with unreasoning jealousy; "the superstition of conjugal fidelity," according to his one-sided ethics, being of such binding force upon a wife, that but to *think* reproachfully of her husband was high treason against marital morality. He immediately separated himself from Madame de Beauharnais, and instituted a suit at law for a formal divorce; his wife the while sheltering herself in a convent with her daughter, Hortense; M. de Beauharnais having insisted upon retaining the custody of his son. The tribunal to which he appealed pronounced in favor of his wife, exonerating her from all blame.

Shortly after this decision, Madame de Beauharnais met the Queen, walking with Louis XVI., near the Petit Trianon, Versailles, when Marie Antoinette, while warmly congratulating her upon the judicial award, took from her own neck an antique ornament set with precious stones, and clasped it round Josephine's, promising, at the same time, that she would one day present her son Eugène with a commission in the army.

Madame Beauharnais now returned to Martinique, the only true home she had known—her father and mother both died while she was still very young—where she remained over three years, her only solace and chief occupation the society and education of Hortense.

Prolonged absence, and an awakening sense of remorse, revived in M. de Beauharnais's mind the image of his wife in all its former power and brightness, and he wrote to Martinique soliciting forgiveness, and imploring her to return home. The forgiving gentleness of Josephine's disposition could not resist this appeal, the less, no doubt, that reconciliation with her husband involved reunion with her son; and speedily as possible she embarked with Hortense for France in the *Pomone* frigate, the captain of which politely offered her a passage—a fortunate act of civility, to which he was indebted for dying an admiral.

The meeting of Monsieur and Madame de Beauharnais was an affectionate and cordial one, and peace and happiness sat at their hearth till scared away by the despotic Terror, beneath whose bloody sceptre "France—free, regenerated France"—crouched, cursed and trembled.

M. de Beauharnais had been a member of the Constituent and National Assemblies, an adherent of Lafayette, and supported generally the principles and policy professed by the moderate section of the Girondists; more than enough this to stamp him as a traitor to republican perfectibility, insure his arrest for "*incivisme*," of which his aristocratic birth was superabundantly conclusive proof, and send him to the scaffold.

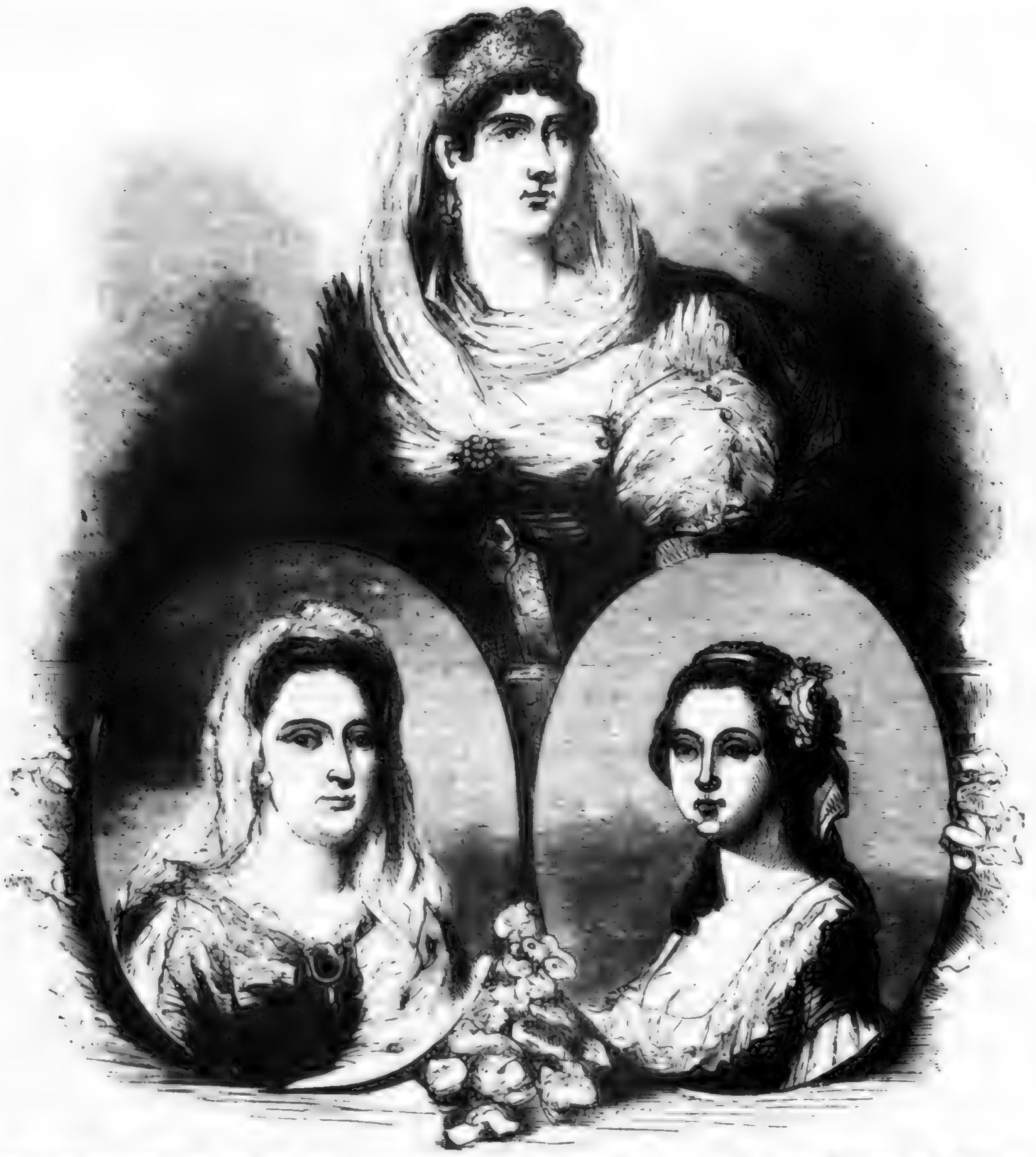
The letter he addressed to Josephine from the prison of the Conciergerie, the night previous to his execution, of which I subjoin an extract, is an affecting testimony to the sincerity of his contrition for the past, and the amiability and worth of his wife: "Yet some moments to tears, to tenderness and to regret; then wholly to the glory of my fate, to the grand thoughts of immortality. When you receive this letter, beloved Josephine, your husband will have ceased to live here; but in the bosom of his God he will have begun to enjoy a real existence. Thou seest, then, there is no cause for mourning on his account; it is over the wicked, the insensate men who survive him that tears are to be shed, for they inflicted and could repair the evil. But let me not sully with their guilty image these last moments; I would, on the contrary, adorn them with the thought that, having been united to a charming woman, I might have beheld the years passed with her glide away without a cloud, had it not been that wrongs, of which I have been sensible when too late, troubled our union."

Quickly upon the death of her husband followed Josephine's own arrest and incarceration in the prison of the Carmelites—the shambles wherein a whole hecatomb of priests were slaughtered by the ruthless Septembrists—her crime, the unpardonable one of being the widow of a distinguished victim of the Terrorists. The Duchesse d'Aiguillon, La Cabarus, a young and beautiful Spanish woman, by first marriage Madame de Fontenay, and other ladies, were confined in the same place. Madame de Fontenay had been proscribed because, having acquired supreme sway over the heart of Tallien, the commissioner deputed to wreak the vengeance of the Convention upon the city of Bordeaux, she used that influence to mitigate the ferocity of decrees of which Tallien, but for her, would have been the ready and remorseless executioner. Of all the inmates of that gloomy anteroom to the guillotine, Madame de Beauharnais alone believed in the possibility of a happy deliverance therefrom. Her union with and the death of M. de Beauharnais had impressed her with the belief that the prophecy of the Martinique beldame was supernaturally inspired, and would be fulfilled throughout; and she excited the astonishment and ridicule of her fellow-captives by openly declaring her conviction that, so far from perishing by the guillotine, as they foreboded, she was destined to be Queen of France!

"You had better, then, appoint your ladies of honor at once!" exclaimed the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, in sarcastic rebuke of such, as she deemed it, ill-timed levity.

"I will begin, at least, to do so," quietly replied Madame Beauharnais; "and you, my dear duchess, shall be the first"—a promise thereafter literally fulfilled.

Warning that they must briefly prepare to bid farewell to life was given the prisoned ladies by a notice that they would, on the morrow, be required to appear before Fouquier Tinville; and still Josephine's superstitious confidence abated not in the slightest degree. Madame de Fontenay's last hope of rescue rested upon a more apparently reasonable basis. Tallien—whose indignation at the imprisonment of a lady to whom he was madly attached, and whom he was under an engagement to marry, was the main cause of his already tacit revolt against the Robespierre-Saint-Just-Couthon triumvirate of assassins—was permitted to see her at the prison-grate every evening; but no syllable unheard by the jailers was allowed to pass between them. In this terrible crisis of her life, Madame de Fontenay punctured a vein in her arm with a sharp-pointed piece of wood, and with the same instrument, dipped in the red fluid thus obtained, scratched upon a piece of cambric the following words: "My trial is decreed. If you love me, as you say you do, urge every means to save France and me." This scrap of cambric, folded up in a cabbage-leaf, Madame de Fontenay contrived to slip, unobserved, into Tallien's hand; and the safe delivery of that brief missive proved to be the turning-point of the Revolution. Tallien, resolutely setting his own life upon the cast, attacked Robespierre in the Convention on the following day, triumphed in the mortal struggle that ensued, and the Reign of Terror, properly so called, had passed away. The future Madame Tallien was the first of the Carmelite captives set at liberty; but a few days only elapsed before she procured the liberation of Madame de Beauharnais, and soon afterward of all the rest of her late fellow-prisoners.



THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE AND HER TWO COUNTRYWOMEN, MADAME DE MAINTENON AND MLLE. DE RIVERY, THE SULTANA.

Some twelve months must, in play-bill phraseology, be supposed to have passed before the curtain rises upon the second and imperial phase of the fortunes of Josephine, the opening scene whereof is the *salon* of Madame Tallien.

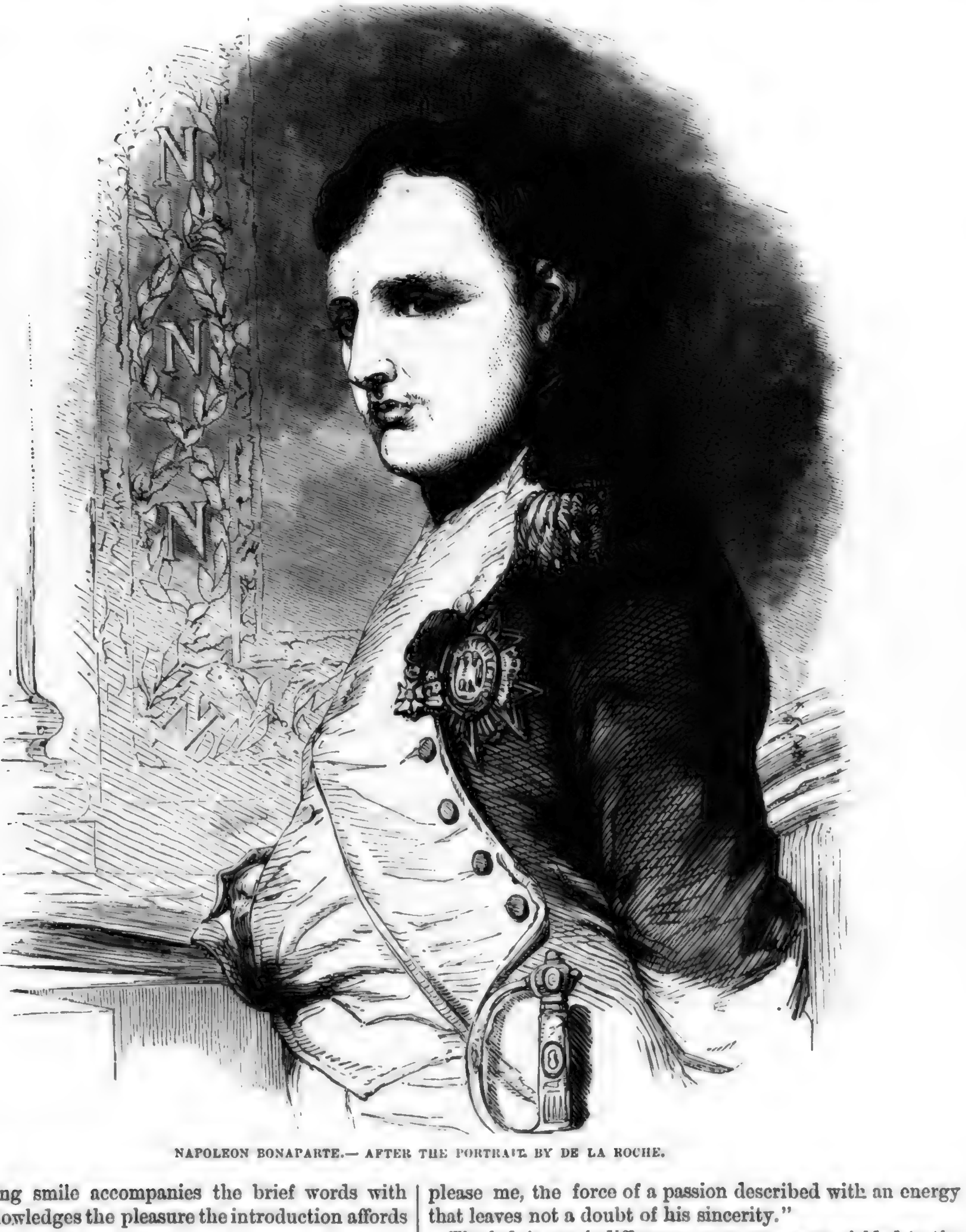
"Le General Bonaparte," that lady is saying, as she introduces the young officer, whose decision on the day of the Sections saved the Directory, and will, he hopes, procure him the command of the army of Italy—"Le General Bonaparte—my friend, Madame de Beauharnais, *veuve!*" The self-concentrated, saturnine expression on the officer's face, as his glance rests upon the charming woman thus presented to him, kindles with emotion, and a rare, singularly fascinating smile accompanies the brief words with which he acknowledges the pleasure the introduction affords him.

"My friend has, I think, made an important conquest," remarked Madame Tallien, later in the evening, addressing Barras and her husband in an undertone, as she glanced toward Madame de Beauharnais and General Bonaparte.

"Possibly," replied Barras, after looking for a few moments in the same direction, "though the General Bonaparte's serious vows will be offered, or I am greatly mistaken, at the altar of glory, not love."

Not possible only, but perfectly true—an accomplished fact. Bonaparte had conceived a vehement and genuine passion for the fascinating widow, to whom he a few days afterward offered his hand. Josephine hesitated—seemed rather frightened than flattered by the general's *brusque*, almost fierce avowal of tenderness—"even at what ought to please me, the force of a passion described with an energy that leaves not a doubt of his sincerity."

The lady's coy indifference or reserve soon yielded to the ardor of the fiery Corsican soldier, and in August, 1795, Madame Beauharnais became the wife of General Bonaparte. Fifteen brilliant years followed, during which the wife of the triumphant general—the lady of the First Consul—the crowned Empress of the French, won golden opinions from all who approached her or came within the range



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY DE LA ROCHE.

of her influence. We then discern the obverse of the medal—the divorce, the death at Malmaison, resulting less from physical ailment than from grief for the fallen fortunes of the man by whom she had been vainly sacrificed—amidst the jeers and yellings that accompanied the restoration of the Bourbon throne, destined to be again supplanted, and trampled upon, and by Napoleon the Third—the child-grandson sobbing with convulsive grief at the bedside of the dying Empress.

When the crown was placed on the head of Josephine, she burst into tears—tears which, scarcely five years afterward, she had sad cause to shed afresh at Fontainebleau; for there, when in October, 1809, Napoleon returned from his short but eventful campaign in Austria, he was meditating a divorce from her. She, the faithful partner of his fortunes, the ornament of his life, but the loving woman, unfortunate in sharing his throne, because she had given no heir to it; she, the Empress-Queen, of whom he himself afterward spoke as "the best woman in France," was too sensitive in her affections not to feel that all was not well between her husband and herself when, in that Autumn of 1809, she found herself again in his company at Fontainebleau.

Josephine was at St. Cloud when the tidings of Napoleon's return to Fontainebleau from the campaign abovenamed reached her; he traveled with such impetuosity that he arrived there before her; and when she came she had to seek him in the little library which he occupied, for he did not go forth from it to welcome her.

Soon after the arrival of the Empress Josephine upon that occasion at Fontainebleau, Count Lavallette, her kinsman, reached that place; and he it is who says:

"The Empress immediately sent me word to come to her apartments by a private staircase. I found her melancholy, and her countenance betrayed the effect of strong agitation.

"'Fouché has just left me,' she said, 'and would you think that the following were his words to me? "Madame, your Majesty must give France and the Emperor a great proof of your devotion. It is necessary for the Emperor to leave behind him children, the existence of whom may deprive the Bourbons of all hope of return. . . . You, madame, in this respect, are the only obstacle to the enduring happiness of France. Vouchsafe to consider that the peculiar position in which you are placed obliges you to make a great sacrifice to your own glory and to the interests of all. . . . Your noble mind will easily learn resignation. The Emperor will never dare to propose it. I know his attachment for you. Be greater even than he is great, and give a last token of devotion to your sovereign and your country. History will repay you for it, and your place will be marked above that of the most illustrious women that have ever sat upon the throne of France."

"'I was utterly disconcerted at this speech,' added Josephine; 'all that I could reply to so strange a proposal was that I would consider it, and give him an answer in a few days. . . . But does it not appear to you that Fouché was sent to me by the Emperor, and that my fate is already decided? Alas! to descend from a throne is no sacrifice to me! No one knows how many tears I have shed over it! But to lose also the man on whom I have bestowed all my affections—that is an act of self-denial to which my resolution is not adequate.'

"I shared," continues Count Lavallette, "the surmise of the Empress that Fouché had been sent to her by the Emperor; but yet that strange news surprised me as much as it did her, and I asked for some hours to reflect before I gave her an answer."

Prince Cambacérès declares that at this period Napoleon appeared preoccupied with his own greatness; that he had an air as though he were stalking about amidst his glory; and that there was a fiery haughtiness in what he said and did that made him (Cambacérès) politically fear for the future.

Others present then at Fontainebleau were struck by the change in the Emperor's countenance and demeanor, and by the fact of his appearing to seek distraction from some painful thought in the excitement of hunting, after the day when Josephine rejoined him. According to authenticated personal records of one of her Court present at Fontainebleau that day of her return thither, it was with something like sarcasm that Napoleon then greeted her, declaring that it was time she had come at last, as he himself was about to start for St. Cloud; to which she answered, in caressing French, which scarcely bears translation: "Mais, Bonaparte, c'est de ta faute. Tu nous fais dire que tu n'arriveras que demain, et tu arrives aujourd'hui. Comment donc es-tu venu? Ah! c'est toujours moi qui ai tort! C'est de ma faute!"

But when, addressing her as "Madame," the Emperor referred her to Duroc for confirmation of his opinion that he had given her sufficient notice of his intended return, and the conversation continued to bring discomfort to her, his Majesty perceived the pain he inflicted, for it was only with difficulty that she repressed her sobs, the fatal word *divorce* seems to have been momentarily forgotten by Napoleon; for he drew Josephine gently toward him, and, whilst a smile once more remounted to her lips, he said:

"Allons, c'est vrai; je suis de mauvaise humeur, aujourd'hui."

A flash of hope then once more irradiated Josephine's expressive face, and for the moment she seemed happy.

Two of the Emperor's ministers then arriving, Josephine, attended by two of her ladies in waiting, left them to work with him in his cabinet; but at half-past seven o'clock, just before the dinner hour, she returned, and by her appearance manifested how she had employed the interval in enhancing the charms of her person by the graces of the toilet. Her voice had regained its cheerfulness as, advancing toward the Emperor whilst he still bent down over his work, she said, archly, though with tenderness:

"Thou dost see that this time I have not been too long."

The tone of her voice roused him; and, after glancing at the little clock which stood on one of the corners of his bureau, he turned toward her, and, after looking at her with evident pleasure, he made a sign of approbation with his hand, and promptly answered:

"At all events, thou hast not made *me* lose time by waiting for thee. *Tu es très bien comme cela.*"

And even the ministers, while making their profound salutations to the Empress, could not fail to be struck by her radiant appearance, for round her slender form was drawn a *polonaise* of white satin, trimmed with swan's-down, and in her dark, luxuriant hair gleamed silver corn, mingled with blue flowers.

The Emperor rose, and presenting his hand to the Empress, they went forth together from that cabinet, followed by the Ministers, who were invited by their Majesties to join them at dinner. Later in the evening Josephine was observed by various members of her Court to have recovered all the graceful vivacity which distinguished her; and it was, if possible, with more than her usual charm of manner that she seemed anxious to address a gracious word to everybody in the brilliant crowd surrounding her that late Autumn night at Fontainebleau.

Not two months later, and the Empress-Queen Josephine had bitter cause to say to her consort, who then put her away from him, that which Marie Mancini said to Louis

XIV., "*You* weep, who are a monarch? And yet you suffer me to be torn from you."

Meantime a series of splendid entertainments took place at Fontainebleau; the chronicles of that period declare, "Theatrical performances, balls and hunting parties followed one another without intermission. Kings, Napoleon's allies at that time, came to visit him, for they had all some interest to discuss, or some thanks to offer. Besides the Emperor's own family, came the King of Saxony, the King and Queen of Bavaria, and the King of Wurtemburg. The Emperor replied most courteously to their requests, and everything announced for the end of Autumn the most brilliant assemblage of crowned heads in Paris; but hunting the stag seemed to be Napoleon's favorite pastime. His personal appearance underwent a great change at that time, although he was none the less handsome; and from being taciturn, he had become an abundant talker, always listened to with profound attention by some, with cringing docility by others."

And by Josephine, who at Fontainebleau felt that all this portended some great change to her, he was listened to with tears. She had wept, as before said, when the weight of a crown was first placed on her brow, and now she wept because, having brought forth no heir to that crown, she knew that another wife, another Empress, would soon be seated by the side of her husband on the throne.

The blow came at last. Napoleon announced what she had long nerved herself to hear. The fatal word, divorce, was uttered. The fortitude she had tried to gather forsook her, and she fainted, as he stalked moodily away.

After the divorce had been accomplished in all its legal technicalities at the Tuileries, in December, 1809, it was Napoleon who sought a refuge at Trianon, whilst Josephine repaired to Malmaison. The formalities of the divorce were concluded in the Emperor's cabinet at the Tuileries, in the presence of the Arch-chancellor, Cambacérès, and the whole Imperial Family, including Queen Hortense and Prince Eugène, the son and daughter of Josephine by her former marriage with the Vicomte de Beauharnais.

Notwithstanding his usual mastery over himself, Napoleon was profoundly affected; tears were in his voice and eyes as he read his speech, in the course of which he affirmed: "Far from having reason to complain, I have, on the contrary, only encomiums to bestow on Josephine, my well-beloved spouse. She has embellished fifteen years of my life; the memory of this will always remain engraved on my heart. She has been crowned by my hand; it is my desire that she retain the rank and title of Empress; but, above all, that she never doubt my sentiments, and that she always hold me her best and dearest friend."

In vain did Josephine strive to read her speech in reply. Tears streamed from her eyes; her voice was choked by sobs; but she nobly signified her concurrence with what she believed to be for the good of the State, whilst handing the paper to M. Regnault de St. Jean d'Angély, who, in her behalf, declared: "I owe all to the Emperor's bounty; it was his hand that crowned me. . . . the dissolution of my marriage will make no change in the sentiments of my heart. . . . I know how much this act, commanded by policy and great interests, has rent his heart; but we both of us glory in the sacrifice which we make to the good of the country."

Napoleon embraced Josephine in acknowledgment of this act of self-sacrifice—the greatest proof she could give him of her loving him more than herself—and led her to her apartments, where he left her fainting in the arms of her children, Queen Hortense and Prince Eugène, who owed their titles to their connection with him, and for whom he entertained a paternal affection.

The Imperial residences of La Malmaison and Navarre were assigned to Josephine. That night of her divorce she left the Tuileries for ever, and went to Malmaison; and on the morning of the following day, the Emperor went to Trianon, "where," says one of his observing followers, "he did all he could to accustom himself to live alone; but his thoughts were so full of the Empress that he sent messengers constantly to Malmaison for news of her, and I believe that, had he dared to do so, he himself would have gone thither every day."

During the first week after the divorce, the road from Paris to Malmaison was thronged by persons of all ranks, some of whom for a considerable time subsequently deemed it a sacred duty to testify their respect for Josephine, more especially as the due observance of this "sacred duty" was the means of insuring the favor of the Emperor. But after the marriage of Napoleon with the Austrian Archduchess, Marie Louise, the number of Josephine's visitors necessarily decreased; still more so after the birth of his son, the King of Rome.

The Chateau of La Malmaison was, in the time of Josephine, filled with choice objects of art, chief among which were some of Canova's admirable statues. Painters, poets, and musicians, owed much to the patronage of the beneficent Empress; not only did she lavish sums of money upon representatives of genius in various forms (sums much larger than she could afford after the period of her divorce, and the payment of which necessitated frequent acts of self-sacrifice on her part), but she rejoiced these gifted recipients of her bounty by invitations to La Malmaison, so as to give them an opportunity of displaying their several talents before the august company frequently assembled there.

When, therefore, it is said that Josephine was in debt at the time of her death, the fact of her boundless generosity to her household, and to everybody in need of help who came in contact with her, ought never to be forgotten. In the later days of her eventful life, her own amusement consisted chiefly in the cultivation of flowers, and these abounded in the conservatories and gardens, the beauty of which was proverbial at La Malmaison. In that abode there was one apartment held sacred by the ex-Queen-Empress, and this was the private cabinet of the Emperor, where everything remained as when he last dwelt there with her before the divorce so fatal to them both. In this room the historical book which he had last read there remained open on the bureau; an unfolded map last studied by him there, bore traces of his pen, which still remained near it, as though the ink, dry and encrusted by time, had but yesterday served to dictate his decrees; firearms once used by him still hung on the walls; here and there, as only just cast aside but to be re-worn, were articles of his wearing-apparel; and the armchair in which he once usually sat, and the woodwork of which bore many a mark of his penknife, stood as though awaiting him as its occupant.

Josephine would permit no hand but her own to clear the dust from these *réliques*, as she called them; and perhaps even more sacred than these to her was some hair, cut long since from the head of Napoleon, and which was enshrined by her in a glass case.

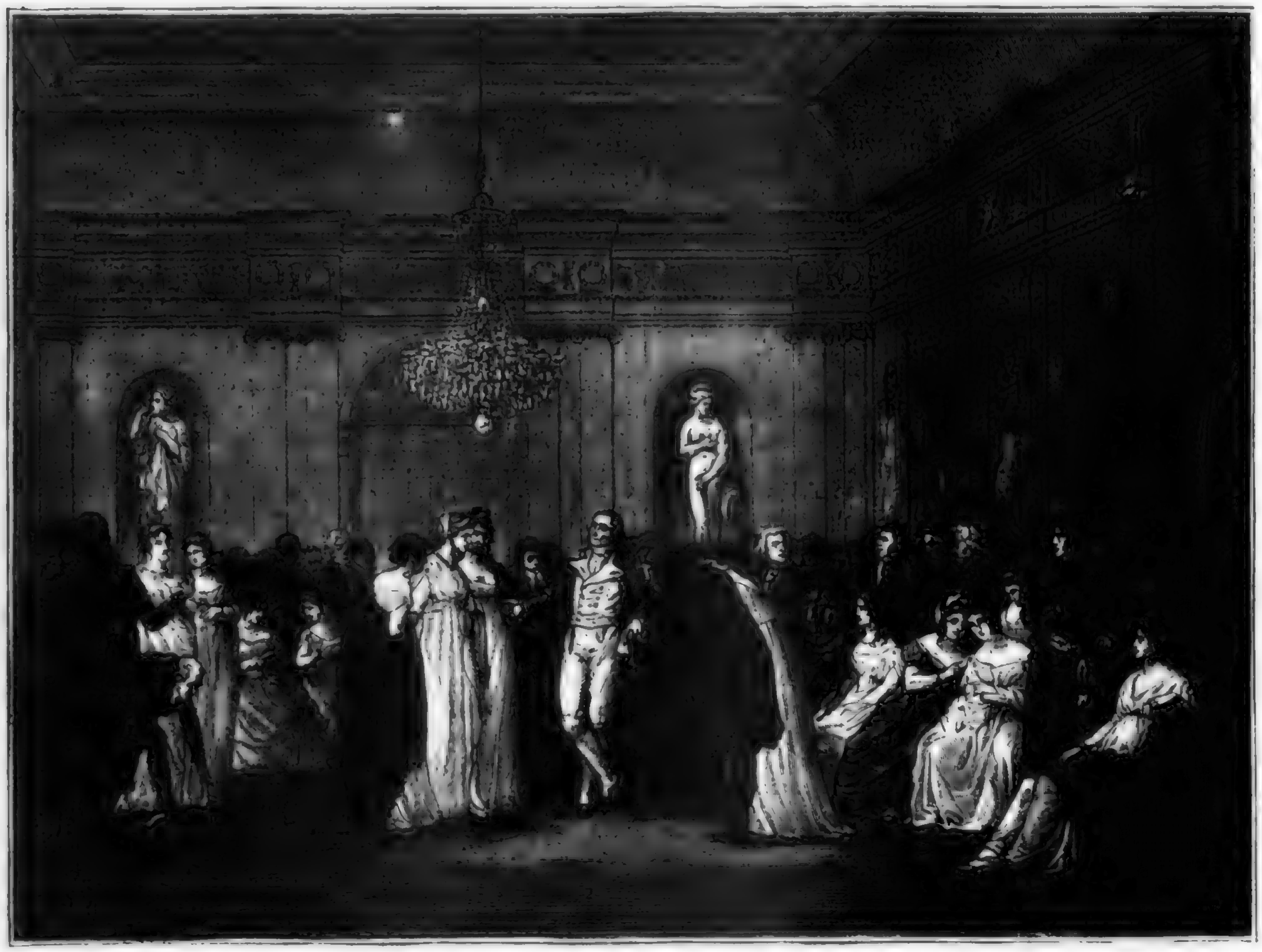
After his divorce from her, Napoleon was in the habit of writing every week to Josephine. The receipt of his letters always gave evident pleasure to her, but not so much so as did a visit from him; although, with a delicacy peculiar to herself, she received him, after his marriage with Marie Louise, in presence of her court at Malmaison. By a lady of that court the ex-Empress is described, upon one signal occasion, as conversing with the Emperor—her husband once, and the man whom she still loved devotedly—

in the garden of La Malmaison for the space of two hours. They were both seated upon a circular bench, placed within view of the *salon*, but far enough removed from the chateau to prevent the subject of their conversation being overheard. The Emperor at length rose, took the hand of Josephine within his own, kissed it, and moved away toward his carriage, which stood waiting for him at the park gate. Josephine accompanied him on the road to it, and when she returned to her ladies, they could not but observe the look of happiness which illumined her expressive face, a look for which she accounted by saying that she rejoiced to see *him* well, albeit at the same time she expressed regret that there was nothing she could do for "*cet heureux de la terre.*"

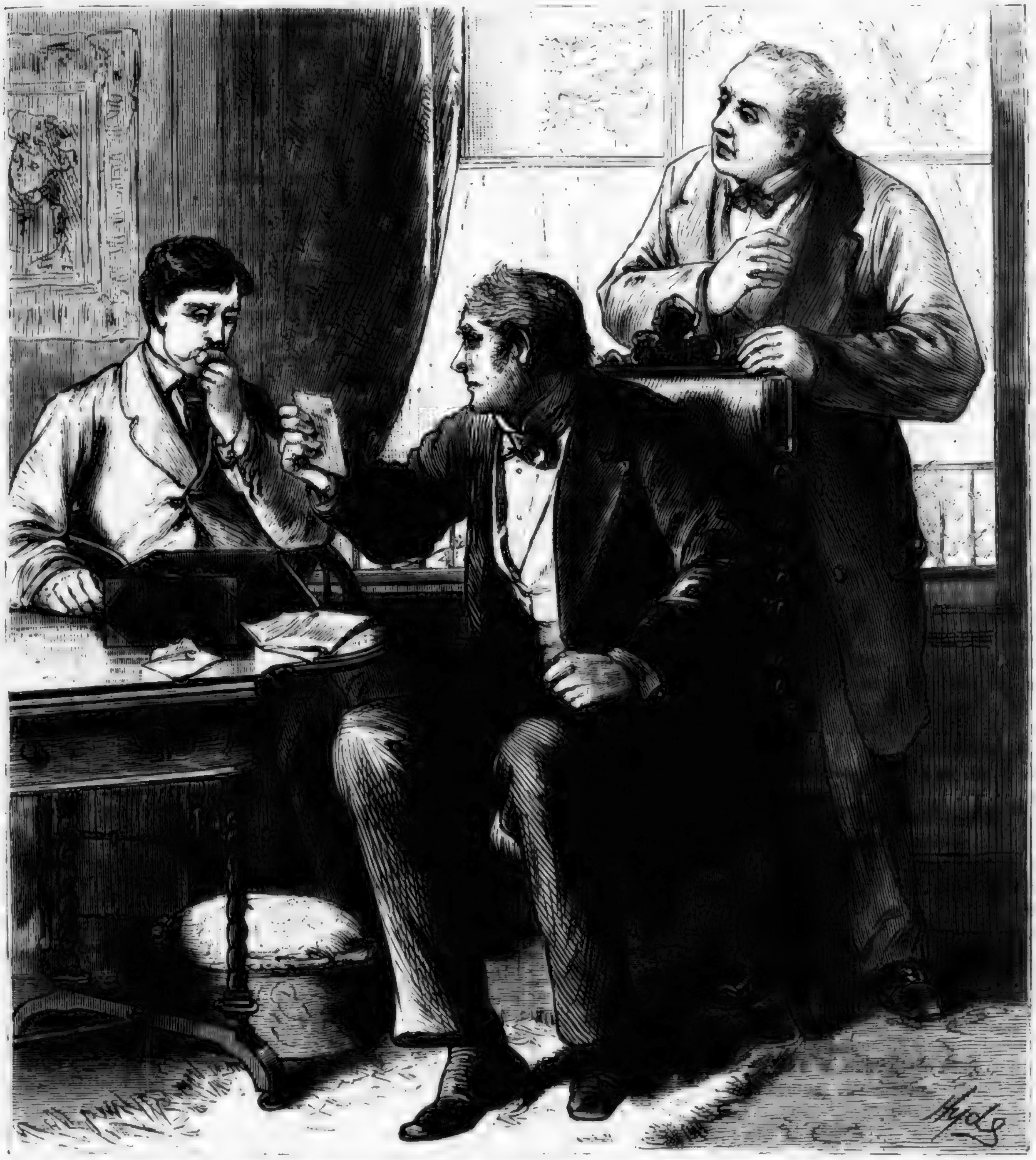
Little did she foresee at that moment that the memory of happiness and the fame of glory would soon alone remain to him.

Once Josephine held the son of Napoleon in her arms. The Emperor himself desired that this interview should take place, but it was not possible to repeat it. The child knew not at the time who was the beautiful dark lady to whose house he was taken, nor what was the cause of the tears she shed over him; but he was so touched by the impassioned fondness she displayed for him, that, clinging to her, he begged her to come and see him at the Tuileries. Of the pain this innocent entreaty inflicted on the sensitive Josephine, let those imagine who love as she loved—with a love that killed. She was able to bear her own sorrow for the sake of Napoleon, but she was not able to bear his sorrow, which by cruel fate she was precluded from consoling. His first abdication was her death-stroke; she did not survive to hail his return from his first exile. She was heartbroken at his fall. Had Josephine, in 1814, been in the place of Marie Louise, how different might have been the course of events! She would have hastened at once to Fontainebleau, where Napoleon—deserted by all but a few faithful friends—awaited his departure for Elba; "she would have flung herself into his arms, and never have left him to desolation and despair!"

Her last days at Malmaison were soothed, so far as possible, by the society of her beautiful and noble-hearted daughter, Queen Hortense. The marriage of Hortense with Napoleon's brother, Louis, King of Holland, was not a happy one, and the separation in which it eventuated left the daughter of Josephine at sad leisure to devote herself to her mother—to her mother and children—for the sons of Hortense (Louis Napoleon, since Emperor of the French, and his brother, who perished, when still quite young, in an Italian struggle for liberty) were with her at Malmaison.


THE SALON OF MADAME TALLIEN.

The Emperor Alexander of Russia was a frequent guest there. Although politically opposed to the cause which the Empress Josephine and Queen Hortense had most at heart, he proved his sincere regard and respect for both of them by the generous chivalry with which he insisted on doing all he could to alleviate their trials; but it was beyond his power to heal the broken heart of Josephine; and, fearing to shock the sensibility of her devoted daughter, it was to him that she confided her conviction that her end was fast approaching; although, wishing to save her daughter unnecessary pain, she strove to conceal the ravages of suffering by the arts of the toilet. To the last she smiled unselfishly on all around her.



NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.—"MR. HARRINGTON SNATCHED THE CARD, AND TORE OFF THE TISSUE-PAPER. WATERS WAS LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER, AND THEY SAW THE FACE OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL—MABEL JORDAN'S DAUGHTER."

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.

By Frank Lee Benedict.

CHAPTER I.

WITH A MADMAN.

Ralph Desborough stood on the pier, waiting for the arrival of the steamboat which was to carry him across Lake Champlain. When he first began his watch, there had been quite a knot of people to keep him company—nearly evenly and hopelessly wretched, as mortals have a right to be who are roused out of their beds at the unearthly hour of three A.M. and driven forth into the chill uncomfortableness which precedes the dawn of a September's day.

More than two hours had passed; the sun, no doubt, had been up a long time, but the only service he did was to show the depth and whiteness of the fog that covered the lake, reaching to within a few feet of the pier—here, looking like a solid wall, a little beyond like the entrance to some vast, mysterious cavern where lighter mists took weird shapes—surged up and down, and circled about like gigantic phantoms indulging in some mystic dance.

One by one the other passengers crept disconsolately to home or hotel, when they became convinced that the boat had kept serenely down her way on the other side of the lake, regardless of their misery, and there was nobody left but Ralph, a few fishermen, and now and then a straggler from the neighboring inn, with no motive, so far as Ralph could perceive, except to nod at the fog with an air of

Sphinx-like wisdom, then to stare at him with an expression of complacent contempt.

Ralph noticed that, unfailingly, each person shut up the left eye when he nodded at the mist, with a solemnity which suggested the probability of his being a dumb soothsayer saluting spirits invisible to ordinary ken, and that when the prophet turned to study him, the left eye opened as suddenly as if it had been a signal-light, and the right orb closed as unexpectedly.

Go back to the hotel, he would not; cross the lake by some means before the morning passed, he fully intended to do. In the meantime he wandered up and down, not nearly so pitiable an object as most human beings would have been in the same condition, for he was only three-and-twenty, with the comprehensive gaze of an artist, and the vivid imagination of a poet; and, besides these aids to keep his watch from becoming commonplace and tiresome, an all-absorbing dream, which had sprung up in his heart or fancy only a few days previous, and borne him company ever since.

Six o'clock pealed out from the town clocks. Ralph went in search of some breakfast, for even an enthusiast at that age must possess a good appetite, unless he is to remain all his life a mere mawkish, sentimental dreamer, with a weakness of brain corresponding to that of his stomach, and Ralph was a big, strong fellow, possessing as much superabundant bodily energy as he had metal.

Toward eight o'clock the mist began to lift. Ralph returned to the pier, and tried to find some fisherman to take him across, but not one of the amphibious-looking creatures would have anything to say to him or his offers.

He was standing quite alone on the pier, deserted even by the fishermen, who, it appeared to him, had found a satisfaction in their refusals, which increased in proportion to the anxiety he displayed. Somebody came up behind him; he did not turn his head, certain that it was only one of his tormentors, as he had begun to style them in his thoughts—either some boatman desirous to utter a fresh denial, or a waif from the stragglers, to inquire, in very nasal accents, if he was "much put out at not gittin' over, and if it was likely now to be a money job that made him so anxious?" and perhaps imply, into the bargain (as two or three persons had already done), that his great desire to get out of the State looked, to say the least, exceedingly suspicious.

So he puffed diligently at his cigar, and appeared absorbed in the contemplation of the mist, which, in the growing warmth of the sun, was beginning to heave and break, assuming each instant some new and more capricious form.

"Excuse me, sir; they told me you were trying to find a boat to take you across the lake. I am very anxious to——"

Ralph turned so suddenly that the sentence was left unfinished, and the speaker retreated a few steps, startled by the young man's hasty movement. A lady's voice, low, soft, clear, that had made Desborough wheel quickly round, and now he was face to face with a girl so beautiful that any man might have been excusable for temporarily losing his wits, and, to increase Ralph's bewilderment, he beheld the object of his search.

"I have found you!" were the words which rose to his lips, but, luckily, he repressed them; though his reticence arose rather from the fact that his heart gave such a bound of joyful surprise that his voice failed him, than because he retained self-control enough to keep back the exclamation which might reasonably have roused serious doubts of his sanity in the young lady's mind.

The surprised expression in the lovely eyes raised to his, helped to restore Ralph to an appearance of composure. He flung away his cigar, lifted his hat, and said:

"I beg your pardon! You wish to cross the lake, also?"

"Very much," she answered, with a little, grave, ceremonious bow, at once very dignified and very bewitching. "I came down at the hour for the boat, and again at six o'clock."

And she had twice been near him, and he had not known it! Dolt that he was, to have had no premonition of her being near, when, for three days and nights, sleeping or waking, he had dreamed of nothing save her!

But she was speaking still.

"One of the men yonder told me you were trying to find some person to take you across. I thought, perhaps, you would allow me to——"

"I'll have a boat in some way—I shall be most happy to offer you a seat," he broke in, conscious that not only had he interrupted her, but that his tone was much too eager to suit the circumstances, yet unable to check either words or eagerness.

"If you will allow me to pay my share, it would be a great favor to give me a place," she continued, quietly.

And Ralph could only bow again, able to think he was behaving like an idiot, but so filled with elated astonishment that he could not give much heed to his own shortcomings.

"I can get some one to take us over as soon as the fog rises," he said; "there are plenty of boats further down. I'll not try these fellows any more. But it is too chilly for you to wait here; there is a hotel quite near."

"Yes, I stopped the night there," she answered, and they walked back along the pier. Ralph's head was still whirling, but he managed to talk quietly enough of the weather, the unfaithful steamboat—any trifling subject he could find upon which two strangers might converse.

Neither noticed a man who had followed the lady on to the pier, stood quite close behind the pair during their short colloquy, and now turned when they did, keeping at a sufficient distance not to attract their attention.

The two young people reached the public house; Ralph conducted the lady into the parlor, and went off to the barroom in search of some person who could advise him how best to carry out his plan.

The man who had followed down the pier entered the barroom by the street-door, and was standing among the group of idlers gathered there when Ralph came in from the passage.

The bar-keeper was busy supplying the customers who, under one excuse or another—everybody had an excuse of some sort—were demanding spirits, and he proved elegantly indifferent to Desborough's questions. At last a bystander suggested that if "the young chap would go down toward Appleton's Wharf, he'd likely find what he wanted—there was sail-boats there for folks that was ready to plank the rhino."

Ralph hurried out—the man who had listened to his inquiries left the room before him and was on the steps.

"You want to cross the lake?" he said, with a slight Irish accent.

"Yes; have you got a boat?" demanded Ralph.

"I'm going as soon as the fog lifts a bit," was the answer.

Ralph looked at him—a tall, stalwart fellow, wrapped in a loose great-coat, its collar drawn up above his ears, the lower part of his face covered by a heavy auburn beard, and nothing remarkable in his appearance, except his unusual height and the strange glitter of the black eyes, which stared so steadfastly at Ralph.

"We are two passengers—a lady and myself," Desborough began to exclaim, but his listener cut him short.

"I know—I heard you talking to the bar-keeper. You offered ten dollars to get across—that's ridiculous."

"I'll give you fifteen if you will take us," cried the impatient Desborough.

The man gave an odd little laugh.

"I won't touch your money!" he cried, so fiercely that Ralph looked more closely at him, suspecting he was intoxicated; but he continued in a milder tone, "I am going anyway—there's room in the boat, and you are welcome to seats. I've some boxes and things, but they won't bother ye; only you'll leave your luggage to go by the steamboat to-night."

"Oh, of course! but you must let me pay our passage——"

"I tell ye I'll not take a penny," interrupted the man. "I'd sooner—I mean it's the pleasure of your company I want," he added, with another laugh. "Ye see I'm Irish, not a Yankee."

He nodded so pleasantly and spoke so naturally that Ralph put by his idea that the stranger had been drinking, and he reflected that the question of payment could be settled at the end of their brief voyage.

"Well, at least you will let me thank you," said he.

"You can do as you please about that, but it's always foolish to offer thanks in advance," returned the man.

"Come, you're a capital fellow, I am sure!" cried Ralph, in high delight at having arranged the matter. "When will you put off?"

"In about half an hour—come down to the next wharf."

"What is your name?" Ralph inquired.

"I didn't ask yours!" exclaimed the man, roughly.

"I beg your pardon—it was only that I might be able to find you."

"Since you'll see me myself—— Anyway, the boat's got her name painted on the stern—"The Arrowhead."

"We shall be there punctually," Ralph said.

The man nodded and walked rapidly away. Desborough went back into the inn and the room where he had left the young lady. She was moving up and down in a somewhat impatient fashion, and turned quickly toward the door as Ralph entered.

"I have found some one," he said, "but our luggage must wait."

"My trunk went over yesterday," she answered; "I have nothing but that satchel. I missed the boat just by a few moments—it is that makes me so anxious. I was expected at home last evening."

"We shall be across by noon," Ralph said. "I will just run down to the steamboat-office and see about my luggage. Then it will be time to go in search of our man."

"I—you have not told me what we are to pay," she said.

"Why, that's the oddest part of the business," returned Ralph, with one of his gay, ringing laughs. "The fellow refused to take a penny; however, no doubt I can manage the matter when we reach the other side."

"Refused?" she repeated, and Ralph fancied that her face expressed not only surprise, but a certain doubt.

"I assure you he did—sturdily enough, too! But we can settle it. I must see about my traps now—I shall only be a moment."

Ralph walked away upon air—the dreaming enthusiast! Rich, handsome, the imagination of a poet, and only two-and-twenty! Life had always hitherto given him whatever he most wanted; therefore, he was less surprised at the good nature of Destiny in arranging the incidents of the last hour, than an older and more experienced man might have been.

He was back again in a very brief space, but he had found time for the weaving of a vision so long that it would require whole pages to chronicle it, and the enthusiasm of his age to do the dream justice.

The two young people walked in the direction of the wharf where Ralph's new acquaintance had told him they would find the boat.

"There she is," Desborough said; "I can read the name from here, but I don't see anything of our man yet."

"He will come presently," the young lady answered. "The wharf is so damp that I think I will sit in the boat."

The sail was hoisted; the boat, fastened only by a rope, danced gayly up and down. Desborough helped her in, unstrapped a traveling-rug which he carried, and wrapped it carefully about her.

"It is still very chilly here," he said, in reply to some polite little remonstrance on her part; "but the sun is coming out gorgeously and will soon clear away the fog—it will be warm enough before we are half across."

"And it is such a lovely sail," she said.

"I have been down the lake in a steamboat, but I have never landed on the other side," Desborough observed.

"Ah! Are you going into the Adirondacs?"

"Possibly; but I mean to stop for awhile at Hillside."

"That is my home," she answered.

"I know it," were the words which rose to Ralph's lips, but he managed to keep them back, though had she been looking at him she might have wondered at the eager, joyous expression which lighted his face and brightened the great, brown eyes into sudden splendor.

"It—it is about ten miles from the shore, I believe," he said.

"Yes, quite up among the hills—such lovely views all about!"

"So I hear. I expect to get a fine lot of sketches."

"Ah! You are an artist?"

"I hope to be, some day," he answered. "There comes our man, I think—yes, that is he."

The young lady turned to look at the newcomer; but some movement of her hand dislodged a sandalwood bracelet from her wrist, and it dropped into the water. She leaned over the side, trying to catch the trinket before it could sink.

"Here we are, you see," she heard Desborough say; but no response followed—a nod as sullen as Charon could bestow upon some audacious shade impertinent enough to address him had been the only notice vouchsafed of the passenger's remark.

The lady was so occupied that the man had loosened the boat and stepped in before she raised her head, and when she found leisure to glance in his direction he was hidden by the sail about which he was busying himself.

"We are off!" said Desborough, turning toward her, just as she was holding up the bracelet.

"It dropped off my wrist," she said, in explanation. "Luckily it was light enough to float. I should have been so sorry to lose it. One of my little scholars gave it to me." Then, perhaps to make her sentence more clear, she added: "I have a school at Hillside."

"Yes, I know," Ralph said; and this time, before he knew it, he had spoken aloud.

The young lady gave him a somewhat surprised glance, saying:

"I understood that you had never been there?"

"But I knew about your school," returned he, "and I knew your name—Miss Mabel Jordan. I am quite a wizard, you perceive."

In an older man, the speech might have seemed a liberty; but he spoke so gayly, and laughed in such a boyish fashion, and the handsome face turned toward her was so sparkling with fun, that the young lady laughed too.

"May I introduce myself? My name is Ralph Desborough."

She bestowed upon him quite a stately little bow. In spite of her girlish countenance and manners, there was something about her which proved that she could be dignified enough on occasion.

"You have not told me how you knew mine," she said.

"You were at Manchester a short time ago?"

"Oh, yes; I stopped there several days with one of my pupils—I took her to meet her aunt."

"Yes, and you had your photograph taken. I saw it in the gallery, and they told me your name and place of residence," Ralph replied, then stopped suddenly, afraid of saying too much.

Ah, would the time ever come when he should be free to tell her of his search—of his inexplicable feeling that fate was leading him on—of the wild dream which had blossomed into such fullness of beauty but an hour since, when at last he met her face to face?

He must not think—he should say something that would disturb or annoy her. His head felt fairly dizzy; every pulse throbbed in unison. Oh, enthusiast of two-and-twenty, living over the old, old poem, which to him appeared so fresh, so new—the poesy of love at first sight!

"We are getting on very fast now," he said; and in his heart there rose a wish that the enchanted voyage had been across a shoreless sea.

"Yes," Mabel Jordan answered; "we have the wind in our favor."

The fog was clearing rapidly. They were already well out in the lake. The boat skimmed forward like a bird. Behind, the outlines of the Green Mountains were visible. The opposite shore was hidden; but away in the distance, here and there, a lofty Adirondack peak lifted its crest toward the clouds, effulgent with the morning rays.

A pause followed. Mabel sat with her head turned so that she could watch the peaks. Desborough respected her mood, and remained furtively watching her lovely face, content either with silence or speech—was she not beside him?

They had been a full half-hour skimming on before the light wind; the boat flew so fast that a broad furrow of foam followed in its wake; the tiny waves leaped and sang about; broad-winged birds floated overhead; the mist separated and thinned, became fantastic sails and pennons, and floated away up toward the clouds, taking rainbow tints in the sun, which was powerful enough now to make the air like Summer.

All this while Mabel had forgotten that she had not yet seen the boatman. She was roused from her reverie by Desborough's voice asking some question, to which he received no answer.

Mabel looked back now. The man was standing by the sail, his face partially turned away, his coat-collar hiding it; but something in his figure struck her. She gave a little start.

Ralph noticed this movement.

"What is it?" he inquired. "Perhaps your seat is not comfortable?"

"Yes—yes—perfectly," she answered, trying hard to speak quietly; but there was an odd tremor in her tone, and her eyes were still fixed upon the boatman, filled with eager questioning, in which positive dread was mingled.

"It can't be!" she said, half aloud.

"I beg your pardon—did you speak?" Desborough asked.

"No. How fast we are running! What a beautiful day it is!" she replied, forcing herself into composure; resolutely turning her head away so that she could not see the man, just to give herself a little space to recover from her sudden alarm before she looked again, to have the dread of verifying her suspicion, or the comfort of making sure that some chance resemblance had deceived her.

Desborough was speaking—replying to her hurried exclamations about their pace, and the beauty of the morning; she, endeavoring to listen—to regain sufficient courage to look again at the boatman—to learn the truth, whatever it might be.

"I am afraid you are cold—you are shivering!" Desborough said.

"Indeed, no—it is quite warm now. Perhaps I got a little chilled coming out so early."

Try as she might to speak naturally, her voice was so changed that Ralph looked anxiously at her, and saw that her face had changed too. The delicate bloom, like the tint of a wild rose, had died out of her cheeks; the beautiful mouth was set and pale, and her eyes had grown almost black with some sudden trouble.

"I am sure you are ill!" he exclaimed.

"Hush!" she said, in a whisper. "Speak to the man—make him answer."

Still with his eyes fastened on her, Ralph called:

"How long shall we take to get over if the wind holds?"

There was no answer—the man did not stir.

"He won't speak," murmured Mabel. "Oh, it can't be—it can't!"

"How long did you say?" Ralph called again. "I shall have to dub you captain, since I don't know your name."

The man turned his face full toward them, flung back the collar of his coat, and burst into a loud laugh.

"My name is Denis Challoner," said he.

Ralph heard the girl give a breath that was like a groan.

"Is the fellow drunk?" muttered Desborough, angrily.

"Hush!" Mabel Jordan whispered. "He is mad—he is mad!"

CHAPTER II.

IN HIS FRENZY.

THERE was a brief silence; Ralph had only imperfectly caught his companion's terrified whisper; he sat wondering if he had heard aright—watching the man's face, conscious of a score of thoughts, lightning-like in their rapidity, sweeping through his brain, but all with one source and aim—the girl beside him.

The man had ceased laughing, but he still stood with his eyes fixed on Mabel—eyes that blazed with a terrible fire from under the heavy, overhanging brows.

The rare courage and presence of mind which women so often show in the presence of unexpected danger nerved the girl now.

"Is it possible that is you, Mr. Challoner?" she exclaimed. At the same time an almost imperceptible movement of her hand signaled Desborough to leave the guidance of matters with her for the moment. "Your beard has changed you so much that I did not recognize you."

"It is Denis Challoner," he answered, quietly enough.

"I can scarcely believe my eyes," she continued, trying to laugh—bearing up so bravely that, even amid the whirl in his brain, Desborough was conscious of a thrill of admiration for her courage.

"Mine never deceive me," was the quick reply; and now there was a sort of sullen growl in the man's voice.

Mabel's lifted finger still warned Desborough to remain passive—he reflected that if the man was really insane, it might be that she, an acquaintance, could keep him quiet when any interference from a stranger would at once rouse his temper.

Ralph gave a quick glance toward either shore. Away at the back he could still distinguish the town—roofs and steeples shining like burnished gold in the sunlight. In front, no shore yet visible; in the further distance the Adirondack peaks rising more and more clearly—the boat speeding on, the birds and the white clouds sailing overhead, the waves laughing, the wind singing—all about so peaceful! Then to look into the boat anew—at the white face of the girl, the awful glare in the eyes of the man opposite. It was like a hideous dream; but he sat still.

Then he heard Mabel's voice again.

"Have you been long in Vermont?" she was asking.

"Not long," said Challoner.

"I—I thought you had gone to South America," she continued, still trying to speak lightly, still with that piteous ring, under the pretense of composure.

"I know you thought so," he replied.

Desborough's first suspicion returned; the fellow was intoxicated, not insane.

"You have not told me what time you mean to land us on the other side, Mr. Challoner?" he said.

"I know I haven't," was the answer he received. "I'll talk to you about that presently."

He began to laugh again, but checked himself—turned his head away, and stared out across the water. And the pair watching him could see his lips move, but no words were audible.

"Don't—don't speak!" Mabel whispered. "I tell you he is crazy! Leave him to me. We may yet get across safely."

For some moments the silence remained unbroken; Challoner stood gazing out over the sparkling waves. The youthful couple were covertly watching him. At length he seated himself, holding the rope in his hand and apparently entirely occupied with management of the sail. Suddenly he wheeled about and confronted the pair. His eyes were like two coals of fire. Again he laughed—such a low, dreadful laugh! Ralph felt Mabel tremble in every limb; he sat expecting some violent outbreak, thinking brokenly that he had no weapon within reach; wondering, half vaguely, what chance he should have in a hand-to-hand conflict—vaguely recalling stories he had heard of such encounters.

"A little more to the left—keep that sugar-loaf peak before you," said Denis Challoner, calmly.

"All right," Ralph answered.

Another silence. Suddenly Challoner said, half aloud:

"All right—he said all right!"

"I am making for the mountain," observed Desborough, hoping that it might be possible to keep the man's mind concentrated on some commonplace subject. "We are spinning along bravely, are we not?"

"We'll do better presently," returned Challoner. Then he addressed the lady again.

"So you thought I had gone to South America, Miss Mabel?"

"Yes; you told me you were going."

"I put it off—I put it off!" he said; and seemed for a few seconds to fall into a deep reverie. Then he roused himself.

"And you have had a peaceful time, Miss Mabel?"

"Oh, you know our little town is always quiet.

"When the wild Irishman is not there—your friend, Semantha Dawson, always called me that," he said.

"Did she?"

"You know she did!" he exclaimed, with such violence that Desborough started forward.

"Sit still, sir!" said Challoner, again subduing his voice, "else you'll upset us all."

"We should have a rather cold bath," Ralph replied, pleasantly.

"There's something colder than water at midwinter—do you know what it is?" demanded Challoner. "I'll tell you—a woman's heart!"

Ralph did not reply—a chance word might be enough to rouse his delirium.

"And you didn't expect me, of all people, to sail you across the lake to-day, Miss Jordan?" continued Challoner.

"Certainly not, as you may imagine! What a nice boat you have!"

"I bought it this morning—expressly to bring you out in," said he. "I came back on purpose to see you. I didn't want to come, but they told me I must. It was all made clear in a dream."

He spoke very quietly—like a person thinking aloud; his eyes were cast down—the lids vailed their fires.

"I—I am glad to see you," Mabel said, with a little gasp.

"Destiny! destiny!" he exclaimed, still not looking up. "Mabel Jordan, does it seem strange that I should be taking you to your home—taking you and your lover?"

Mabel laid her hand on Desborough's arm and kept him quiet.

"I never saw this gentleman until to-day," she said. "I met him on the pier, and——"

"I know," Challoner interrupted. "I heard your talk. I knew him—he had forgotten me, though. We were in the train together from Manchester. He dropped your picture out of his pocket. I picked it up. Once, when he thought nobody saw, he kissed it, and called it sweet names. Ha, ha! I saw! Going to his love. I knew, and I followed—ha, ha, I followed!"

Ralph sprang to his feet, and stood between the girl and the speaker.

"Sit down, sit down!" moaned Mabel.

The lunatic lifted his hat with an exaggerated affectation of courtesy, and said to Desborough:

"Might I request you, sir, to keep your seat? I suppose you don't wish to to give the young lady a ducking."

"No," Ralph said, fixing his eyes sternly on the man, "but I cannot permit you to talk in that way."

The maniac's glance sank under his.

"I'm only the Wild Irishman—don't mind me," he said; and he began to whistle in the most marvelous fashion. It was positively like listening to a concert of thrushes.

When he ceased, Mabel, still deathly white to her very lips, said:

"You whistle as beautifully as ever! I wish you would sing. Do let me hear 'Kathleen Mavourneen' again."

He sang—in a deep, rich baritone voice—sang with a passion and tenderness quite indescribable; his eyes fixed on Mabel's face—now blazing with a terrible fire, now misty and dim as if obscured by tears.

And the boat sped on. The birds circled overhead, the sun shone more and more gorgeously—the waters sparkled like a floor of molten jewels, the distant mountains loomed higher and more dazzling against the horizon. The long, picturesquely broken sweep of shore began to be visible—the outlines of the village. They were rapidly nearing their goal; another hour, less perhaps, would bring them to land!

If the madman could only be kept quiet! The pair glanced at one another and back at him; and he sat motionless, trolling out the measures of the beautiful old song.

His voice died in the last echoes of the piteous prayer; still he did not stir.

"I never heard you sing so well," Mabel said, softly.

She had spoken because she saw he was regarding her; yet, when she did so, he started as if her tones took him by surprise.

"I was forgetting—forgetting," he muttered; but the words were uttered so low that neither of the eager listeners caught them.

"Will you sing me something else?" Mabel asked.

"Why don't you ask him?" demanded the Irishman, pointing to Desborough.

"Unfortunately, I have no voice," Ralph observed.

"Too much voice—too much," returned the other, and began to laugh.

Mabel tried to laugh also; Desborough, from a wish to humor the man, joined in her merriment. In a second—a flash—with a bound as rapid as that of a tiger, the maniac sprang upon him, and dragged him into the bottom of the boat.

"When will I land you?" he cried. "Now! And I'll tell you where—down among the the fishes—down, down!"

The attack had been so sudden, that before Desborough could so much as raise his hand, the madman had flung him over and pressed one knee upon his breast. In falling, Ralph's head struck a box placed amidships, and for a few seconds he was so stunned that he could make slight effort to throw off his assailant.

"You'll never have her—never!" shouted the lunatic. "It has all come true—just as they told me in my dream!"

Ralph managed partially to raise himself—to loosen the clutch upon his throat, but he was unable to stir the weight upon his chest.

"No use," cried Challoner; "no use! The devils may lend you all their strength, but even then you are no match for me."

Mabel gave a faint shriek, but uttered no sound after that. She had been hurt in the onslaught made by the maniac, and the fall of the two men, under whose combined weight the boat had careened to one side, till her first thought was they were going over.

Scarcely conscious of what she did, she flung herself forward with all her force—a force to which terror added—and threw both arms about Challoner's neck, and fairly pulled him backward. The instant the pressure upon his chest loosened, Desborough succeeded in extricating himself, and got upon his feet. The madman lay passive in Mabel's grasp, looking up into her face with his burning eyes; only when he saw Ralph rise, he cried out in inarticulate wrath, and tried to push the girl away.

"If you touch him," she exclaimed; "if you so much as lift a finger, I will jump overboard and drown myself. You know I always keep my word, Denis!"

"I won't," he said, in a calmer tone. "It is over—a sort of fit. I've had them lately. I shall be quiet now. I'm not exactly crazy—just a little wrong sometimes, you know. I've noticed it myself lately; but once the spasm is over, I am steady enough again."

"That is all right," Desborough said, cheerfully.

Mabel was leaning back in her seat, white as a ghost. Challoner's eyes were fastened on her; but as Ralph spoke he turned his head.

"I hope I didn't hurt you?" he said. "I am sorry I frightened you, Miss Mabel. It's all over."

He spoke with so much calmness that had Ralph not caught the quick, demoniac gleam in the eyes which glanced toward him, he might have believed the poor wretch had for the time recovered sufficient control of his faculties, so that no further outbreak need to be dreaded.

"You are not frightened now, Mabel?" asked Denis.

"No," she replied, with a firmness which, even in the height of his fears for her safety, caused Desborough a strong thrill of admiration for her courage.

Heavens! If anybody had told him at this moment that he would live to look back upon this scene, and be forced to recall the bravery she showed as an additional item in the count against her—a proof that her nerve was steady enough to carry her through any emergency where her indomitable will had vowed to conquer!

"You are a brave girl, Mabel," Challoner said, looking at her with a smile.

"I am not frightened," she answered, steadily returning his gaze; "but if you want me to believe you, you must do what I wish."

"I will—I promise in advance."

"Go and sit in the bow. Mr. Desborough will steer; I can manage the sail—I know how. If I want your help I can call you."

"So you *are* afraid?"

"I told you I was not—I always tell the truth!" she exclaimed, imperiously.

"Yes," he said, "always."

"Do as I bid you, or I will not stop in the boat," she continued. "I tell you I will risk drowning—anything—if you do not go!"

There was no faltering in her voice—it rang out clear as a silver trumpet; her eyes never flinched—the madman's fiery orbs drooped under hers.

"I'll go," he said; "I'll go."

He passed over to the bow of the boat, and sat down—sat for some minutes, leaning his head on his hand. Desborough and the girl exchanged glances, but did not speak. The boat flew on; nearer and nearer loomed the shore, safety approaching with each instant.

Presently they saw Challoner wrapping a handkerchief about his wrist, and he said:

"I hurt my hand—it is bleeding. I think I cut one of the veins against something when I fell. So you would not have been afraid to drown yourself, Mabel?"

"No," she answered; "you know I would not. But never mind that—it is all over."

"All over—I'm quite right again."

He spoke faintly, still working at the handkerchief. They could see that it was already covered with red stains.

"Have you tied it up?" Mabel asked.

"I can't make the knot hold—I'm awkward with my left hand," he said. "However, I dare say I shall manage it presently. The old proverb, you know, says that necessity is the mother of invention."

Desborough moved in his seat, but a slight gesture from Mabel signaled him not to stir. Challoner kept his head bent, apparently too much occupied with his task to notice them for the moment.

'He is perfectly quiet," Ralph whispered. "The blood-letting has restored his senses for the time. We shall have no further trouble."

"But your going might irritate him," Miss Jordan answered, in the same carefully guarded tone.

Just then Challoner looked up and said, quietly:

"I can't fasten it. I shall bleed to death at this rate. I'd rather, than frighten you again, Miss Mabel—but won't you let me come there long enough for you to tie the handkerchief?"

He rose as he spoke, then staggered back into his seat, as if dizzy from the loss of blood.

"Sit still—don't try to move!" Miss Jordan exclaimed. "I will come to you—don't move, I say!"

The instinct of humanity held every personal thought in abeyance, and Desborough shared the sensation. The sufferer had turned so suddenly white and weak that their simultaneous reflection was, he had severed some important artery, and was dying before their eyes.

Mabel flung the rope within Ralph Desborough's reach, and made her way among the boxes to the bow of the boat. The young man sat still, watching eagerly, ready to spring forward if Challoner so much as stirred, but believing that the hurt had so completely restored his sanity that no danger was to be feared.

"You are very kind," Challoner said, as she approached. "I'm so sorry I frightened you, Miss Mabel!"

"That is no matter," she replied. "All we have to think of now is this cut you have given your wrist."

"It is so good of you to care, even," he said, in a slow, difficult voice. "I'm sure I do not deserve it." His eyes looked glazed and dim—half-closed, as if he were nearly fainting. "The boat seems as long again as it ought," he added, with a little effort to laugh.

He had, for the time, regained entire possession of his reason—that was the thought in the minds of the trio who watched him.

"Now let me look at this poor wrist," Mabel said, as she reached the place where he sat.

"Yes—thanks," returned he; then called in a louder tone, apparently making a great effort to do so: "Keep more to the left, Mr. Desborough—to the left! Haul the sail in a little!"

"Ay, ay, captain!" Ralph answered. "I'll manage well enough. Just you attend to having your hand put right."

He tried hard to speak cheerfully. Challoner's weakness was so evident that he could only recollect that each instant might be precious where the poor fellow's very life was concerned. Mabel bent over the man; the handkerchief bound about his wrist had less blood on it than she expected to find. She took the two ends and was drawing them hard together, when he suddenly caught her in his arms and started to his feet with a dreadful laugh.

"Your new lover shall never have you!" he cried. "You were ready to drown yourself—come, come! I swore you should not escape me; I came back on purpose—my love—my darling!"

The girl struggled frantically in the maniac's embrace, but did not even utter a sound.

Desborough let go the tiller and the rope, sprang over the boxes, dealt the madman a blow which sent him reeling, and seized Mabel as she too was falling.

At the same instant the sail flapped, the boat careened—the three went down, down into the shining waters.

A fishing bark at a short distance had witnessed the mishap, and the rowers made for the spot.

Ralph rose to the surface, still holding Mabel in his arms. They came up close by the boat; he strove to catch the tiller; he heard his own voice moaning:

"I loved you, Mabel—I loved you!"

The hurt he had received, and the suffocation from going under the waves, completely broke his strength. He tried to strike out with one hand—to swim. They were going down again—he realized that—going down together!"

Again he heard his own voice utter her name.

"Mabel, Mabel!"

Then a great darkness gathered, and his soul drifted off into the mysterious realm of insensibility.

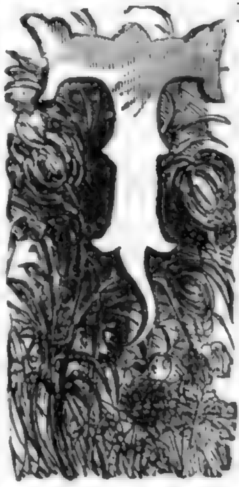
When consciousness returned, he was lying on a bed; several people were standing about. He raised himself and looked wildly around.

"Where—where is she?" he moaned.

"Safe—safe!" Mabel answered; and he felt her hand close softly over his.

CHAPTER III.

THREE WEEKS LATER.



THE brightness of a late September afternoon glorified the landscape; masses of red and amber clouds gathering in the west gave token of the approaching sunset.

In the middle distance, the Hudson shone like a broad band of silver, dotted with the sails of countless sloops that looked like vast flocks of white birds skimming over its surface. Now and then a great steamboat, puffing out clouds of dark smoke, appeared, and seemed to scatter the barks right and left, like some fearful antediluvian monster sweeping down upon his prey. Then came the sweep of towns and villages, fields and woodlands; then an indistinct glory of light and shadow, resembling the entrance to some enchanted sphere. Still beyond, the line of the Catskill peaks, so bright and gorgeous it would have been easy to believe them the upper portico of that magic world, leading into heaven itself.

On an eminence overlooking the beautiful scene, stood one of the oldest and finest country-seats the stretch of the river can boast. The house dated back to the Revolution, and had been added to by successive proprietors—here putting wings, there lofty towers, till, with the wide expanse of woodland which surrounded it, its aspect was so medieval that a wanderer from foreign lands might have fancied himself gazing at one of the castle-homes of England, rather than a dwelling belonging to the later architecture of our New World.

Along the front of the mansion spread a broad terrace—a noble lawn reaching to the steps; at the left, great flower-gardens; at the right, thick shrubbery.

An elderly gentleman was walking slowly up and down the terrace, leaning on the arm of a servant evidently still older than himself, though the man possessed an air of vitality which his master had lost.

This picturesque dwelling had been Ralph Desborough's home from early childhood, and the gentleman on the terrace was Gilbert Harrington, who had proved a second father to Ralph Desborough. A carriage appeared on the winding road which led from the gates.

"Who can that be?" said Mr. Harrington.

Old Waters looked, and recognized the person, who just then leaned out of the hack-window, waving his hand in salutation.

"It is Mr. Reeves, sir," said Waters.

"I thought he was still in the White Mountains!"

The carriage reached the terrace. The new arrival descended.

"Why, Charles, how do you happen to find your way here?" called Mr. Harrington. "I did not expect to see you for a fortnight yet."

The gentleman came up the steps; the two shook hands.

"I got back to town several days ago," Mr. Reeves said; "some business called me home. To-day I was at leisure, so I took the half-past three train up, but I never will again—I could have walked faster."

"You are here, at all events. I am very glad to see your face again," said Mr. Harrington, cordially. "You mean to stop the night, of course?"

"Oh yes, if you will keep me."

"Don't you want some luncheon? Two hours yet to dinner.'

"No, thanks; I lunched at my usual time."

"But a glass of wine, at least. Waters, Mr. Reeves will have some sherry."

"Ah, Waters, I needn't ask after your health," the visitor said.

"Looks fresh as a daisy, doesn't he?" exclaimed Mr. Harrington, laughing with such unusual heartiness that Reeves gave him a glance of surprise—a glance in which a certain pity mingled. "I really believe Waters means to blossom a second time, and come out an interesting youth!"

"It's enough to make me, to see Master Gilbert looking so well, isn't it, sir?" cried Waters, turning toward Mr. Reeves.

Waters had said "Master Gilbert" ever since the owner of the name was twenty, so he was forty years too old to change a habit which might have caused a domestic of the modern school to smile in scorn of his subserviency—certainly would have roused such an one's wonder, could he have known that Waters clung to the title from a deep, unbounded devotion to the man he had served so long that he had come to hold the position of friend, rather than servant, though the consciousness of this fact only rendered Waters, if possible, more thorough in the discharge of his duties.

"Don't you find him looking a great deal better, sir?" persisted Waters.

"Indeed I do," Mr. Reeves said.

"No thanks to you!" Mr. Harrington said, laughing again, "since you go wandering off on Summer tours, and never come near for more than a month—or Ralph Desborough either, the young scapegrace, following your example!"

Charles Reeves had tried to echo his cousin's merriment; but the laughter died suddenly on his lips when that name was pronounced.

"Ah, now, sir, you know Mr. Ralph could scarcely be persuaded to leave you," cried Waters. "You had quite to insist on his going!"

"Oh, of course nobody must hint that the boy is not perfection," returned Mr. Harrington. "Get along with you, you old goose, and bring the sherry! It is too fine to stop indoors, so we will sit here for a while, Charles."

Presently Waters reappeared, placed the decanter and glasses on a table, and left the two cousins together. They conversed for some time upon indifferent matters; but Charles Reeves, usually the stiffest, most ceremonious of men, was singularly unlike himself. He got up and sat down—moved restlessly in his seat—commenced sentences which he did not finish—asked questions, then began to speak of something else without waiting for an answer.

For a while Mr. Harrington made no remark upon the oddity of his cousin's manner, though it did not escape his notice, and his keen gray eyes studied the other's face with covert attention.

At length he asked, suddenly:

"Are you not well, Charles?"

"I? Oh, yes; quite well."

"Then what is the matter? You are not like yourself. I never saw you fidget before in your whole life."

"I believe I am very tired; I rather overdid myself up in the mountains—did too much climbing, I fancy."

"Oh," cried Mr. Harrington, "if a man will believe he is still a boy at seven-and-forty, he must take the consequences."

Again he laughed. Reeves had not in years seen him so gay. Once more that expression of pity flitted over his face, and was succeeded by a stern, hard look which his severe features could so easily assume.

"We must all take the consequences of our acts," he said, in an odd tone, which sounded as if he were unconsciously thinking aloud—as if his cousin's playful speech had roused some train of thought widely different from that which it might have been expected to produce.

"A man does not need to live to be sixty to find that out, though you utter the truism with as much severity as though you wanted to make a personal application of it to me," returned Mr. Harrington, still speaking in the same playful tone.

Usually the most suspicious of men—the readiest to anticipate disaster, he remained blind and deaf to all that Charles Reeves's words and manner portended—put it down to physical fatigue, and had no shadow of premonition that it arose from a mental trouble in which he had a share—nay, more, was so concentrated upon himself that Reeves's part was only that of sympathy, futile sympathy, too; since it was powerless even to soften the blow whose falling could not be delayed.

"Where is Ralph Desborough?" he asked, abruptly.

"I suppose encamped in the heart of the Adirondacks," Mr. Harrington answered, still blind and deaf—still speaking in that light, cheerful tone which cut Reeves to the heart. "Didn't we tell you?"

"When he wrote to me for you about a month ago, he mentioned that he was starting on his trip," Mr. Reeves said.

"Ah, well! He went up into Vermont—I had a letter. Then about three weeks ago I got a telegram from Burlington; he was going across the lake the next morning. He said he had written a second time; that letter must have failed."

"And you have not heard since?"

"Only by another telegram—just saying he was so far on his journey—hoped I had his letter. The telegram was dated—let me see—oh, yes, Hillside; I think that's a village up toward the mountains."

"Yes," Mr. Reeves said.

"Precisely! Well, he would make no stop there; I am expecting a letter every day; he is sure to have met some party coming out of the woods, and sent me news by them." Mr. Reeves made no reply.

"If the men he gives it to do not forget to post the letter," pursued Mr. Harrington; "people are usually so careless about attending to anything unless they have some personal interest in the matter."

Still Mr. Reeves did not speak.

Mr. Harrington glanced quickly toward him.

"I believe you are asleep!" he exclaimed. "Why, you have not touched your wine! Drink it, man, and see if it won't rouse you a little."

Thus urged, Mr. Reeves raised the glass to his lips, but sat it down again after having barely tasted its contents. He rose from his chair, took a few rapid turns back and forth on the terrace—came back—seated himself again—caught up the glass and swallowed the wine at a draught.

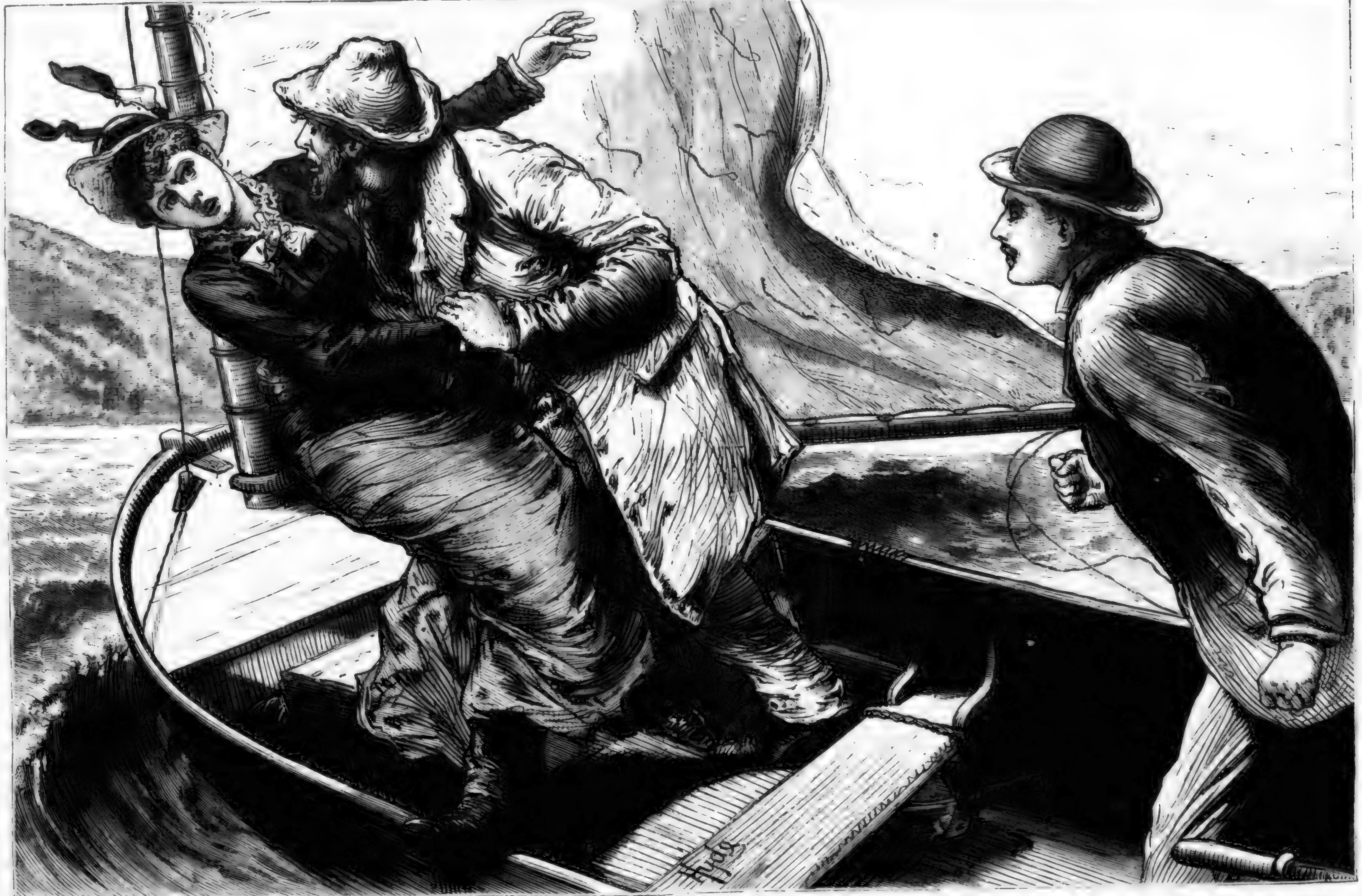
Mr. Harrington was watching him closely enough now, and his own face suddenly reflected the trouble and pallor visible in that of Charles Reeves. He leaned forward and laid his hand on his cousin's arm.

"You have not heard from Ralph—nothing has happened to him—— ?"

"I have heard nothing from him except that one letter——"

"Yes, of course—of course!" Mr. Harrington again broke in. "A nonsensical idea on my part—only you are odd, Charles, to-day—odd!"

He patted his cousin's arm with his fingers, as if beseeching him to speak and say that nothing was the matter, his



NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON. —" CHALLONER SUDDENLY CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS AND STARTED TO HIS FEET WITH A DREADFUL LAUGH. 'YOUR NEW LOVER SHALL NEVER HAVE YOU!' HE CRIED. DESBOROUGH LET GO THE TILLER AND THE ROPE, SPRANG OVER THE BOXES, DEALT THE MADMAN A BLOW WHICH SENT HIM REELING, AND SEIZED MABEL AS SHE TOO WAS FALLING."

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countenance all the while growing more agitated. Suddenly he called:

"You have bad news of some sort for me. Out with it, man! I am not a baby, that you should try to spare my feelings for fear I might whimper."

He spoke sharply enough now; but, stern as his voice was, Reeves's ear caught the ring of anxiety, and the face, fixed and hard as it grew, had a certain pathetic trouble in its expression which warned the visitor that, though the man's will might remain unbroken as ever, he no longer possessed the physical strength necessary to support a great shock.

But the tidings must be given. There could be no avoiding that duty, painful as it was—at least in Charles Reeves's case. His straightforward, but somewhat narrow, mind knew nothing about compromise where right and wrong were concerned—held none of the tenderness which might have made another err on the side of mercy, not only for the sake of the culprit, but for Gilbert Harrington's sake also.

"Are you deaf, Charles?" his cousin demanded, in his harshest tone.

The trouble had left his face; there was nothing but iron determination visible in it now. The deep-set gray eyes looked out from under their heavy brows with a cold fire like the gleam of steel.

"Some money loss, I suppose—I know of nothing else that could come. Well, it can't easily be ruin, either to you or me, and we must expect to take our share in the misfortunes which have been making a sort of whirlwind through the land for months past. Come—who has cheated us? what bank has broken? what railway failed?"

"It is nothing of that sort, Gilbert," Mr. Reeves said.

"Then what is it? Hang it, man, you know that even my sixty years haven't taught me patience! Don't try me too far!" Mr. Harrington exclaimed.

"Let us go into the house—into your library; one can't talk here," Charles Reeves said—firm as he was, anxious to have still a few instants' respite before he told his tale.

"Oh, I'll go wherever you like," returned Mr. Harrington.

He half rose from his chair, then sank back; and the lines about his mouth trembled a little in unison with the softened tone of his voice, as he added:

"Nothing has happened to Ralph?—you told me you had not heard from him."

"I have not heard from him," replied Reeves, with a certain emphasis on the closing words. "Take my arm, Gilbert."

"I don't want your arm—I've my stick. I'm not quite helpless yet," Mr. Harrington retorted; and the voice would have been fierce, save for the piteous undertone of anxiety which made itself audible.

Reeves turned to walk down the terrace toward the great doors which led into the principal entrance.

"I don't see any necessity of our walking a mile," called his cousin.

"Yes, of course—how stupid of me!" replied Reeves.

They were near the end of the terrace. A broad piazza joined it, and ran along the southern side of the house, where Mr. Harrington's rooms were situated. They passed into a hall which connected with the main corridor, and entered the library—a noble, great room, but too sombre in tone and coloring to be cheerful.

Mr. Harrington seated himself in his favorite easy-chair, near one of the windows. Reeves stood by a writing-table placed near the chair.

"Sit down, man sit down!" said his cousin. "Don't stand there looking so like a judge just ready to put on his black cap." Then he added, quickly: "Don't mind my crossness, Charles—you know I'm a captious old fellow, in these days."

Reeves stretched out his hand and laid it on Harrington's.

"If my conscience would allow me to keep silent——" he began.

But the other interrupted:

"It has to be told—no good trying to soften matters. Come, come, Charles—it must be some money loss? After all, it can't be so very terrible."

"There is a loss of money involved, but that is not the worst," Reeves answered.

"Well, what is it? Has somebody we have trusted proved a villain?"

"Yes."

"What has he done—stolen? forged?—what?"

The reply came slowly—with difficulty. It was plain that it required a great effort for Reeves to speak with even a show of composure.

"Altered two checks bearing your signature."

"What dates—how long since?" Mr. Harrington asked, sitting perfectly still, his keen eyes full on Reeves's face.

"The first was drawn some months since; the last one only about six weeks."

"They have been traced—you know who is guilty?"

"Yes."

"He shall be punished. You will not find me hesitate this time, Charles. Twenty years ago a man forged my name, and I forgave the villain. You remember the oath I took then?"

"Never to overlook a similar offense——"

"Ay, not if he were my own brother! That time the forger was Norman Desborough; who is it now?"

Charles Reeves turned away his head. His voice scarcely rose above a whisper as he answered:

"Norman Desborough's son."

There was an instant's silence. The table shook from the trembling of a hand laid upon it; but it was Reeves who displayed this emotion. Gilbert Harrington sat upright and unmoved as a figure carved from marble.

"You speak too low," he said, in a tone so cold and passionless that it was more startling than any outburst of grief or anger could have been. "Did I hear you? Ralph?—did you say Ralph?"

"Ralph!" repeated Charles Reeves; then his miserable pretense of calmness gave way, and he cried, brokenly: "Gilbert! Gilbert! I would rather have cut my right hand off than be the one to deal this blow!"

"I do not suffer," the strong voice replied. "Ralph Desborough—Ralph! My adopted—no, Norman's son—Norman's son! Well, Norman's son shall pay the penalty. Take care, Charles—take care! You wouldn't come here without a certainty. If another man had told me, there might be a doubt—I should not believe; but there can be no mistake—no shadow of a possibility of one."

"None, Gilbert!"

"Not that they passed through another's hands? that——" He did not finish the sentence. "You are certain—you have the proof—you are Charles Reeves! Well, go on—you see I can bear it—go on! Norman's son altered the checks—go on."

"When you paid his college debts you knew that George Nesbitt's confidential man of business was one of his creditors——"

"Thomas Sloane—yes."

"The check he paid to Sloane—paid it himself in Nesbitt's presence—wrote his name before them. You gave him a check for three thousand——"

"Which he told me was what he owed Sloane."

"It was altered to seven—and that was the amount he owed."

"I knew there could be no doubt since it was you who came to tell me—none. I told you so," the stony voice answered, while the upright figure sat rigid as before and the white face preserved its mask-like immobility.

"I have brought you Sloane's account—two letters Ralph wrote him in which the amount is named."

"Presently—we will look at them presently. Now the second check? I drew him one for five hundred dollars some weeks since."

"Altered to fifteen hundred."

"Presented at the bank?"

"No, to Nesbitt. It was done in this way. He stopped at the office to give George a message from you; was in great haste to catch the Staten Island boat, and meet some friends. Said he had a check to cash, and was afraid he should be late if he went up to the bank. 'I'll cash it for you, if it's not too large a sum,' Nesbitt said. One of Nesbitt's clerks was writing in the room, and remembers hearing the conversation."

"Repeat it."

"When Nesbitt said 'if it's not too large a sum,' Ralph laughed, and answered, 'Oh, I won't take more than fifteen hundred out of you to-day. You'll not have to wrong any of your superabundant widows and orphans to spare me that."

Reeves paused, moistened his lips with his tongue—they felt hot and parched. Each word hurt him in the utterance as if it had been a leaden weight in his throat. But there was no show of emotion in the face that watched him—no movement of the rigid frame, save a slight, imperious gesture, which bade the speaker continue.

"Then Ralph thanked Nesbitt, took the money and hurried off. The clerk remembered it all very clearly, from the fact of Ralph's forgetting his gloves and stick, and Nesbitt's telling him to run after Mr. Desborough and give them back."

"That makes the second clear. Is there anything else?"

"That is all."

"Now show me the letters—I mean the letters to Sloane."

Mr. Reeves took a note-case from the breast-pocket of his coat, and laid an envelope on the table.

"I have Sloane's accounts, too——"

"I don't need to look at them—the letters are what I want."

He opened the epistles and read them in turn. In each the sum Desborough owed Thomas Sloane was mentioned—seven thousand dollars.

Mr. Harrington put the letters back in the envelope, and sat motionless again.

"Gilbert, don't take it like this—you frighten me! Say something—I know what a blow it is!" cried Reeves.

"I do not suffer—I told you so," he answered.

"I feel it all the more—this being the one to tell you; because it was always difficult for me to believe in Ralph——"

"Norman's son! I know—when he was a a child, and I took him in, you warned me that he was Norman's son. Well, well! So you found it out—it was a bold stroke even for a fellow with Desborough's blood in his veins! Ha, ha! I suppose he thought if exposure ever came, the old man would forgive him—a weak old man, who was fond of the tiger's cub!"

There was something inexpressibly dreadful in the low, mirthless laugh, which did not even perceptibly stir his white lips.

"He must have believed himself perfectly safe—he had every reason to do so," Reeves said, hurriedly, speaking rather to escape that awful sound than because his explanation was necessary. "When I found out about his college debts and felt bound to tell you, and he made his avowal and set things right with you——"

"And kissed me in his gratitude as if I had been an old woman," interrupted Mr. Harrington. "How he must have laughed in his sleeve to think how easily he could deceive the half-paralyzed old fool! Yes—well, Charles, well?"

"You told me in his presence that you were satisfied—that no word was ever to be spoken about the matter."

"Just so—the old fool did that."

"So it was only by accident that I knew the sum he told you he owed Sloane—three thousand dollars. I was on the veranda; I thought you had done talking; I came up just in time to hear that. Then I discovered you had not finished and went away."

"So, after all, the trick was not a shallow one—it was deep enough to be worthy of Norman's son! I see—he knew that I never looked at any of the accounts with Nesbitt. They would go through your hands at the semi-annual examination and you, knowing Sloane was one of his creditors, would think it all right."

"As I should, if I had not happened to hear the amount named by you."

"How long have you known?"

"Only a few days. I wanted to stop longer at Gorham, and I wrote Nesbitt to send me the schedules and balance-sheet. It is a mere form, anyway—looking it over——"

"And you came upon the money paid Sloane."

"Gilbert, even then I should have kept it to myself. I should have let Ralph know that I had found him out. But if he showed penitence I would have spared you——"

"Penitence from Norman's son!"

"But when I discovered that he had been guilty a second time, for you had told me that he must have five hundred for his Summer trip—then it became impossible for me to keep silent, if only for the mad fellow's own sake—he might have been led on to villanies where even we could not have protected him."

"Protect Norman's son!"

"As you will, Gilbert; at least that you will do!"

"Who knows of this beside ourselves?" Mr. Harrington asked, as if he had not heard Reeves's sentence.

"George Nesbitt and Sloane. It had to come out. The clerk, of course, knows nothing, As for George—well, Gilbert, he was not surprised! It seems he knew something of Ralph's goings on. He said very little; you know how careful he is—how loath to speak or believe ill of anybody."

"Oh yes, yes; George is sincere enough in his pious ideas. I've not known him thirty years without finding that out. Well, well, Charles, it is all said—there's nothing more? Don't stop indoors any longer; go out and look at the sunset—I'll see you at dinner."

Reeves rose from his seat, but stood hesitating, anxiously studying the countenance turned full upon him, cold and immovable as ever.

"I don't like to leave you, Gilbert," he said; "your very composure troubles me—don't be vexed!"

"Why should I be vexed? I understand—you are afraid I shall fall in a fit or have a second stroke. Don't be alarmed, Charles Reeves—don't be alarmed! I have to live—to keep my faculties; I've some work to do yet—work to do! And when I die, it won't be from grief for Norman Desborough's son, trust me!"

"No, you'll not die; you are strong enough to last years yet. It's not that. But I know—I suffer enough myself to know what you must feel!"

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"It is false, sir—it is false!" exclaimed the old man, smiting the table with his clinched hand. "I don't suffer! I feel nothing, sir—not even surprise—Norman's son! I don't even wonder at my past folly and blindness. In one way or another I have been a blind fool all my days! I think my eyes are opened now. I think for the rest of the life that remains to me I shall keep them so! I have had a good many illusions in these years; they went, one after another—this was the last; it had a fine object, Norman Desborough's son! Why, wherever he is, Norman must laugh; but he can't have the satisfaction of seeing me grieve—no, no, he can't have that—he did once! When he stole Nora he knew he cut me to the heart; but now, now—oh, it is very different now!"

He rose from his chair and stood erect; the face was like the face of a three days' corpse, yellow, shrunken; no sign of life save in the fiery eyes; the very voice sounded dead!

"Gilbert, Gilbert!" his cousin cried, in terror.

The old man looked at him with an awful smile.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I was rude to you just now, Charles Reeves—I beg your pardon. I am an impatient creature, you know—I have been all my life. You'll excuse me, sir, I hope."

He tottered slightly. Reeves stretched out his arm to support him, saying:

"Sit down, Gilbert—sit down!"

"I told you I did not want help," returned Mr. Harrington; "I don't want advice, either.

"Only rest a little—let me get you some water."

Harrington passed his right hand impatiently across his forehead, with a movement as if brushing away something which obscured his sight—that terrible smile still on his lips.

"I shall ask you to leave me alone for a little," he said, with slow, laborious courtesy. "I always like to think matters over, when any news comes suddenly upon me, and I have a good deal to do."

"Don't try to think yet, Gilbert; there is plenty of time," pleaded Mr. Reeves.

"Plenty of time," his cousin repeated; "plenty! Old and foolish; isn't that the expression? Not in my case—not in mine! I have been a fool all my life, but just now, in my age, I am coming into full possession of my reason; a little late, maybe—a little late; you may have noticed, Charles Reeves, that the good things of this world usually come so. But in this instance one can say, better late than never! Go and walk, Charles—we shall meet at dinner."

Some further hesitating words of expostulation rose to Mr. Reeves's lips, but they were checked by a knock at the door; then it opened quickly, and old Waters hurried in, exclaiming:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but there's a letter from the boy—from Mr. Ralph, sir! It must be the one that missed, for it is postmarked three weeks back——"

"Norman's son—Norman's son!" broke in that strange, unearthly voice, and now the stony figure turned slowly toward the speaker. "A letter, Waters—a letter from the forger! Go your way, sir—go your way! Even after all these years in a respectable house, you have not learned how to conduct yourself in the presence of gentlemen!"

"Master Gilbert! Master Gilbert!" the old servant groaned.

"Who calls—who calls?" Mr. Harrington muttered, putting out his hands like a blind person trying to feel his way; then with one long, gasping breath, tottered, and would have fallen to the floor had not Charles Reeves caught him in his arms and pushed the dull, heavy body back into the chair.

CHAPTER IV.

"MABEL'S DAUGHTER"

AT first the two men thought the attack was a second stroke of the paralysis which had smitten Gilbert Harrington a year previous—slight then, but any return of which the physicians had declared would prove fatal.

Waters was hurrying away for assistance. Mr. Reeves said, suddenly:

"Don't call anybody—he has only fainted. Bring a glass of water."

A decanter and goblets sat on a console. Waters filled a tumbler with water and brought it to the table; and while Mr. Reeves supported the insensible man's head, he bathed the icy forehead and tried to force a few drops between the tight-set lips.

At length Mr. Harrington opened his eyes. The two bending over him watched anxiously to see if he could move easily. He put up both hands and waved them back. His first words made it plain that there was no wandering in his mind, no difficulty in recalling the thread of thought which had been so rudely broken, though the fainting-fit had lasted for many moments.

"You brought a letter, Waters," he said.

"Yes, sir—from Mr. Ralph. Where did I put it? I——"

"From Norman Desborough's son! Don't let me ever hear that other name in this house!" interrupted Mr. Harrington."

"Master Gilbert! Master Gilbert!" exclaimed the old man, glancing from Mr. Harrington toward Reeves, with a look of troubled question in his face.

"Have the goodness to be quiet. Have you found the letter? Do you mean to give it to me, sir?"

Waters had dropped the missive upon a chair when he ran forward to aid Mr. Reeves in succoring his master. In his distress and astonishment he could not remember what he had done with the epistle. Gilbert Harrington repeated his command in a still more excited manner. Just then Reeves fortunately perceived the letter, and pointed it out to Waters. The servant snatched up the little silver tray on which the envelope was lying, and placed it upon the table beside Mr. Harrington.

"Here it is, sir—here it is!" And before he knew what he was saying, he continued: "Mr. Ralph has——"

His master silenced him by a stern glance, and pointed to the door; but before Waters reached it, he called:

"Since you are here, stop a moment. No time like the present for making everything clear. You seem dull to-day. I think I can make you understand what I mean—I think I can."

"Pray do not excite yourself any more, Gilbert," said Charles Reeves.

"I thank you, sir—I thank you. I'll finish this business once for all, if you please," was the answer. "You, Waters! We have hung together a good many years now, but I want to tell you that if ever again you speak that name in my hearing—the name of Norman Desborough's son—or if by word of mouth or written communication you hold any intercourse whatever with its owner, that hour you and I part for ever. I swear it, Waters; and you know I always keep my oath."

"Master Gilbert!" the old servant exclaimed. "My God! Mr. Reeves, do you hear him? What does he mean?"

"I mean," replied Mr. Harrington, in the same chill monotone voice, that seemed to give a double significance to the terrible words, whose passion was so strangely at variance with the icy tone in which they were uttered, "I mean that, like his father before him, Norman Desborough's son is a forger—a thief—a villain, who shall pay the penalty of his crimes in the penitentiary if ever he dares to cross my path again. Now do you understand, Waters?"

For an instant after the voice ceased, Waters stood as if rooted to the ground; then he started forward with one arm lifted menacingly, his face white as Harrington's own, his whole frame shaking with emotion.

"I don't believe it!" he cried; "I don't believe it! I wouldn't if an angel came down out of heaven and swore it!"

"He won't believe!" exclaimed Mr. Harrington, with another low, mocking laugh; "he won't believe me! He has lived so long in my service, this old Waters, that he has grown as dull a fool as his master."

"You've done it—you brought the story—I know you did!" groaned Waters, turning fiercely toward Charles Reeves. "You always hated our boy—always—you wanted to think ill of him—you—— Oh, I don't know what I am saying—I—— But it isn't true! Master, master, I tell you it isn't true! I wish I'd died—yes I do!—I wish I'd fallen dead on the threshold as I came in, rather than lived to listen! Master! master! Mr. Reeves! oh, Mr. Reeves! speak to him—say it isn't true!"

He sank into a chair that stood near, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed aloud—those terrible sobs of age which cannot bring the relief of tears.

Mr. Reeves did not, as most witnesses of such a scene would have done, attempt expostulation. His quick intuitions told him that this very outbreak on the part of his old servant might help to rouse Harrington from the sort of frozen passion whose effects Reeves dreaded all the more on account of its unnatural composure.

But even Waters's stormy grief, the broken exclamations he strove to utter through his sobs, brought no show of emotion into Mr. Harrington's face; it looked vacant and mask-like as ever; no mist softened the stern, fixed glare of his eyes.

Presently he said:

"If you will break your heart, Waters, you must. I'm sorry for you! I do not need to be sorry for myself, but I am sorry for you, Waters."

"Oh, Master Gilbert, it isn't true!"

"Come here. Read these letters—you know his writing; it is better you should be convinced; you'll not suffer then any more than I. Read, I say, read!"

Waters rose and came forward, trembling as if a sudden palsy had shaken him; he looked positively years older than the vigorous, hale old man who, an hour before, had walked beside his master upon the terrace.

Mr. Harrington caught up the letters which Charles Reeves had brought; struck them open with his hand, and held out the pages, pointing with steady finger to certain lines. Waters stooped to read; a sudden weakness came over him, he sank on one knee, supporting himself against the arm of the chair.

"I can't see, Master Gilbert," he faltered; "I'm sick and blind! Read it to me if you will; but I don't believe it—I don't believe it!"

Mr. Harrington read Ralph Desborough's avowal of a debt of seven thousand dollars to Thomas Sloane.

"You hear," he added. "Well, the check I gave lies yonder. It was for three thousand when it left my hands; it is for seven on that paper! It went straight from that forger to Sloane, and George Nesbitt is the witness; even you won't doubt him, I suppose."

Waters kept his head bent upon the arm of the chair while his master read, and while he uttered those stern words after.

"It's like some awful dream," Waters muttered, still without lifting his face, when the cold voice ceased. "I can't believe, Master Gilbert—oh, I can't believe! Anyway, remember how young he is; maybe there was temptation we don't dream of. Have mercy on him, Master Gilbert!"

"I shall not expose him—not put him in prison, if that is what you mean."

"Of course not—I knew you would not," Waters said.

"Unless he troubles me in the future; if he ever does that he will have to bear the consequences of his crimes."

"Ah, but if you would have mercy—I meant that—and he is so young; we love him so, you and I, Master Gilbert."

"See him again, you mean, Waters?"

"Ay—hear his story, the reasons——"

"Get up, Waters," Mr. Harrington said, in a tone full of pitying scorn; "you have grown more childish than I supposed. Get up, my good fellow."

But Waters did not stir.

"We love him so, you and I, Master Gilbert!" he murmured.

"Speak for yourself, Waters! No, this blow—I confess it is one—convinces me of a fact that I have often suspected. Down at the bottom of my heart I never loved Norman Desborough's son—never! Why, if I had, this would go far to kill me; and you see how calm I am. No, Waters, I never loved Desborough's son."

The old servant struggled to his feet, looked at his master with eager, imploring eyes, cast a glance of defiance at Charles Reeves, and cried out:

"After all, I don't believe it! I tell you I don't believe he did it!"

"Growing quite childish, this old Waters," Mr. Harrington said, in his turn glancing at Reeves. "He always had more heart than head, anyway."

"I say I don't believe it!" repeated Waters. "Maybe it sounds impertinent, Master Gilbert, but I don't need to tell you that I don't mean to be; but I must speak. Why, if I was to die without having done that duty, I couldn't rest in my grave."

"Very well—speak and be done," Mr. Harrington said, wearily; "but remember, it is the last time you must ever pronounce his name—the name of Desborough's son—in my hearing! Should you do it again, I would drive you out if I were dying! Now, what do you want to say?"

"I say he ought to be sent for—our Ralph—I *will* call him so this once if you kill me!" cried the old man. "Send for him—tell him—give him a chance to explain."

"I agree with you, Waters," said Charles Reeves, who had not before broken silence. "You think me hard—maybe I am; but, dear old man, I would have given my heart's blood to prove his innocence."

"Yes, I know. Mr. Charles, I don't doubt you after all these years!" exclaimed poor Waters, with a sob.

"Explain?" repeated Mr. Harrington. "Charles Reeves, have we proofs—ample, certain, indisputable, or not, of Ralph Desborough's guilt?"

He pointed to the letters and the check.

"We have indisputable proofs," Reeves answered, slowly.

Waters cried out as if the words had been a knife in his heart.

"You have settled the question," Mr. Harrington said. "Nay, I need not seem to cast any onus upon you—Fate has been too strong for Ralph Desborough—the truth has come to light!"

"Gilbert——"

"Master——"

The two listeners spoke at once. Mr. Harrington held up his hand.

"Not a word more from either!" he pronounced. "I shall communicate with this wretched young man. Not a word, I say. Remember, from this moment Ralph Desborough is dead where we are concerned! Take good heed, both of you, that you do not forget my command, for the hour that either transgresses, he will never see my face again."

There was a brief silence, and Waters trembled so Mr. Reeves had to support him.

"You had better go to your own room, old friend," said Mr. Harrington. "Send one of the men here—somebody must take the next train to town. Who shall it be, Waters?"

"James, I suppose, sir," Waters answered, in a weak, broken voice.

"You want to know what for, both of you," said Mr. Harrington. "Why, to bid the lawyer come up to-morrow and alter my will."

"Oh!" shuddered Waters.

Mr. Harrington gave him an irritated glance.

"Sit down," said he; "you can go presently."

He took a bunch of keys from his pocket, selected one, and gave it to Mr. Reeves.

"Open the secretary there in the corner, Charles—bring me the japanned box that sets in it."

His cousin obeyed in silence; returned with the box and placed it on the table. Mr. Harrington took another key, opened the box, drew out a folded paper, glanced at the hearth, where a fire always burned since his illness, save in the hottest Summer days. He rose from his chair, walked to the chimney; neither of the men watching ventured to break the silence. He stirred the brands into a blaze, thrust the folded paper down into the heart of the flame. It crackled and hissed like the complaint of some sentient creature suffering torture.

When the blackened tissues flew up the chimney, he turned away, saying:

"Even if I were to die this night, I am safe from Norman Desborough's son. Waters, ring the bell for the man. Tell him to be ready to take the seven o'clock train to town. I will write a note to the lawyer."

As Walters moved from the table against which he had been leaning, he knocked off the little salver whereon lay, the letter he had brought in—forgotten by them all.

"Master Gilbert," he faltered, "the letter, you know! Would—would you read it?"

"Read it? Of course!" He returned to his chair, and took the letter, saying, as he opened it:

"I consent, for this reason. Even you, my poor old Waters, will be disgusted with its hypocrisy, coming just in the wake of what you have learned; it will help to cure you—help to cure you!"

While he spoke he opened the letter; both his listeners had turned their heads away. He himself, looking at Waters, did not notice that a large card covered with tissue paper, fell out and fluttered down upon the floor at his feet. He glanced over the first page, and said:

"As you thought, Waters, the letter he wrote from Manchester—been delayed! Reeves, I shall enter a complaint! This is the third time within as many months that I have had trouble in regard to my northern correspondence. One letter never reached me. This time the matter shall be investigated, and the guilty party, whoever he is, shall not escape discovery or its consequences. Do you hear, Charles!"

"Yes, I hear—yes," Mr. Reeves answered, absently.

As Mr. Harrington turned again to his letter, Waters crept behind his chair so that he could approach Charles Reeves, who had moved toward a window.

"Mr. Charles," he whispered, "Mr. Charles, try to say a word for the poor boy; don't be too hard on him. Try to make Master Gilbert think better of his decision."

"Useless," Mr. Reeves's lips framed. "You know him!

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" sighed Waters.

Low as he spoke, Mr. Harrington's quick ear caught the murmur of his voice.

"My good fellow," said he, "perhaps you did not notice that I was reading a letter!"

"I—I beg your pardon, Master Gilbert. If you don't need me, sir, I'll go—I'm better away. I mean I'll step out and find James."

"Stop where you are," replied Mr. Harrington; "you want to know what the letter contains—you shall, if you will give me a chance to finish it."

Reeves noiselessly pushed a chair toward the old man and motioned him to sit down. Waters obeyed, for the trembling in his limbs had recommenced so violently that he stood up with difficulty.

"Affection—full of tender affection, of course. I expected that!" said Mr. Harrington's voice.

Waters moved quickly. Reeves held up his hand, in a warning to be silent.

"Ha! what is this? Seen a picture of some girl that he has gone quite crazy over; means to hunt up the original, to persuade her to sit to him! God help the girl, whoever she might be, that fell into a Desborough's hands! Worse than Norman—he will be, if possible; he has begun younger."

Old Waters wrung his hands in speechless anguish.

Another silence. Mr. Harrington read on. Suddenly he cried out:

"Mabel Jordan—it is written. Mabel Jordan! Waters—Waters. Mabel Jordan! What—where is it? The fellow says he incloses a photograph—it isn't here."

Reeves saw the card lying at the foot of the chair, picked it up, and gave it to his cousin, saying:

"This must be it."

Mr. Harrington snatched the card, and tore off the tissue paper. Waters was looking over his shoulder, and they saw the face of a beautiful girl, with marvelous dark eyes, a wealth of golden hair, and an angelic smile on her lips.

"Waters!" Mr. Harrington cried. "We have found her. Look—look—her face—her very face. Tell me who it must be?"

"Mabel Jordan's daughter," came the answer.

"After all these years of useless search!" exclaimed Mr. Harrington. Then in an instant he added, "And the letter was written more than three weeks ago. He was going to Hillside—said the young lady lived there. Oh God! it is too late, maybe! He had fallen in love already with the picture, knowing nothing! Reeves—Reeves, you must go—to-night. Get to her; bring her away! Wait—I'll tell you—I——"

The body conquered the iron will at last. With a low sigh he sank back in his chair. The two watchers hastened toward him. Reeves lifted the heavy head, whispering:

"Some water, Waters—give me the glass."

But the weakness passed quickly—the indomitable will reasserted itself. Mr. Harrington pushed his cousin away and sat upright.

"I don't want any water," he said, hoarsely. "Let me alone; there is enough to be done without troubling about my trifling ills—and I'm quite myself now."

"Only rest a little," Reeves urged.

"Rest! When I tell you there's no time to lose—not an hour! The girl must be sent for—got away out of his reach, Charles."

"Gilbert, I don't understand what you are talking about!" cried Reeves.

"Waters does—Waters does! I can make you understand what you have to do. You'll go—you'll not refuse me this?"

"Of course I will go anywhere—do anything for you!"

"That's right! When is there an up-train? I remember—nine o'clock—hours before us! Wait—let me write my note to the lawyer; then dinner. Waters, Mr. Reeves must dine. I'll explain, Charles—I'll explain. Don't be afraid for me; don't look like that! There's life enough left in me yet—life enough to set everything right at last—at last!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE PARADISE OF SMOKERS.

Burmah is the paradise of the smoker, if his paradise consists in the absence of all restraint on his favorite habit. No preacher will here hint that tobacco-smoking is the first step to drunkenness, for, with rare exceptions (and, alas! chiefly where the European has brought his vices with his civilization), the people are water-drinkers. There is no fear of offending the sensibilities of the most delicately nurtured lady, for the women of every rank are, if possible, more inveterate smokers than the men. No dread of his master's displeasure restrains the youngest school-boy from his cigar or cigarette. Boys and girls alike smoke as soon as they can walk, and children are even said to learn the habit before they leave their mother's arms.

The newcomer to the country is often offended by the freedom with which a Burman who has not been much thrown with Europeans will continue to puff his cigar in his presence, in absolute innocence of any breach of courtesy; and in the indigenous school, children, even in class, only lay aside their cigars while their lungs are occupied with bawling out the trite texts of the spelling-book. A pipe is rarely seen, but cigars and cigarettes are universal, and their manufacture and sale form one of the commonest employments of the women.

Some exceedingly fine tobacco is grown in parts of the province, notably in Arakan, but the cultivation is very limited, and the tobacco of which the Burmese cigar is made is almost exclusively imported from the ports on the Malabar coast. The cigars thus made are not unlike the well-known Vevey manufacture: and, rank and strong as they seem to a non-smoker, they are highly popular with English residents, and not the less so from being remarkably cheap.

Cigarettes are, however, even more common than cigars, and are almost always smoked in preference by women and girls. They vary in size, but the commonest is a huge, cheroot-shaped cigarette of almost torch-like dimensions, rolled in a green leaf, and containing, besides tobacco, spices and chips of scented wood. From these, which are as mild as hay, an immense cloud is drawn, and their only defect is that the burning chips are continually falling on the clothes of the unwary smoker; hence the graceful way in which the Burmese girl, with apparent affectation, but really with good reason, turns back her slender hand over her shoulder to keep the lighted end of the cigarette clear of her silken dress.

At home or in the street, in the boats or in the bazaar, at every public gathering, even at those for devotion at the pagoda, night and day, men, women and children blow the familiar cloud, and the perpetual cigarette adds not a little to the unique picture presented by a Burmese beauty.

THE STROLLING PLAYERS.

Stephen Kemble used to relate how one day, meeting a brother stroller who complained that he had not had a dinner for many days, he offered to take him to a hospitable place where he could eat as much as he liked, and have nothing to pay. The hungry actor, of course, delightedly accepted the invitation, and Kemble led the way into an immense turnip-field, and bade him set to. His companion remonstrated at what he called a cruel joke.

"Well, I've dined here myself all the week," was the answer.

Landladies were laid under contribution, as well as farmers, by the impecunious players, and we frequently read of flights by night from unpaid lodgings, and bundles and boxes dropped out of windows into friendly hands below. But the most ingenious method of escaping an unpaid landlady was that once resorted to by John Kemble, when left penniless in a town. The good woman was ill; and, procuring a top, he whipped it night and day over her head, until, in sheer despair, she ordered him to quit the house with bag and baggage—which was exactly what he wanted.

Tate Wilkinson, the manager of the York circuit, gives some amusing pictures of a strolling actor's life. He plays *Romeo*, *George Barnwell*, *Orestes*, and three or four other parts at Maidstone, and at the end of the week receives six shillings, while the profits upon his benefit amount to one shilling and sixpence, and two candle-ends. Candle-ends were important items in the shares; what remained unconsumed after the performance was over were equally distributed. A little further on Tate sketches some of the members of a strolling company at Portsmouth. Mrs. White was a most extraordinary character, and worthy of record. Whenever Burden, her son-in-law, gave offense, which was almost perpetually, she used thus to harangue her daughter:

"Ma'am, you've married a feller beneath you. You played *Lucy* last night in "The Minor" better than Mrs. Cibber could have done, upon my *sould;* and yet this scoundrel would hurt such a divine cretur!'

"True, mamma," replied the daughter; "but suppose he should cut his throat?"

"Let him cut his throat! But he won't cut his throat—no such good luck. But I'll tell you what: if you contradict me, I'll fell you to my feet and trample over your corse, ma'am; for you're a limb, ma'am—your father on his death-bed told me you were a limb. You are as pure as ermine, ma'am, except with Sir Francis Dolval (Delaval), and you shan't live with your husband, ma'am; you've no business to live with your husband, ma'am. The first women of quality, ma'am, don't live with their husbands, ma'am. Does Mrs. Elmy live with her husband, ma'am? No, ma'am. Does Mrs. Clive live with her husband? No, ma'am. Does Mrs. Cibber live with her husband? No, ma'am. So now you see, ma'am, the best women of fashion upon *yearth* don't live with their husbands, ma'am."

"What is a parenthesis?" inquired the daughter, one day.

"Oh, what an infernal limb of an actress you'll make!" burst forth the mother, indignantly. "What! not know the meaning of 'prentice? Why, 'prentice, ma'am, is the plural of 'prentices!"

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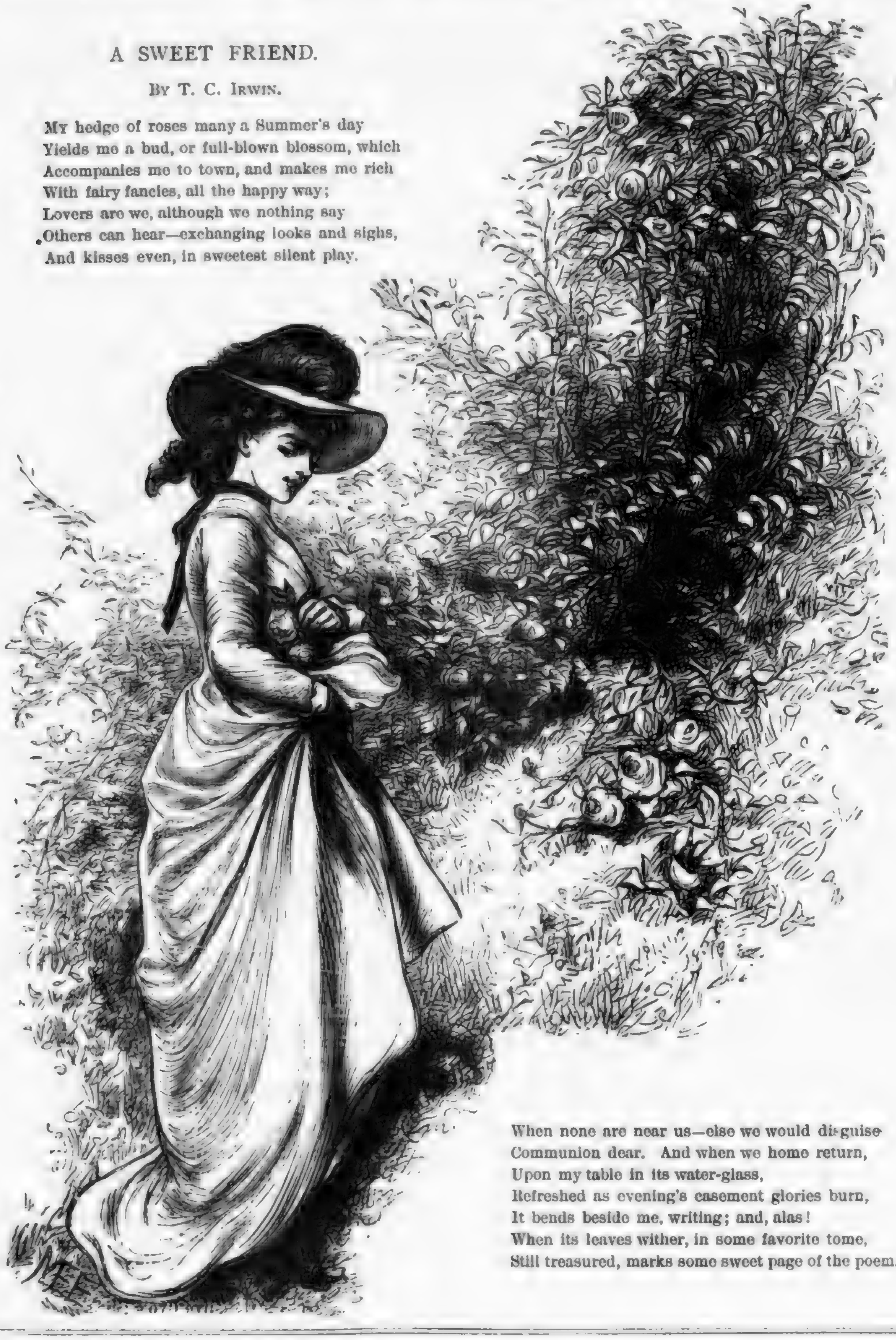
A SWEET FRIEND.

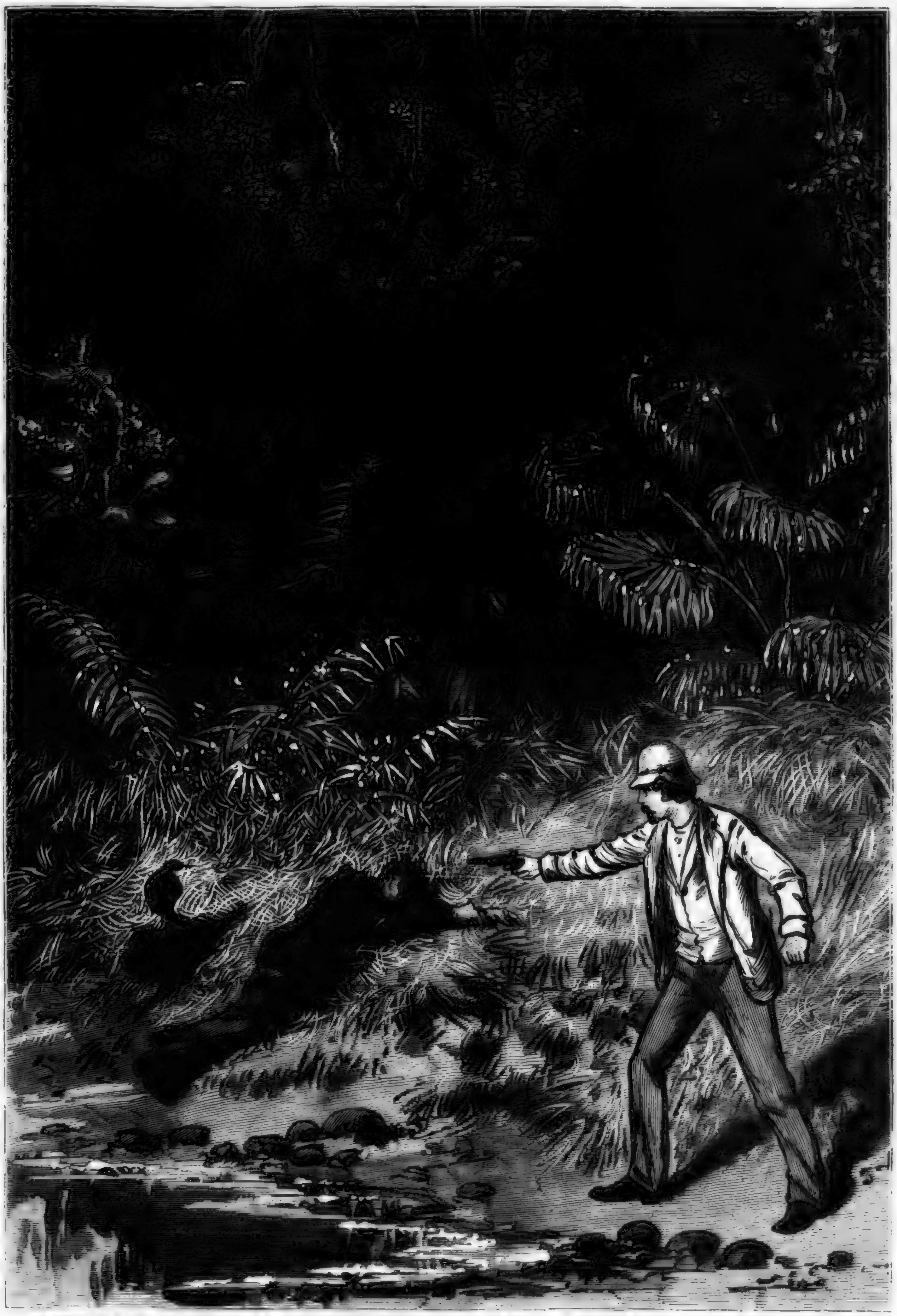
By T. C. Irwin.

My hedge of roses many a Summer's day
Yields me a bud, or full-blown blossom, which
Accompanies me to town, and makes me rich
With fairy fancies, all the happy way;
Lovers are we, although we nothing say
Others can hear—exchanging looks and sighs,
And kisses even, in sweetest silent play.



When none are near us—else we would disguise
Communion dear. And when we home return,
Upon my table in its water-glass,
Refreshed as evening's casement glories burn,
It bends beside me, writing; and, alas!
When its leaves wither, in some favorite tome,
Still treasured, marks some sweet page of the poem.

Goodness and Wickedness.—If there is one lesson which history and revelation unite in teaching, it is this—that goodness and wickedness ever have been, and, as long as the world lasts, ever will be, mixed up in this state of our existence—that social progress and civilization will never make goodness universal, eradicate vice, or bring the flesh into final subjection to the spirit. They teach also, like a "voice for ever sounding across the centuries, the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty or oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last, not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one."



A NIGHT IN A JUNGLE.—"I TOOK A STEADY, DELIBERATE AIM, PULLED THE TRIGGER, AND WITH THE REPORT FRED STARTED UP WITH A CRY OF ALARM."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

A NIGHT IN A JUNGLE

AN ADVENTURE UP THE GANGES.

WOULD you like to hear a story? It is purely a personal adventure that I met with during the great Sepoy rebellion in India. I was a junior lieutenant at the time, and had been ordered by the Commodore to take charge of a little schooner we had captured in the opium trade, and proceed up the Ganges as far as Canouge to look after the lives and interests of any American or European that might require assistance.

The *Alert*, as she was called, carried a heavy battery for a craft of her tonnage, and I had been allowed a passed midshipman as an assistant, while thirty picked seamen from the flagship formed my crew.

It was rather dull work, lying there—no change, nothing to vary the monotony; and early one morning I resolved to take a look at the country. Mr. Fred Bolton, my assistant, or, more properly speaking, the executive officer of the *Alert*, expressed a wish to accompany me; and, leaving Mr. Midget, a young middy, in charge, we were pulled rapidly ashore.

I did not intend to remain longer than my breakfast hour; but, thinking it possible that we might succeed in bagging a pheasant or something of the kind, we had provided ourselves with shot-guns, while a good navy revolver dangled from our belts in case a more reliable weapon should be required.

A narrow belt of wood and shrubbery skirted the banks of the Ganges at the point where we landed; and, pushing our way through the underbrush and tall grass, we emerged on a wet, level marsh, not unlike one of our Southern rice-fields. Beyond that rose a succession of hills, increasing in height as they rose inland; while around the base of the hillocks frowned a thick, dark, silent jungle.

The game proved abundant. We were both ardent sportsmen, and, midway between the jungle and the bank of the river, up to our knees in mud, we were bagging the birds right and left, when a hoarse, discordant cry, ringing out on the fresh morning breeze, caused both myself and my companion to look nervously about us.

Debouching from the fringe of woods skirting the bank of the river, a score of native cavalry were spurring toward us, splashing and floundering in the mud, which seriously impeded the progress of the horses.

The bright rays of the sun flashed on their accoutrements, and I could make out the dark-green uniforms, faced with scarlet, which they wore.

"Well, Jack," said my companion, after a moment's silence, "those dark-skinned rascals evidently mean mischief. Shall we clear for action?"

"No, no, Fred! the odds are too great. There is only one thing to do—gain the shelter of yonder jungle, and we may be able to give them the slip. Come on! We have an advantage over them, anyway—the mud and mire will bother their horses far more than it will us."

Clinging desperately to our guns, we started off at the top of our speed, splashing and plunging along, our eyes fastened upon the much-coveted cover of the jungle, which was perhaps a mile distant.

The Sepoys, with shrill cries of rage and hate, urged on their smoking steeds, which plunged furiously as they sank in the soft ooze of the marsh.

Glancing over my shoulder from time to time, I noted the progress our pursuers made, and the conviction was forced upon me that we were losing ground. I could almost swear I saw the glitter of their savage eyes and the demoniac expression of their swarthy features, as, sword in hand, they leaned over the necks of their horses, spurring and shouting as they floundered on.

But soon the animals grew restive and balky. They were forced to dismount and follow us on foot.

The rapid bang, bang, of their carbines rang in our ears, followed by the sharp rip, rip of the conical balls; but, beyond cutting off the top of the grass and throwing up the mud and water no harm resulted from the fusillade.

"By heavens, Jack, I can run no further! My strength is all but gone."

And the poor middy turned his white face toward me with an expression that made even my heart grow faint.

"Nonsense, Fred! don't give up the ship. The ground grows harder, the grass is less high and troublesome, and in less than five minutes we will be under cover."

"I cannot! God help me, I have done my best. Leave me, Jack; you can yet escape. But don't leave my bones to whiten in this cursed marsh."

And, with a low moan, he sank at my feet.

I had no time to waste in words. The leader of the party, a huge Mahratta, with mustaches long enough to excite the envy of a Turkish pasha, charged upon me, his keen tulwar gleaming like a flash of lightning in the sun's rays.

He was pretty well exhausted, as well as myself; and, in his eagerness to deal me a decisive blow, the fellow lost sight of the tough grass writhing and twisting about his feet.

I avoided the blow by leaping aside, and he, falling heavily forward, lay completely at my mercy. In an instant my plan was formed.

His comrades, lacking the strength and determination of their leader, were kept some hundred yards distant.

Placing my revolver to the Sepoy's head, I made him rise. Whether he understood English or not, I am unable to say, but he obeyed. In the meanwhile Fred had improved his opportunity to recruit his wind and strength, and by my direction disarmed the surly native.

Using him as a breastwork, we slowly and leisurely retreated toward the jungle, while every forward or hostile movement of his comrades was checked by our revolvers pointed significantly to their leader's shaggy head.

The action was sufficiently expressive. The troopers halted in the midst of the marsh, unable to assist their comrade, who, foaming at the mouth with impotent rage, continued to do duty as a breastwork until the edge of the jungle was gained. Then, with a contemptuous kick from the middy, he was allowed to rejoin his friends; but the fellow, between a shriek and a howl, thundered forth his imprecations as he shook his clinched fist on high, while we lost no time in plunging into the thickest labyrinths of the jungle, where it was impossible for horse to follow or man to trace our footsteps.

It was terribly hot, and although the sun had mounted high in the heavens, its fiercest rays failed to penetrate the rank, luxuriant foliage of the Indian forest. But the air, sluggish and hot as the breath from a furnace, afforded us no relief as we struggled forward, scarcely heeding what direction we pursued, so long as a respectable distance intervened between us and the dusky cavalrymen whom we had so cleverly outwitted.

The wavy, feathery jungle-grass was so long in some places that it might have hid an elephant, and I did not know what moment we might come in contact with a tiger, a leopard, or the deadly cobra-capello, all of whom infest the jungles and swamps of that vast country.

"I am all but suffocated," murmured Fred, as he sank down beneath the wide-spreading branches of a banyan tree, the perspiration streaming from his sunburnt face, while his uniform, as well as my own, had come out second best in the scramble through the thorns and briers of the jungle.

"It is indeed hot, and with no prospect of iced wines, no tatty-wallah to drench the mattings and cool the air, no punkah or hookah, not a drink of even pure water. But we must endure it as best we can, Fred. It will not be safe or prudent to attempt leaving here before evening. Then, under cover of the darkness, we will sally forth, strike the bank of the Ganges, and regain the *Alert.* I wonder what the lads will think of our long absence?"

"Oh, Midget will borrow no trouble. He is asleep, by this time, in his hammock, comfortably swinging to the morning breeze, beneath the quarter-deck awning."

"Well, Fred, I think a little nap will do us no harm, and we shall forget our troubles. Have your revolver ready, although I anticipate no danger."

Overcome by the great heat and oppressive atmosphere of the forest, as well as the exciting chase we had undergone, our sleep must have been long and profound.

I awoke with a start—an undefinable something—a sensation of danger pervading my entire being, and glanced at the form of my companion, lying a few yards distant, calmly sleeping on a pile of grass and leaves he had scraped together; and coiled close by his side, with its diabolical head erect, its eyes glaring like yellow topazes, and its crimson mouth open, was a snake; and the bristling head proclaimed it at once as the cobra, the most venomous reptile that infests India.

A cold thrill of terror passed over me as I mechanically seized my pistol; but as the head, angry and threatening, drew back as if to make the fatal spring, my nerves again resumed their wonted firmness. I took a steady, deliberate aim, pulled the trigger, and with the report Fred started up with a cry of alarm, while at his feet writhed the loathsome reptile, its glittering body nearly severed by the pistol-ball.

It effectually banished all desire for sleep from our brains, while, for fear that the pistol-shot might have reached the keen ears of some lurking foe, we again plunged into the depths of the jungle, which gradually assumed a more cleared aspect, while the deepening shadows of night crept tremulously through the deep aisles and vast solitude of the forest.

Suddenly we came upon a grove—at least it might have been once, judging from the regular order the trees had been planted, and there, amid the tamarind, the mango, the cassia and the fanlike foliage of the drooping palm, rose the dark, sombre ruins of an old Hindoo temple.

The sun had set with its usual Indian rapidity; day had suddenly given place to night, and the clear, round moon, like a mighty pearl set in blue enamel, flooded the scene with a shimmering halo of light.

A huge tank in the midst of fallen pillars and blocks of granite was discovered by Fred, who was burning with thirst and inward fever, and stooping to drink on the edge of the stone coping, he jumped aside, barely in time to escape the sweeping blow of a huge alligator, who disappeared, with a splash, in the slimy depths of the stagnant pool.

"Jack! I believe I am destined to leave my bones in the midst of this cursed jungle. That is the second narrow escape I have had, to say nothing of the Sepoys. I wonder what will come next?"

"A safe deliverance, I hope. But come, cheer up; try one of these mangoes, they are truly refreshing. You have had your share of danger, perhaps my turn will come next."

An hour passed wearily by, and, without venturing to penetrate into the dark, yawning depths of the ruin, we sat down on the moss-covered steps, listening to the shrieking of jackals, the croak of cannibal birds, and the hoarse howl of a pariah-dog.

"Pleasant and lively," muttered Fred, as he thrashed about to rid himself of the myriads of musquitoes hovering about. "Come, Jack, what do you say—shall we forward and leave this dismal hole astern?"

I was on the point of assenting, thinking that it would be safe to leave the cover of the jungle, when the oppressive silence was broken by a sudden rush of feet and trampling of horses. The hum of voices and the glare of torches glancing from amid the surrounding jungle, filled me with alarm and apprehension. Darting up the steps, I pressed forward into the depths of the temple, calling upon Fred to follow.

A ray of moonlight, penetrating through a rift above, disclosed a species of gallery, and swinging myself up to the shelter, I sank down, realizing, for the first time, that I was alone.

Fred had disappeared, but where?

On came the moving mass, crashing the dead trees, branches, and dried grass under feet; the clatter of arms and accoutrements fell harshly on my ear as the horsemen dismounted, advancing into the temple.

The glare of the torches brought out in bold relief the horrible and grotesque carvings of the ruin, the twisted pillars, seven-headed snakes, and triple-headed gods, who grinned and stared from all sides in the wavering, ghastly light, with their thick, flabby lips, depressed noses, staring eyes, and girdles of lotus-leaves.

The temple was filled with a swarthy and ferocious crowd of men in turbans, with vests and trowsers of every hue under the sun, and on some a spotted leopard's skin partially covered their dirty brown hides, displaying arms and legs, mere bone and muscle.

They were armed with every species of weapon known to India, while their numbers embraced Hindoos with the trident of Vishnu on their brows, Bheels, Kiddales, the lowest outcasts of India—the whole motley assemblage were known as Dacoits, the robbers and brigands of India. A woman's voice—a cry for mercy, mingled with the infernal jargon of the bronzed natives, rising clearly above the babel of tongues, and striking upon my ear with an intensity I shall never forget.

Kneeling at the foot of an immense god, her dress torn and long hair streaming down her back, was the figure of an English woman, young, and despite the mortal paleness of her features—across which the lurid glare of the torches cast a ghastly tint—handsome. Her hands were clasped in supplication, but the brown, sturdy, and half-naked wretch who held her captive listened with a smile of ferocious joy playing about his leathery features.

In wild, guttural accents he replied in Hindoostanee, and a shout of savage exultation burst from the throats of the Dacoits, accompanied by a waving of torches, as he completed his unintelligible harangue.

A tall Sepoy stepped forward, and in a deep, stern voice he addressed the lady in her own language.

"You have been preserved from outrage and violence that you might be offered up as a sacrifice and tribute to the sacred alligator, whom our caste places above Siva, the god of destruction. But first you are to be purified by fire. See, it is already being kindled, and from its embers

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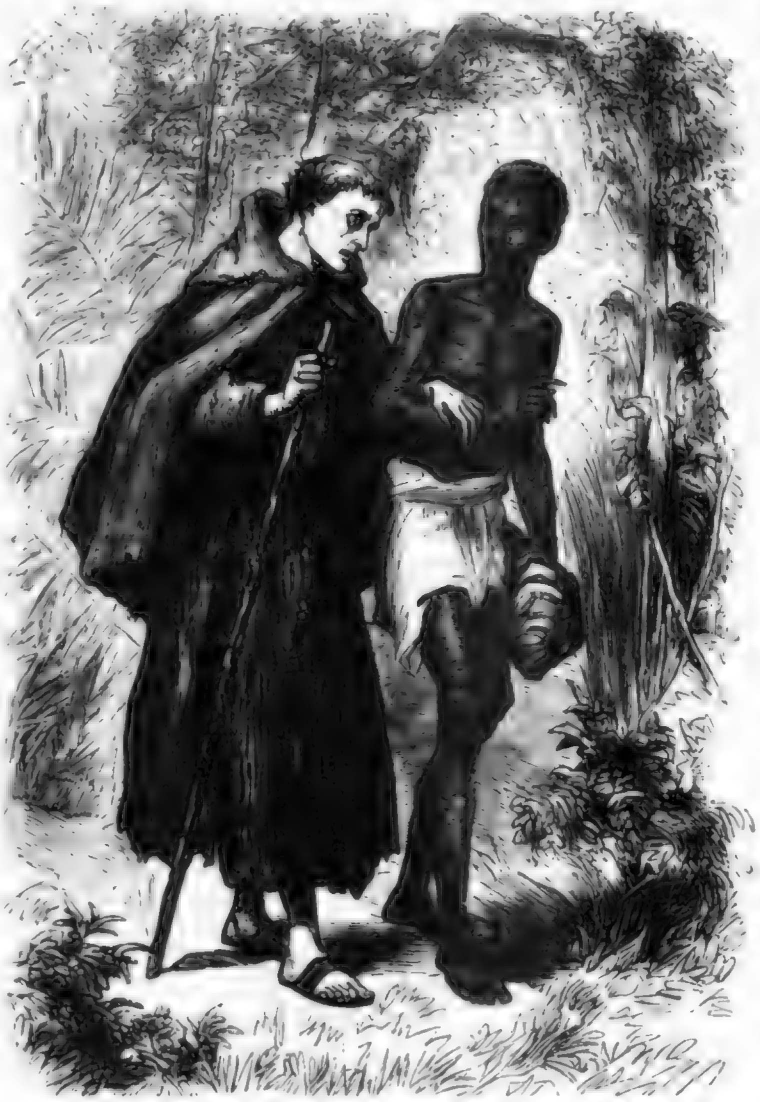
you will issue forth pure and cleansed, a fit offering for Mador, who inhabits yon pool of water."

In my excitement and anxiety to hear what the sentence of the poor shrinking woman was, I had risen to my feet, the dark background forming ample security for my person.

What would I not have given to have had fifteen or twenty of my brave lads there, with cutlasses ground sharp as razors, or a few boarding-pikes, with points like needles. But, alas! I was alone, my heart filled with apprehension at the strange disappearance of Fred, and I could only wait and watch as the time sped rapidly by.

A huge fire had been kindled, around which the Dacoits marched in solemn order, chanting in a low, monotonous tone. Then, with a sudden yell, the leader darted forward, seized the trembling form of the victim, who was nearly insensible, dragged her toward the glowing circle, around which the Dacoits were revolving like so many fiends.



THE WANDERINGS OF A CAPUCHIN—FATHER DENNIS AND HIS NEGRO GUIDE.—SEE PAGE 471.

My blood was at fever heat. I could not look tamely on and see a lady murdered and I not lift a hand in her defense. I felt for my revolver; horror of horrors, it was gone—nothing but the empty frog dangled from my belt! How I lost it I never could account, unless it dropped from its sheath when I was crawling through some brambly hedge of the jungle.

My light sporting gun had been abandoned hours before as a useless incumbrance, but I had one resource left.

Detaching my powder-flask, which held over three pounds of powder, I dropped it in the midst of the flames, and running along the gallery gained a point directly over the captive lady.

At the same time, with a muffled roar, the powder exploded, scattering fire, wood, masonry and natives in all directions, while a dense cloud of smoke filled every portion of the temple, from which issued the wild yells and affrighted cries of the singed Dacoits, scrambling in every direction, seized with a panic which I used to my own advantage.

It was but the work of a moment to clear the low stone coping; the white dress of the lady, now wholly insensible, gleamed before me, and, seizing her in my arms, I rushed from the ruin, down the steps, gained the side of a horse which had broken loose, rearing and plunging with fright.

Embarrassed with the dead weight in my arms, I made several ineffectual attempts to mount the animal. I was in the full strength of the moonlight, the Dacoits on every side of me, but in their excitement they had as yet passed me by unnoticed. How I might have finally succeeded, I know not, but, with a snort of terror, the horse reared, sprang forward, dragging me under his hoofs, and lady, Dacoits and ruins all faded from my sight.

When I recovered my consciousness, I found my feet and hands had been securely lashed, and that I was lying side by side with the lady whom I had attempted to rescue.

She was also conscious of what was going on around us, and while the Dacoits were bustling angrily to and fro, I found an opportunity to address a few words to my fair companion in misery. I told who and what I was, together with the unsuccessful attempt I had made to rescue her from the power of the jungle fiends.

In return, in a low, sweet voice, she told me she was the wife, but lately wedded, of Major Archibald, of the Royal Fusiliers; that she had been captured through the treachery and duplicity of her Hindoo servants, and that she was sorry I had sacrificed my life for one already doomed.

I attempted a word of consolation, but was cut short by a pair of sturdy fellows, who dragged me forth toward the entrance of the temple.

Surrounded on all sides by the dark-skinned, scowling wretches, I wondered what fate had in store for me.

A sharp prod from a tulwar admonished me that they meant business, and would admit of no delay. I walked on in the direction of the pool, upon the brink of which the party halted.

Just at that instant the first blush of dawn tinted the heavens with a rosy hue, the stars paled before the rapid advance of day, and thousands of feathered songsters broke into melody.

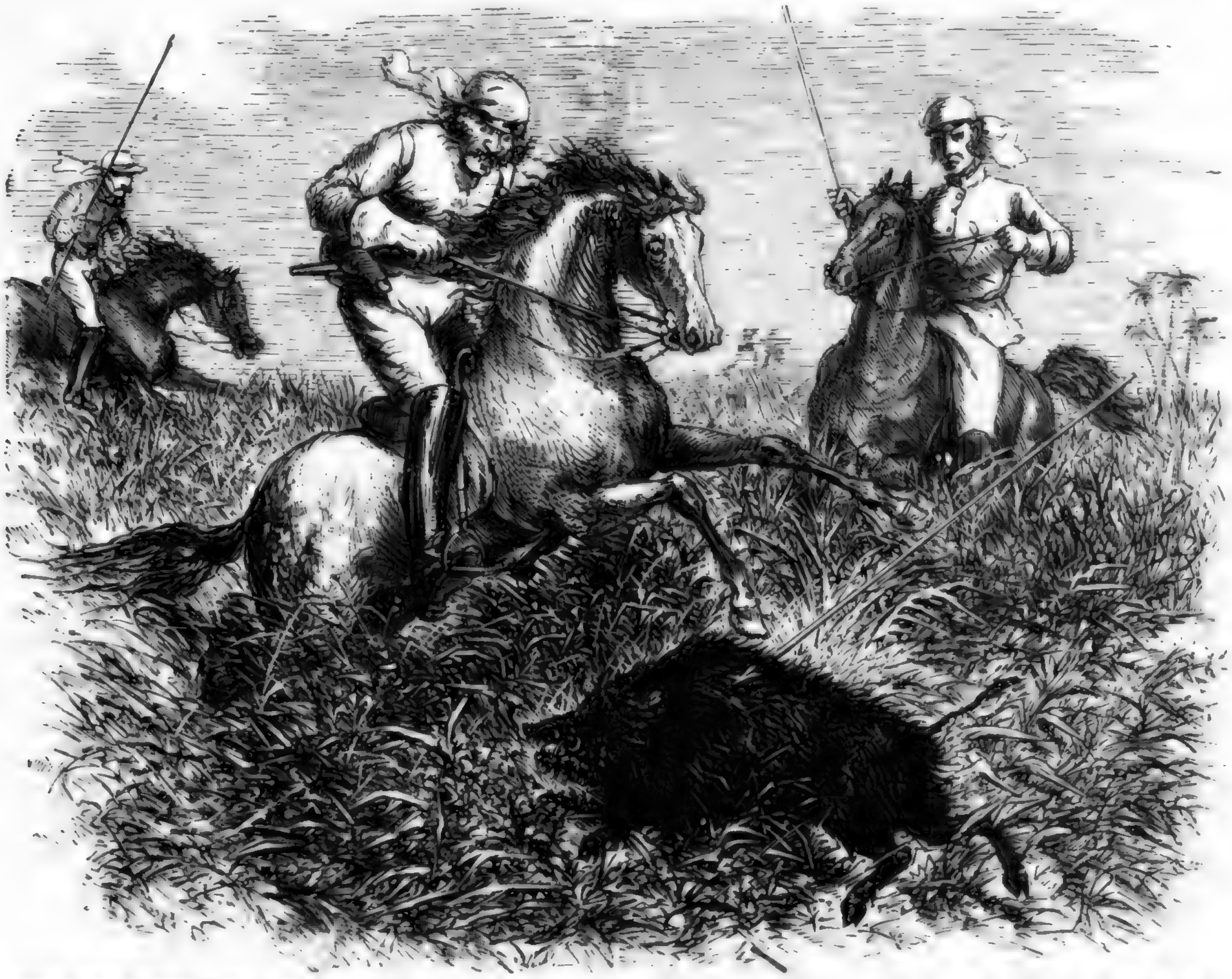
A prayer arose to my lips as I found myself confronted by the Dacoit leader—he of the filthy appearance and ragged leopard-skin hanging from his shoulders.

His voice all but rose into a screech as he talked and gesticulated. Not a word of his jargon did I understand, but in the midst of it I beheld a ripple and commotion in the slimy depths beneath me, and with a shudder I could not repress, I watched the huge alligator, his immense jaws opened to their widest extent, slowly emerge from his muddy bed in search of prey.

The Dacoits had fallen back, listening in wrapt attention to the no doubt interesting eulogy their leader was delivering.

We, alone, were standing upon the edge of the horrible pond.

The fellow had partially turned his side toward me, and, nerved on by desperation, with a yearning for vengeance—for I had long since given up all hope of life—I concentrated



PIG-STICKING EXTRAORDINARY.—"THE HORSE OF THE CAPTAIN, WELL-TRAINED IN PIG-STICKING, ROSE IN THE AIR AS THE BOAR CHARGED, AND LEAPED CLEAN OVER HIM."

all my remaining strength into one vigorous kick, planting my heavy boot full in the Dacoit's stomach.

With a half-stifled roar of mingled pain and terror, the elocutionist shot out from the brink, falling headlong into the very jaws of the monster, who, lashing the water furiously with his muscular tail, disappeared in the oozy, miry depths of the pond.

A mass of foam, with streaks of blood, remained upon the surface, the last that was ever seen of him, and I did not perceive that the sacred alligator objected to the morsel, even if the cleansing process of fire had been omitted.

I was fully prepared to meet the wrath and vengeance of the Dacoits, who for a moment stood paralyzed at the unexpected and terrible death of their leader. Then, as they drew their weapons to annihilate me, I took a last look at the bright, beautiful earth.

Before a Dacoit could reach me, a rattling volley of musketry rang out sharp and clear, and from amid the cover of the old grove I beheld my own brave blue-jackets, charging on the motley throng, their cutlasses gleaming with a welcome lustre in the rays of the morning sun just peeping above the trees surrounding the jungle.

Some yards in advance, his cutlass stained with the life-blood of more than one native, I recognized Fred. The middy uttered a loud shout of joy as he recognized me, but before he gained my side I had fainted.

The revulsion was too much for me. As I said before, I was prepared for death, and had made up my mind to face the inevitable.

Well, the remainder of my yarn is soon told.

Fred, it appears, had become bewildered as well as myself when the Dacoits first made their appearance in the old ruins, and instead of following me, he retreated to the jungle, kept on, pushing his way through all obstacles, until he reached the banks of the Ganges. The welcome tone of the *Alert* bell sounded like sweetest music in his ears, and no time was lost in gaining her deck.

The energetic middy was soon piloting the greater portion of the crew back to my relief, with what success the reader is already aware.

As for the lady, she remained on board the *Alert* until able to rejoin her husband, and to this day I have no warmer, more devoted friends than Colonel and Mrs. Archibald. Their oldest son is named after me, as a slight appreciation, as they are pleased to term it, of the services I rendered.

PIG-STICKING EXTRAORDINARY.

The sport of hunting the wild boar is one of the oldest in the world. It stretches back into the heathen mythology, as far as the time of Adonis, who was said to have been killed by a wild boar, and for whom Venus mourned so long. It has remained ever since one of the most exciting sports of Europe, and holds no mean place among those of India.

The tendency to slang, observable among the English of the present day, has changed the name of the sport itself, in British India, to the prosaic appellative of "pig-sticking."

Among the various affectations to which mankind has been liable for many centuries, we have at last arrived at the affectation of simplicity, and in no country is this carried to such an extent as in England. There the people are ashamed to evince a single genuine emotion, for fear of

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being accused of sentiment, and so -but I must drop the subject, or I'll never get at my story.

I had been stopping for some days at the house of a friend and customer of mine, in the centre of the province of Bengal, and enjoying the delights of Oriental field-sports. My host had treated me to as fine a day's peacock-shooting as ever I enjoyed, with the birds as thick as pheasants in an English preserve.

The next morning we were to go "pig-sticking," as he announced to me at supper. We were to be up bright and early, and my *punkah-wallah* had orders to wake me at half-past four. We had a heavy supper, after the Anglo-Indian fashion, at which several officers of the neighboring garrison were present, and two baskets of champagne were emptied in honor of the American stranger, by my hospitable friends.

Old Briggs, the collector of the district, waxed very paternal in his advice, as the evening drew on and the champagne grew lower.

"You see, my b'hoy, our 'ogs ain't like 'ogs as you're accustomed to," said he, with great solemnity. "Don' you take any sush noshin' in your 'ed. Our 'ogs are nasty brutes —beastly brutes, I may say. Sharge'n rip y' up'n minute. Bless 'f they don'."

"Ye're about right there, me jewel," said Captain O'Brien, of the Eighty-eighth. "Divil a one ever I see but'd fight as if Ould Nick himself had kept in him ever since he drowned the pigs in the Bible. And thin, what ground ye have to ride over! Holy Moses! What with ould paddy-fields, and rotten roots of grass, an' all, it's quare work, ridin' through at a walk, an' ye have to go at a tearin' gallop after a hog."

"I remember once," said Mr. McA——, our host, "chasing an old boar into the den of a tigress with a litter of cubs. And didn't she make a scatterment among us fellows! The boar got off scotfree that day."

"Were any of you hurt?" inquired Ensign Brown, a freshly arrived "griff," as newcomers are designated by Anglo-Indians.

"No one was hurt by the tigress; but one fellow got such a scare that his hair turned gray," said McA——, putting his tongue in his cheek.

"Aw—now, really, you don't mean that?" inquired the green ensign, with an astonished look.

"Fact, I assure you, my dear fellow. He had to dye ever after, or his wife wouldn't have known him."

"Some fellows' wives I know, don't appear to recognize the fact of their being married, anyhow," said the doctor of the Eighty-eighth, quietly.

"Ah, Jones, that won't do! You're twitting on facts, and that's true. Gentlemen, I propose that we break up, if you expect to be up early in the morning."

"We won't go home till mawawning," sang old Briggs, thoroughly drunk by this time.

But even Briggs was finally got into bed, and quiet reigned in the bungalow, only broken by the hum of the spiteful musquitoes, searching whom they might devour. The snores of the different bacchanalian slumberers were audible, as a subdued bass accompaniment.

I slept in peace behind the musquito-bar of my bed, and was awakened next morning by the angry squeals of some horses under the window. Jumping up and going to the window, I beheld the led horses of the chasseurs waiting before the veranda steps; and two of them were engaged in a furious battle. All riding-horses in India being stallions, such fights are of daily, almost hourly, occurrence.

The two in question were Mr. McA——'s black *jungle-tazzee*, a noble-spirited beast, and a gray Arab belonging to Captain O'Brien. They were at it, hammer and tongs, while the cowardly *syces*, or grooms, had retired to the end of their long *bhang-dures*, or leading-ropes, in great trepidation, and were apostrophizing the animals with soft blandishments, to induce them to stop. In vain; the gray Arab was not to be denied. and the *jungle-tazzee* being equally determined, the two would probably have seriously injured each other, if they had been left to the management of the *syces*.

Mr. McA——, my hospitable entertainer, appearing just at that moment, put a sudden end to the battle. Catching up a long buggy-whip that lay on the veranda, he rushed at the offenders, and, with a few well-directed cuts and a stentorian scolding, soon reduced them to peace and quietness.

By this time all the house was up, and the various sportsmen proceeded to mount. I found that Fate and Mr. McA—— had provided for my use a tall Persian stallion, cross-bred on the Arab—a most noble creature, but with a wicked temper. He greeted me with a side kick as I advanced to mount him, even while the *syce* held his head.

But I had not ridden vicious mustangs in Texas to be conquered by an Indian horse; so I took a short run and vaulted on his back with a leap, after which a liberal use of spur and bit kept my gentleman in order.

The *syce* handed me my boar-spear, and I galloped after the party.

We crossed several fields of *paddy*, or millet, and arrived at a little belt of jungle, whence we hoped to drive some hogs. The country on the other side was open, covered with long *surput* grass, and having no cover for nearly three miles. There had formerly been some rice-fields there; but they had been abandoned, and the coarse grass had covered all the land.

A long line of beaters was in the cover, and scattered through a patch of sugar-canes that stretched up to its border.

The sugar-cane is a favorite resort of the wild hogs, and as the line of beaters advanced toward us, we began to watch the edge of the cover with great intentness. The horses were impatient to begin their work, knowing what was coming, and danced about, snorting loudly.

Presently a rustling and fierce grunting was heard in the bushes, and a huge boar poked out his head; but, seeing us directly in front of him, he dodged back into the cover.

Our host advised us to move off further, as the hogs would never break cover till we left them a free space; and, accordingly, we retired just as the sun rose.

In about five minutes more, two young sows dashed out and made for the distant plains at full speed.

We let them pass by till we were between them and the cover, and then young Ensign Brown and old Briggs, the collector, started after them as hard as they could go.

I was almost ready to follow, when O'Brien stopped me.

"Look yonder, Burton! Be the powers! there's the grandfather of all the pigs in India!"

And, sure enough, an enormous wild boar came out from the sugar-canes at an easy canter, with his bristles up, looking very wicked. The rest of our party, three in number, swept off after him, to intercept his return, and, closing in behind him, followed at full speed.

Master Piggy seemed, after a while, to think that discretion was the better part of valor; for he changed his easy canter to a stretching gallop, and put his best foot foremost as he went.

He had about a hundred yards the start of us; but we soon began to close the gap, crossing the paddy-fields, where the ruts and furrows took away considerable of his speed.

It was not till we had passed over a mile of the plain that we got near enough to throw a spear. Mr. McA—— was the first to approach the boar—his horse having forged ahead of the rest.

I saw him raise and poise the long bamboo shaft in his hand, with the narrow, bayleaf-shaped blade at the end of it. He paused a moment to renew his aim, and then drew his arm back to give the final impetus, when suddenly down went his horse, and over went Mr. McA—— in a most elegant somersault!

He had fallen a victim to treacherous ground!

The natives fire the *surput* every Fall to fertilize the ground, and only the larger roots of tufted grass escape destruction at such times. These become indurated and hidden under the heavy growth of next season, and form the most dangerous stumbling-blocks. Sometimes the roots become rotten to the bottom, and are then even more dangerous.

It was into one of these that Mr. McA——'s horse had stumbled, the rotten roots giving way under his forefoot and throwing him headlong.

O'Brien dashed to the front as our host fell, and cast his spear as he went. The impetus of the horse and the strength of the rider combined, sent the keen boar-spear clean through the hog's back; but, unluckily for our success, it had missed the vitals and only pierced the fleshy part of his shoulders.

The hog uttered a fierce grunt, and, turning, charged straight at the unarmed captain. The horse of the latter, well-trained in pig-sticking, rose in the air as the boar charged, and leaped clean over him, when the animal passed on at right angles to its former course, leaving the spear shaken out. I followed him single-handed, for the captain had dismounted to pick up his spear, and our host was *hors du combat*, with a lame horse.

My fiery Persian was now gaining rapidly on the boar. The blood was running from the shoulder of the latter, and he slackened his pace, evidently inclined to charge. We had got into the lines of the abandoned fields before mentioned, and I had just raised my spear to try my own fortune, when, on a sudden, the boar disappeared from my sight as if the earth had swallowed him. I had not time to check my horse, who was going at breakneck speed, and the next minute a black, yawning gulf opened right at my feet. Instinctively I buried the spurs in my horse's flanks, and raised him to the leap with a wild yell. The noble brute strained every nerve, and made a magnificent leap, clearing the well (for such it proved to be afterward), and lighting with his forefeet on the further edge. But his hindfeet could not clear the brink, and I felt in a moment that we were both sinking, slowly but surely, backward.

I threw myself forward on my horse's neck, striving with desperate energy to assist his struggles, and, for a moment, it seemed as if we should succeed in getting clear; but at this moment the rotten bank at the edge of the well gave way under my horse's feet, and back we fell, both of us; a wild, despairing cry ringing from the horse as he went over.

In that instant of time I seemed to live many years. All my life passed before me in review, during the brief second I hung suspended over that well, and while we were falling, falling down. It seemed as if we should never get to the bottom.

I was agreeably disappointed by the manner of my reception there. Instead of the vast depth I had expected, the well was only some thirty feet from the top, and about two feet of water covering the bottom broke the fall of myself and horse. There was ample room to move about, for the breadth of the well was over twenty-five feet, accounting thereby for the failure of my horse to take it in his leap.

We went splash into the water, all safe and sound, and with no bones broken. My horse scrambled to his feet, covering me with mud and water as he did so, and stood trembling. At the same moment, a grunt from the other side of our common prison startled us both out of ourselves, and reminded us that the wild boar shared our captivity.

I looked round, and there he was, up to his back in water, looking at us. Would he attack us? I hoped not. I had heard that animals taken in a pitfall were generally stupefied with terror, and incapable of harm; but I felt decidedly uneasy at the moment, my boar spear having disappeared in the fall into the well. Whether it had fallen inside or not I could not exactly say. I could not see it.

The hog stood quietly where he was, without offering to move, and I began to peer about and try to explore my prison. My eyes, lately blinded by the glaring light, now accustomed themselves to the comparative darkness of the well; and, to my great satisfaction, I perceived my spear, where it had fallen from my hand, as I clutched at the mane of my horse, sticking upright in the water.

But how was I get at it? It had fallen within a foot of the boar's tusks, and to pluck it thence was a dangerous task. I tried a cautious advance, but before I could get near enough, the brute made a bolt, with a savage grunt, and I was fain to retreat to my horse. The boar stood still, as much as to say, "Leave me alone, and I'll leave you alone"; but he was too risky a companion to leave, without one more effort to get my spear.

I determined to make use of my horse. Going to his head, I commenced backing him toward the hog. I heard the savage grunt again, and a rush and splash through the water. Instantly, my brave Persian commenced kicking like an incarnate fury, squealing viciously with fear and rage. The boar was flung back to the side of the well; but rushing round, tried to get an opportunity to rip up the charger. In the confusion, as the horse wheeled around to receive his antagonist, I darted to the spot where my spear was sticking, and drew it out of the mud.

Now I felt safe, and could watch with comparative tranquillity the strange fight that was going on in the bottom of the well. Presently a rattling salute of my brave horse's heels sent all the breath out of piggy's body, and a pause took place.

I improved it, and climbed on my horse's back, spear in hand. Just as the boar was staggering up to renew the attack, I charged the spear in my turn at his side, and pinned him through and through, the blood spouting in torrents, just as the cheery voice of Captain O'Brien came down from the well's mouth to my ear.

"Hilloa, Burton, old fellow! What *are* you up to down there? Well, this beats cock-fighting, I swear!"

"Come down and help me, you lazy devil!" retorted I. "I want help to cut up my pig."

O'Brien laughed, and disappeared. In a short time plenty of coolies were at hand with ropes, and the three of us, horse, rider, and game, were safely drawn to the surface after my pig-sticking extraordinary.

THE WANDERINGS OF A CAPUCHIN.

In 1666, fifteen Capuchin missionaries were dispatched by the Propaganda to Congo. One of them, Denis de Carli, has recorded his wanderings.

Father Denis went to his native town of Piacenza to meet a companion; and, having met, they set out for Genoa together, where the other missionaries were to embark. And so they were carried to Lisbon, to take ship for the Brazils; their ultimate destination being Congo.

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They were three months reaching Pernambuco, and it was late in the year 1667 when they at last set sail for Congo; and, the southeast trade wind being nearly foul for them, they did not fetch the coast of Africa under 29° south—Pernambuco being 8° south—below the Orange River. They then coasted up to Benguela, getting into Portuguese and Christian territory at Cape Frio, in latitude 16° 10′.

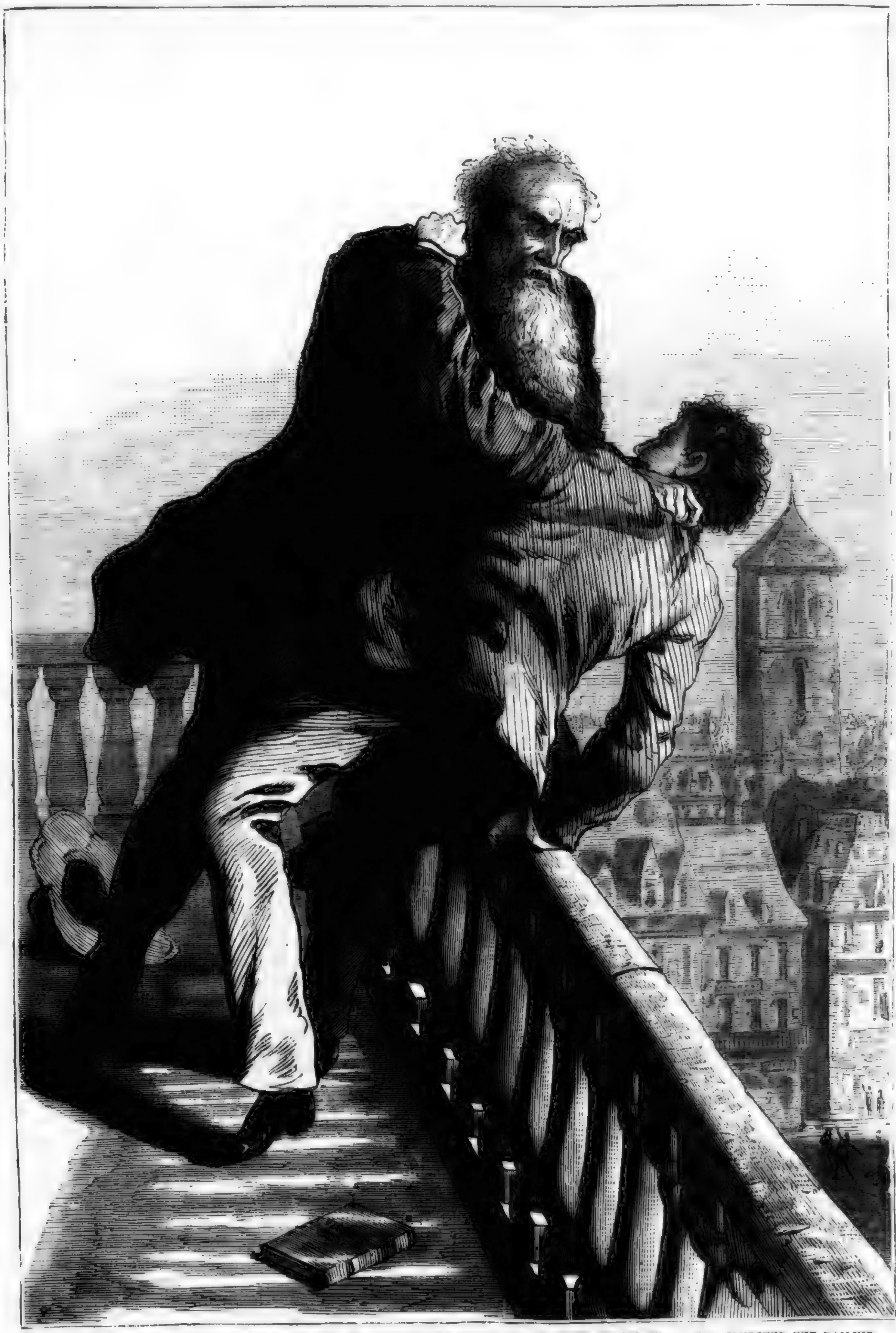
TRY IT AGAIN.

The mission of these two friars was to Bamba, which is one hundred and twenty miles north of St. Paul de Loanda, two-thirds of the way between that town and the mouth of the Congo.

They went on board, and were two days getting north thirty miles, to Dante (Dunde), just north of the Bengo Bay of Andrew Battel. Their letters to the governor of the fort procured them thirty blacks to carry them in nets or hammocks, as Grant is depicted coming from Rumanikas. Barefooted friars could not walk in those parts. And so they went on northward from "Libbate" to "Abbatee," as they call the straw-built villages, being courteously received by the "Maco Conte," or native governor.

Next day they got put up a church of boughs on an eminence, and said mass, having the necessary things with them in a box. Then they catechized through an interpreter—one can only hope satisfactorily—and then the blacks, having had enough of it, fell a-playing on several instruments, a-dancing and a-shouting, so that they might be heard a league off.

These two defenseless friars went on with their journey, utterly unarmed. They were pleased with the monkeys, but much terrified with other animals—so much so that they at one time regretted they had not brought a gun, though we very much doubt if either of them knew how to



A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.—"I GAVE A LOUD CRY, TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THOSE BELOW ME. I HAD CLUTCHED THE RAILING, TO WHICH I HELD TENACIOUSLY."—SEE PAGE 475.

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fire it off. Animals which they took to be lions frightened them at night, a boa-constrictor and an elephant in the daytime. The latter could not have been what our Indian brothers call a "rogue," or he would have exterminated the whole party.

The way began to be very long, and at last Father Michael Angelo agreed to push on and send back assistance to Father Denis. So Denis remained behind alone, attended only by a young negro, the son of a marquis, and with nothing at all to eat but kidney-beans. He had no money or goods, of course, and got so weak as not to be able to stand.

At length, footsore and worn with fever, he heard through the tropical forest the sound of the convent bell ringing for mass, and soon after rejoined his beloved Michael Angelo.

It was but a poor place, this convent, and now threatening ruin—only four cells of mud thatched with straw for dwelling-places; but the garden delighted and astonished him from the beauty and abundance of the fruit.

Now they set to work arranging their monastery, and selecting their servants from among the negroes—gardeners, cook, sacristan, water-carrier, treasurer. The old monastic machine, every part of it carefully fitted by centuries of experience in Europe, was soon set running again in the wilds of Africa.

Denis went his rounds among those pestilential west-coast African woods, and came back again to their poor little convent at Bamba, and saw his brother and friend of his heart, Brother Michael Angelo, wasted, lean and wan, trenching their precious garden, or showing the negroes how to do it.

Brother Michael Angelo was getting very weak. The clock was running down. So young, so bold, so devoted, so noble! There was the soul of a soldier—of a soldier among a hundred thousand—there, but the physique was wanting. An Italian gentleman and scholar, with an ambition which reached beyond the grave, longing to live, yet longing to die, was there in that garden, digging among his negroes, when Denis came back from his expedition.

Father Michael Angelo fell sick and died, and his young companion Denis was left alone among the ghastly, cold, green African woods, wringing his hands for his lost friend, even as Jonathan would have wrung his hands for David.

Fra Philip, the Superior, staid by him a little while; for Father Denis himself lay dying now, and Fra Philip thought that he might as well stay and bury him. But the father lingered longer than he expected, though now reduced to a heap of bones, and it was for the good of the Mission that Philip should depart. He confessed Father Denis, gave him the Viaticum, and left the dying friar among his negroes, believing that he should see his face no more.

Dying always, he did not die at last. Being held up in bed by his blacks—one of them holding the book, another the basin—he baptized ten or a dozen children a day, receiving what alms they gave him.

He mended so far as to lose the immediate dread of death; but, with his new hope of life, petty vexations—lost in the dread of that great shifting of skin, with which we are all familiar, and yet which we all dread—began to grow once more into actual evils. The rats ran over him in his helplessness, and the negroes stunk. He felt himself forced to keep his blacks sleeping close around him, for there were scandalous tongues to be met even then and there; even about a man in as hard a case as was he.

After a time, finding his circumstances desperate should he remain where he was, he determined to get himself carried to Loanda, and applied to the duke for bearers. The duke sent him all that he had; but they were not enough to carry all his luggage, and so he abandoned some, and started in a hammock on his almost hopeless journey.

At length he reached the first Portuguese settlement, and saw white faces once more. His appearance was that of a corpse, and they wondered that a man with that face was actually alive. They crowded weeping around him, expecting his immediate death; but by their affectionate care he rallied a little, and ultimately got back to Loanda, where he lay, unable to leave his hammock, for six months more, when, on the arrival of the Superior, he was sent to a pleasant house a little way up the river Coanza, to try and recover his health.

Father Denis then started in a slave ship for Brazil. They had a terrible passage. They had been three days without food, the water was spent, blacks were beginning to drop, when they made Bahia. The people there, when they heard that they had been fifty days at sea, concluded that all the blacks were dead, and were agreeably surprised to find that the death-roll was only *thirty-three*—it often happening that half of them died in that passage! Father Denis got himself carried in a hammock to the Franciscan convent, which, though not of his Order, received him courteously and gave him rest.

After a short time, apparently improved in health, he took passage with a Genoese captain, a friend of his, whom he had met here at Bahia on his arrival, and set sail for Lisbon. She was a large ship, carrying fifty guns.

Landing at last at Lisbon, he bade farewell to the companions of this part of his adventures. His face was now set eastward, and he soon found a ship which wanted a chaplain.

After a frantic chase after a salt-fish ship from Nantes, which they mistook for a Turk, they came to Cadiz.

Hearing there was a ship at Finisterre which would be likely to take him on his way, he went thither, and by that means met with a new and splendid adventure. This ship was an English seventy-four.

They were well out at sea, when Father Denis observed the English captain examine two distant sails with his telescope. The next symptom he observed was a council of all the officers in the cabin; the next, the drums beating to quarters; then studding-sails set, and the ship flying through the water like a shark. The good father was going to look on war face to face.

In an hour they had overhauled the chase, and fired a gun to bring them to. They were, as was guessed now and known afterward, a Christian ship in the hands of a Turk. The Turk evidently considered himself by far the stronger party, and to His Majesty's summons replied by a shotted gun. In another moment the English broadside came ripping and tearing into his sides, deafening poor Father Denis, and terrifying his companion. And so the terrible game began.

The Turks fought like furies. Our captain had the weather of them, and so they fought blinded with his smoke and their own; yet he had done little with them in an hour and a half, and seeing that the death-grapple must come, he gave the order to board; and as the blue-jackets went swarming over the bulwarks, the quiet friar, soothing the terrors of his companion, could hear for the first time, in the comparative silence, the cries of the wounded who were now lying thick around on the deck.

The assault was furious, and the resistance ferocious. Few experienced officers, we believe, deny even to the "Turks" of the present day the quality of an almost savage courage. Our fathers used to speak of fighting like a Turk, and the expression is almost alive now.

These Turks—probably Arabs would be a more correct name for them—were utterly outnumbered on this occasion, when it came to hand-to-hand work. Their force was divided between the two vessels—between the man-of-war which had captured the prize and the prize herself.

Our English captain having boarded and taken the man-of-war, and the captured Christians assisting him, had an easier task with the prize, whose crew tried to make off with her. The captured rover, followed by the English man-of-war, soon overhauled her, being deeply laden, and the sea-fight was over by the submission of the Turks.

The Christian captain of the prize, "a lusty man, half stripped," told our English captain how his mischance had occurred, and the Christians knelt and thanked His Majesty's officer.

The recovered ship was of Malaga, laden with wine, and was off Cape St. Vincent when attacked by the rover. She resisted, but was overpowered by what one may suppose was a Sallee rover.

The English captain put the Christians—among whom there were Spaniards, Neapolitans, Milanese and Flemings—in possession of their ship again, and gave them convoy to Cadiz.

Father Denis, with the ship, visited Oran, Cadiz and Seville; then, leaving it, he wandered on through Murcia, Alicant, Valencia, Castile, Tarragona, to Barcelona in Catalonia, and so from town to town, on and on through the south of France, by Monaco, to the beloved old convent at Piacenza, and to rest at last.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

"A NARROW ESCAPE.

"An Englishman in Paris had a narrow escape, not long since, from a frightful death. Tranquilly contemplating the city from the top of the Vendome column, he did not notice a man, seemingly peaceable enough, standing close behind him. Suddenly the fellow started forward, clasped our countryman round the waist, and exclaimed:

"'I bet I throw you down, as sure as one and one make two!'

"The Englishman, looking at him, and finding out that he had to deal with a madman, with admirable presence of mind replied:

"'If you come below with me, I bet I can throw you up here, as sure as one and one make two!'

"Tempted by the difficulty of the proposition, the man let go his hold and accompanied the Englishman downstairs, where he was immediately secured and handed over to the proper authorities."

I chanced once, upon the occasion of a visit to Paris, to ascend the Vendome column for the purpose of contemplating the city from that lofty elevation. At my feet was spread out the busy panorama of the people moving across the Place, or entering it from the contiguous streets, the Rues de la Paix and Castiglione.

How long I had been there I do not know, for the time passed very quickly, absorbed as I was in gazing at the points of interest in the great city; but I was aroused, after a while, by feeling a gentle tap upon my shoulder.

At this touch, a little startled as I was, I turned and looked behind me.

Near enough to admit of my touching him, had I desired to do so, I saw a man of grave and sombre expression of countenance, and with a long, flowing, gray beard.

As I looked at him questioningly, a smile came upon his face, and for a moment imparted a cheerfulness to it.

Almost immediately upon my observing him, he advanced to my side.

"Pardon," he said, "for thus interrupting your meditations. You are a stranger to Paris, I presume?"

"Yes."

"An Englishman, perhaps?"

"No. An American."

"Ah!"

Then he gazed at me with what seemed to me to be a curious expression in his eyes.

"This is a favorable place from which to view Paris," he continued, in as grave a manner as had marked his conduct from the beginning. "I sometimes come here myself—that is, when I get a chance to do so. The streets are too much crowded for comfort, and from the streets nothing can be seen; but up at this height one feels free—free!"

For an instant, as the stranger spoke, a restless gleam came into his eyes; but this passed away almost instantly, and the sombre expression regained its influence in his face.

"You, sir," I remarked, after a slight pause, "are, of course, a Parisian?"

"At present, yes. I have for some time resided here, and in that sense I am a Parisian. Rather should I say, however, that I am a cosmopolite."

"Indeed! Then, sir, you have been a great traveler, doubtless?"

"You have surmised correctly, sir," replied the stranger. "I have been everywhere—in every clime, among every people!" Then he added, with a sudden energy that startled me: "Do I look old, or feeble, or wasted with years?"

"Not at all, sir—not at all. You appear, on the contrary, to be a very vigorous man—one, I should say, who could bear a great deal of fatigue."

The stranger shook his head wearily.

"And yet I am a very old man," he replied.

I did not choose to express any doubt of what he had just told me; but I thought that he was amusing himself at my expense. As it was, I was beginning to feel nervous, situated as I was with a man whose manner was, to say the least, unusual.

"You have been a traveler," I said to him, resuming the conversation; "may I ask whether you have ever been to America?"

"Often—very often. Of late years, however, I have not been on that continent. I understand that many changes have taken place in that quarter of the globe."

"You have, doubtless, also visited Asia and Africa?" I continued.

"Those continents, too, have I also traversed. My fate has carried me everywhere—everywhere!"

"May I ask who you are, sir?" I said, curious to know the name of my strange interlocutor.

"Pardon!" he exclaimed, lifting his hand deprecatingly. "Let my name be unknown to you."

"As you please, sir," I replied, pleasantly.

And I turned and began once more to view the city spread out at my feet.

A few moments of silence passed. Then the stranger—who, I knew, was watching me closely, although I was not looking at him directly—spoke again.

"Do you see that ancient-looking steeple to the left of us there—about three-quarters of a mile away?" he remarked, pointing in the direction referred to.

"Yes. I have noticed that building. What is it?"

"That, sir," replied the stranger, with a gloomy voice, "is the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerois; and from that belfry tolled the tocsin that sounded the fatal hour of the St. Bartholomew massacre."

Whether it was because of the man's sombre tone, or

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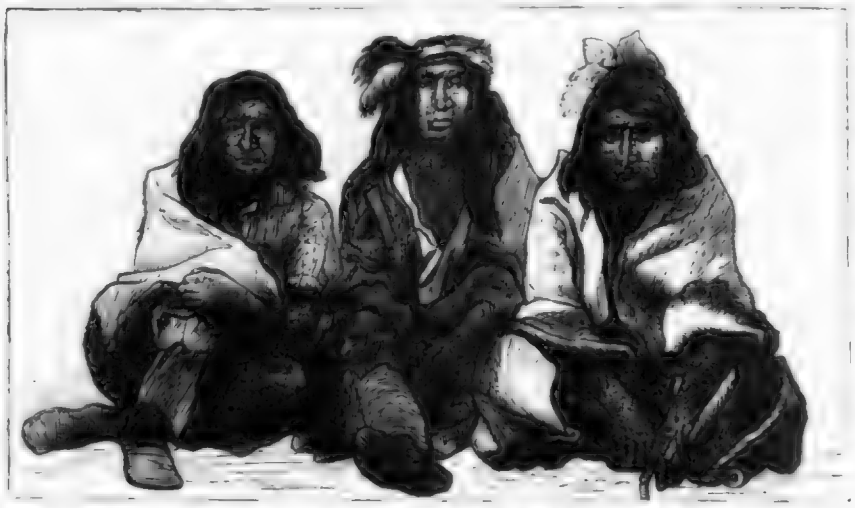


SKETCHES OF MANITOBA.—RED RIVER INDIANS.

because of the dreadful associations connected with the mention of the St. Bartholomew massacre, I shuddered as he spoke.

"You tremble!" said the stranger, eagerly.

"For a moment, sir, I trembled to think of that hour."

"Bah!" he continued. "It is nothing to *think* of it! You should have *seen* the spectacle!"

"Ah, that must been horrible indeed!"

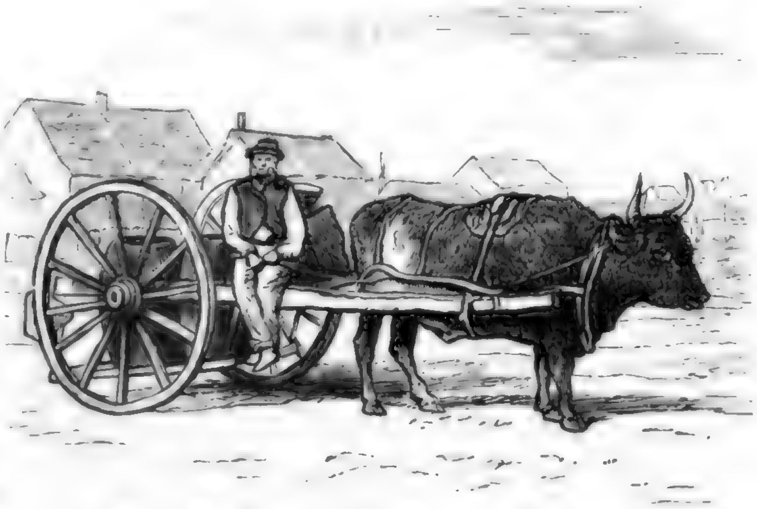
"It *was* horrible! *I* was there. I had just arrived in Paris from Asia Minor. The assassins who flocked in the streets of Paris that night, shouting 'Death to the Huguenots!' slew men, women and children; but none of them slew *me!* I was anxious to die. I threw myself in their way, crying, crying, 'Live the Duke of Guise!' in order to provoke them to slay me! But they passed me by. Even in that moment of horror I was avoided as if the plague had been attached to my person. Uplifted swords by hundreds threatened me for a moment, and were then miraculously turned away, while the arms of those who wielded them were paralyzed. I bared my breast in the path of the soldiers, crying, 'Kill! kill!' But though blood was shed on every side on that fatal night, none would pity me—none would have mercy upon the wretched Ahasuerus! The death which I sought, and which I yearned for, was denied me!"

I turned, with a sudden sense of horror, as I understood the fact that I was alone upon the Vendome column with a madman!

"Ha!" I exclaimed, with an involuntary frenzy. "You, then, are the Wandering Jew?"

"Ay, the Wandering Jew! Look now, still further to the west of us. Do you see that column that rises above the roofs of the houses? That is the Column of July at the *Place de la Revolution.* There stood the guillotine during the first revolution. On that occasion, too, when blood ran in streams, I was in Paris. I thought that at last my hour was come. When heads were falling into the gory basket at every minute of the day, I stood, from morning to evening, at the foot of the guillotine, imploring them to place *my* neck under the glistening knife. But the executioners rebuffed me, declaring that I was mad, and drove me from the death that I prayed for. I tried, too, when the tumbrils were on their way from the Concierge to the guillotine, bearing the condemned, to smuggle myself among the doomed men. But I was detected and scourged amid the hootings of the people. All men had their opportunity to die; but death never came to *me!*"

During this speech, having somewhat recovered my composure, I had rapidly made up my mind to the course that I should pursue. The maniac had worked himself up to a paroxysm of frenzy, and was staring at me with the face of a fiend.



SKETCHES OF MANITOBA.—THE WINNIPEG WATER-WORKS.

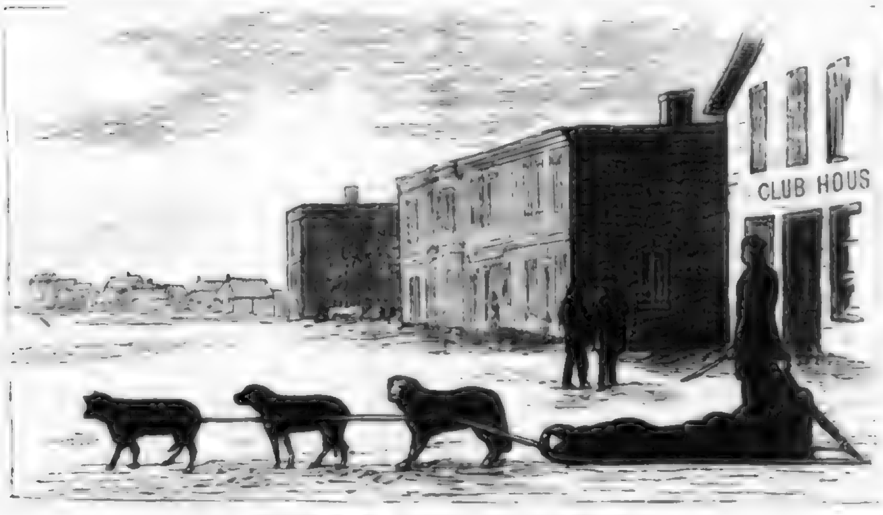
Before he had time to surmise my purpose, I made a sudden spring for the aperture, with the purpose of descending the spiral stairway; but, quick as I was, the madman was no less expeditious, for he stretched forth his hand, and clutched me around the waist.

I struggled desperately to escape. But what was my strength compared to that of this raging maniac.

"Let go your hold!" I cried. "Why do you detain me?"

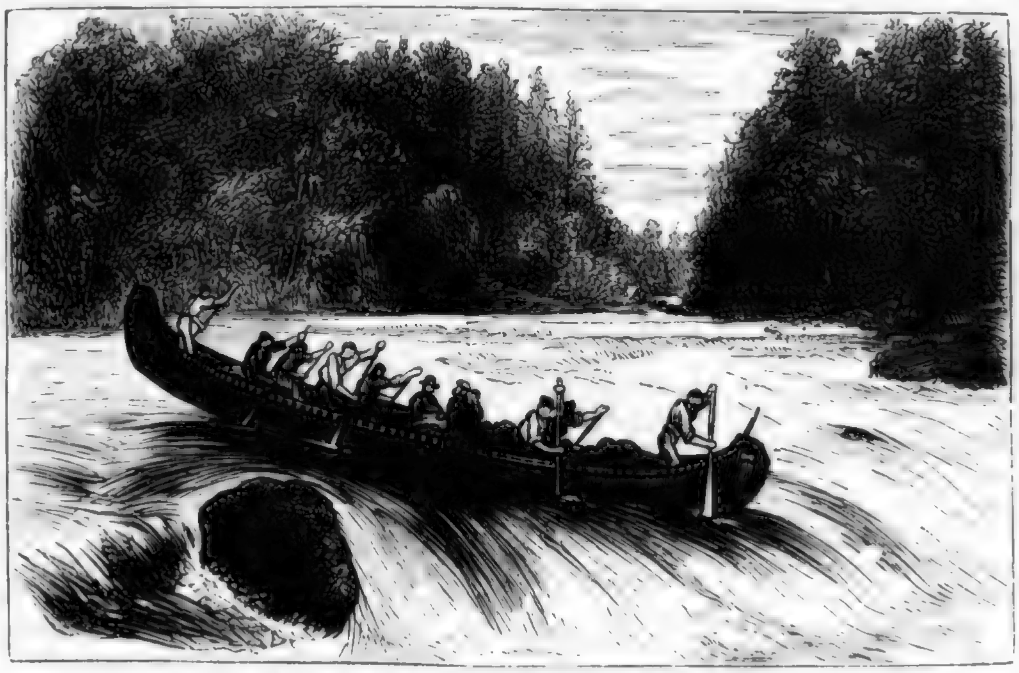
"You seek to escape me, then!" he replied, in a hissing voice. "You shall now either throw me over the railing, or I will toss you from the column! Quick! Make your choice! My life, or yours! I would have death! Give it to me, or die!"

Step by step, as he spoke, he dragged me to the railing—the only impediment that preserved us from instant death. Not a word passed between us in this struggle for life.



SKETCHES OF MANITOBA.—DOG-TRAIN.

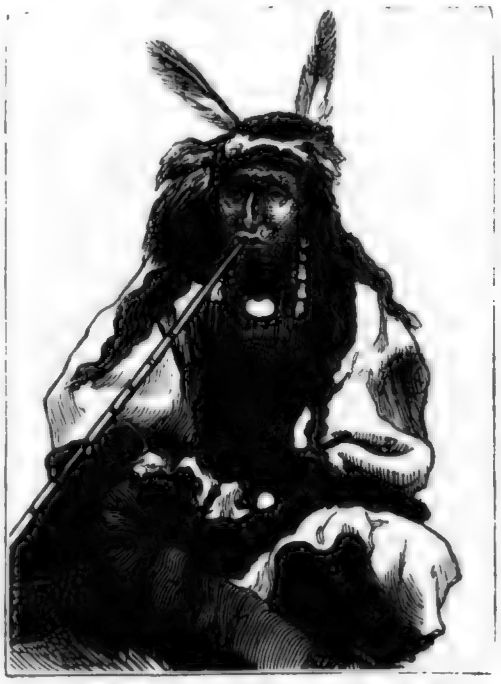
My efforts were made to elude his grasp, and attain the stairway. His, to reach the balustrade which overlooked the street below.



SKETCHES OF MANITOBA.—SHOOTING A RAPID.

As the moments passed, I felt myself gradually getting weaker. The maniac's hot breath came into my face, and his grasp nearly suffocated me.

With horror I appreciated the fact that I was losing ground, and that the desperate man was getting the better of me.



SKETCHES OF MANITOBA.—LITTLE FOX.

After the lapse of a minute or two, spent in these struggles, the maniac gradually forced me to the balustrade.

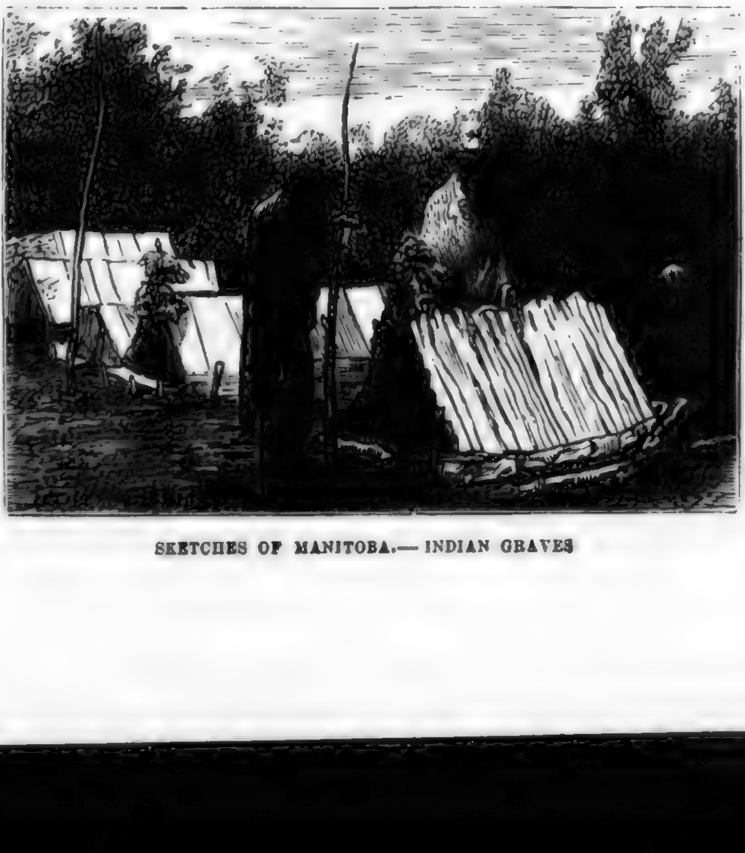
Then as he cried, exultingly, "Die, miserable man, in your obstinacy!" I gave a loud cry, to attract the attention of the passers-by below me.

I had clutched one of the railings, to which I held tenaciously. My head, face downward, extended over the balustrade, and from that position I could see the curious faces of two or three men looking up to the top of the column.

Again I shouted at the top of my voice:

"Help! Help!"

They heard me, and understood my appeal! and I saw, with a feeling of unspeakable thankfulness, that they were coming to my rescue.



SKETCHES OF MANITOBA.—INDIAN GRAVES

The hope of assistance gave me new strength.

I made one more effort to disengage myself from the vise-like hold of the maniac; and, as I succeeded in regaining my feet, I heard the encouraging voices of the men rushing up the stairway.

One moment more, and I saw them emerge from the aperture.

They sprang upon the madman, and tore him from me; and, in that instant, yielding to the reaction, I fainted and fell, unconscious. When I recovered my senses, I told my story to the horror-stricken listeners, and I was informed, in return, of the identity of the man who had so nearly succeeded in destroying me. He was a noted lunatic who had escaped, two days before, from a neighboring madhouse, and the symptoms of his lunacy were, as the reader may surmise, that he was the veritable "Wandering Jew," whom death could never reach.

SKETCHES OF MANITOBA.

"LORD SELKIRK'S RED RIVER SETTLEMENT" was a point long ago known to adventurous hunters and trappers in the Northwest—men to whom Pembina was not the last outpost of civilization. It was known in the English Parliament and law-courts, as there was plenty of litigation and trouble about it.

The hardy Scotch Highlanders, the Canadian Voyageurs, who planted themselves there in spite of its cold and severity, liked the place and staid, marrying Indian wives, and their descendants, half-breeds, or Boisbrules, as they are called, form at this day no inconsiderable portion of the population. The Church of Rome early sent her missionaries to the spot, and her sway is represented at this day by an archbishop.

This country, or, rather, a part of it, was, not long since, formed into the Territory of Manitoba; but things did not work, and in 1870 the Canadian element revolted, under the leadership of Riel.

Wolseley, since distinguished on the coast of Africa, overawed and overthrew the insurgents in a Winter campaign; but Riel, the outlawed leader, has since been repeatedly elected to the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada. We illustrate this territory, which borders on Minnesota, by a few sketches.

A Manitoba Dog-train, with its "husky" or Esquimaux dogs, represents the usual teams of the country. A good dog will draw from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds with ease, and a team of four will cost eighty or one hundred dollars. The harness is of moose-skin, and the dogs have gay saddle-cloths worked with beads. The driver is a half-breed, as hardy as his dogs.

The Indians of this part, chiefly Crees or Chippewyans, place the dead sometimes on scaffolds, at other times in graves, with a covering above, of bark or split saplings. At the head and foot of the grave they place a pipe, tobacco, a spoon, and some cooking utensils, with wood for a fire.

Shooting a Rapid shows that the rivers are not exempt from difficulties. The Winnipeg Waterworks, till within the last two years, are shown in another illustration, but an artesian well now furnishes a fine supply.

We give types of the Indian tribes of this little State, and a portrait of Little Fox, a chief of the Plain Crees.

BEHIND THE MOUNTAINS

By Carrie D. Beebe.

FOR miles the mountains ranged in an unbroken chain from north to south. They were rugged and rocky, and covered with dark forests of fir; but a spur shot sharply to the southwest, and then seemed suddenly shattered into a hundred little, fertile hills. Rivulets flowed down these hillsides, swollen into broad streams in the Springtime floods, but shrinking into slender threads during the heat of Summer. These slight streams fed lakes of various size and depth in the valleys below; and, altogether, with its rocks, and lakes, and hills, the country seemed a Switzerland in miniature.

Three villages were separated by three of these hills, and the height of the hill seemed to regulate the tone of society in its respective town. The highest village regarded its less fortunate neighbor with a feeling similar to that with which Fifth Avenue, with its select surroundings, looks upon the comfortable but less fashionable localities of New York; and, as the dwellers in these same localities congratulate themselves that they are not obliged to live in the narrow, crowded streets, where a breeze, if it could find its way, might reach them from either river, so the denizens of the centre village "thanked God and took courage," because they did not live in Factoryville, which was at least a hundred feet below them in altitude, and no one knew how much further in a social point of ziew.

Unlike New York, however, there was no close connection between these three social elements; for, when the morning came, the lifeblood and sinew, and nerve and brain of the city did not surge in a tide below during the hours of business, but each town was distinct from the other, and self-supporting in its own way.

Mount Calm, the more elevated village, contained many handsome country-seats, held by men of wealth, whose families sought rest and quiet in the Summer. Besides, there was a select community of professional gentlemen—physicians, lawyers, artists—who, from prudence or pure love, considered the air of Mount Calm salubrious the whole year round.

Middlebury, the second village, was populated with farmers, mechanics, and quiet, respectable tradesmen. This town stood upon the borders of a lake, and might have been picturesque, only that it closely resembled the toy villages which children set down upon nursery-floors, the houses all straight and narrow, placed exactly the same distance apart, and, as you looked down upon the trees, you felt ready to declare the branches were of curled-up shavings that had been dipped in blue-green paint, so nearly of a size were they, and perfect cones in shape.

Factoryville, the third village, was almost altogether given up to mills and factories. There was a large tannery, too, and the people employed in these temples of industry lived in small cottages near.

But there were two honorable exceptions to the general rule regarding private residences in Factoryville. Just within the borders of the village, divided by the street which led down the smallest hill to the town, were two as elegant dwellings as ever Mount Calm could boast.

One was occupied by a celebrated physician and surgeon, Dr. De Wolfe, the other by Angus McClay, the largest mill-owner in the place. Mount Calm, lifting her aristocratic eyes above sober Middlebury, always allowed them to fall benignly upon these residences and their possessors, for both were bachelors and wealthy. They mingled with the elevated society of Mount Calm, talked politics with the aristocratic fathers, were extremely polite to the exclusive mothers, and danced and flirted with the fairest daughters, but could never be induced to leave their Factoryville castles nor their solitary lives. They were firm friends, these men; the doctor being eminent in surgery, and Angus McClay, who clung to the names of his ancestors, was fond of being considered a Scotchman, albeit neither his father nor his grandfather ever saw the blue sky over Scotland during the whole of their natural lives. He was given to out-door sports, especially hunting and fishing, and, as he could call his own many a lake and trout-stream and many an acre of woodland, there was ample scope for the exercise of his skill upon his own domain.

Austin Randolph was a Wall Street broker, who had lost and won many fortunes in his day, and when he suddenly sickened and died, he left his estate to his two motherless daughters, Teresa and Louise.

Neither was of age, but his sister, who had been his housekeeper for years, was appointed as their guardian. His will, which was hastily made, left Lou, the younger, his elegant residence in the city, and Tess, as she was usually called, a handsome country-house, situated in the most fashionable street in Mount Calm.

His sister had enough to support her through life, and his remaining property—so the will stated—was to be equally divided between his two daughters. But, after a six months' search, no other property could be found, and the two young girls, just from school, had two handsome residences upon their hands, and nothing else to live upon.

However, Miss Randolph was equal to the emergency, and she rented the city house, furnished, for a handsome sum, and then bundled her two charges off to Mount Calm.

As their first year of mourning did not expire until the coming September, the girls passed a very quiet Summer, seeing very few people.

Louise took kindly to naps and novel reading, but poor Tess was so restless, she was a constant source of anxiety to her aunt. She persisted in ranging through the fields and woods, and when the Autumn frosts turned the forest upon the hills a bright cardinal and gold, she went out to gather maple-leaves day after day, pressing several bushels, and using quarts of linseed oil and furniture varnish in preserving them.

One day, when she set out for the woods, as usual, basket hand, her aunt made some slight demur.

in "If you gather many more leaves, Tess," she said, "we shall be obliged to store them in the hayloft."

"A very good place, auntie," returned Tess, coolly. "I'm glad you mentioned it, for I began to fear I should be obliged to bring my labors to a close for lack of room. As it is, I can go on as long as the leaves last, and then at Christmas time I may run down to the city and sell them upon the street-corners."

Miss Randolph looked dreadfully shocked, and away Tess went up the hillside, across a field which appeared very green for the season; she observed it as she passed, for there were cows feeding upon it. She soon reached the brightest bit of wood there was in sight, and she broke the branches of the trees as lavishly as her strength would permit.

At last she seated herself upon the stone fence at the border of the wood to rest, and at this moment she saw a man rush into the further end of the green field, and, by shouting and throwing stones, attempt to drive the cattle from it.

They were many, and he but one, and they appeared very little afraid, only keeping out of his way. They began to herd together in a corner of the field near Tess; but she was not afraid, and, tucking her feet under her, she watched in amused silence, wondering who would come off victor in the fight.

The man rushed after them, and they fled to another part of the field; so he paused to regain his breath for a moment, and, as he was only a stone's throw from Tess, she heard distinctly, as he began to apostrophize the cows in no gentle tone.

"I'm sure I think the cows very sensible," remarked Tess, from her perch upon the wall. "They don't wish to leave this field of fresh green grass, and I don't wonder, for all the others seem dead and brown."

The man regarded her for a moment, seeming greatly amused by her remark.

"Fresh green grass, indeed!" he laughed. "This is a field of Winter wheat, and belongs to me, while these troublesome cows belong to a troublesome neighbor, who would rather they should pasture upon my ground than feed them himself; and I dare say he helped them to lift the rails from the fence in the corner just below."

"Oh!" said Tess, glad to learn so much upon the subject of cows and grain in one short lesson. "I'll tell you what I'll do," she continued. "If you will help me carry these branches of Autumn leaves home, I'll assist you in driving out the cows."

He laughed more than ever.

"I doubt if you know how to drive cows at all," he said.

"At least I might succeed as well as you have done," she retorted, half-vexed. "I could follow them about the field, and flourish a bit of brushwood at them, I know; and if swearing is necessary, I'm confident you'll be able to do enough for both."

"Pardon me," he said, quickly, and his brown cheeks flushed a trifle. "If I had known there was a lady near, I should have been more guarded in my speech."

"Oh! there is no need of any apology," returned Tess, quietly. "I am without a brother, and I was never married; but then, I have lived with people who were."

She sprang lightly from the wall before he could assist her, and taking up a branch of Autumn leaves as high as her own head, she expressed herself ready for the fray.

He watched her earnestly for a moment, seeming half-perplexed, half-smiling.

"If you are really willing to help me," he said, "you may take your stand a little beyond where the fence is thrown down, and when I drive the cows that way, if you will prevent the first ones from passing you, they will all rush out of the field. They will not harm you, I know, or I would not allow you to assist me."

She nodded, and ran down to station herself where he directed, and, seeing she was quite in earnest, he went after the cows.

They soon came tearing down toward Tess, and she began to feel half-frightened, thinking they might possibly trample her down, there were so many, and they seemed all hoofs, horns and eyes.

But she stood firm, waving her bright branch as they approached, and they all rushed in mad haste out of the field.

"You are braver than I thought!" the farmer exclaimed, admiringly. "No one could have done better."

"I am not brave at all," contradicted Tess, who did not desire his admiration, and wished to dampen its ardor. "I was afraid of the beasts when they all came rushing toward me."

"That proves you to be truly brave," persisted he, as he began to place the rails upon the fence. "He who stands his ground when in danger is braver than the man who knows no fear."

Tess gave up the argument without another word.

"Perhaps your time is valuable to you," she said, as he placed a huge rock upon the topmost rail. "Mine is almost useless, and hangs heavily upon my hands. I will not insist upon your helping me to carry home my plunder, which, I suppose, I have obtained by trespassing upon your land."

"The leaves are of no use to me," he replied, "and I shall be glad if you will honor them by taking as many as you like. But I shall insist upon carrying out my part of the contract, and helping you carry the Autumn branches home."

"Thank you." She was growing a trifle embarrassed, this city-bred girl, in the presence of this plain man. "I have already pressed many more leaves than I need," she said, apologetically. "But I have not much to do, and I am so tired of being entirely idle."

"This must be pleasant work," and he gathered an armful of the larger and brighter sprays.

"Yes," and lifting her basket of ferns, Tess led the way, meekly.

Upon the brow of the hill she paused, and cast a lingering look backward. The hills seemed warm and bright, with their gay colors, but the mountain firs fringed their summits with the darkest green. Her companion paused also, and regarded the beautiful scene in silence.

Tess repressed a sigh.

"I wish I could look behind the mountains," she said, as if speaking to herself.

"Behind the mountains there live people, too," quoted her companion.

She turned, and for the first time looked him full in the face. What she saw she had not expected—it was a look of more than passing interest that his face wore, and she dropped her eyes and was silent.

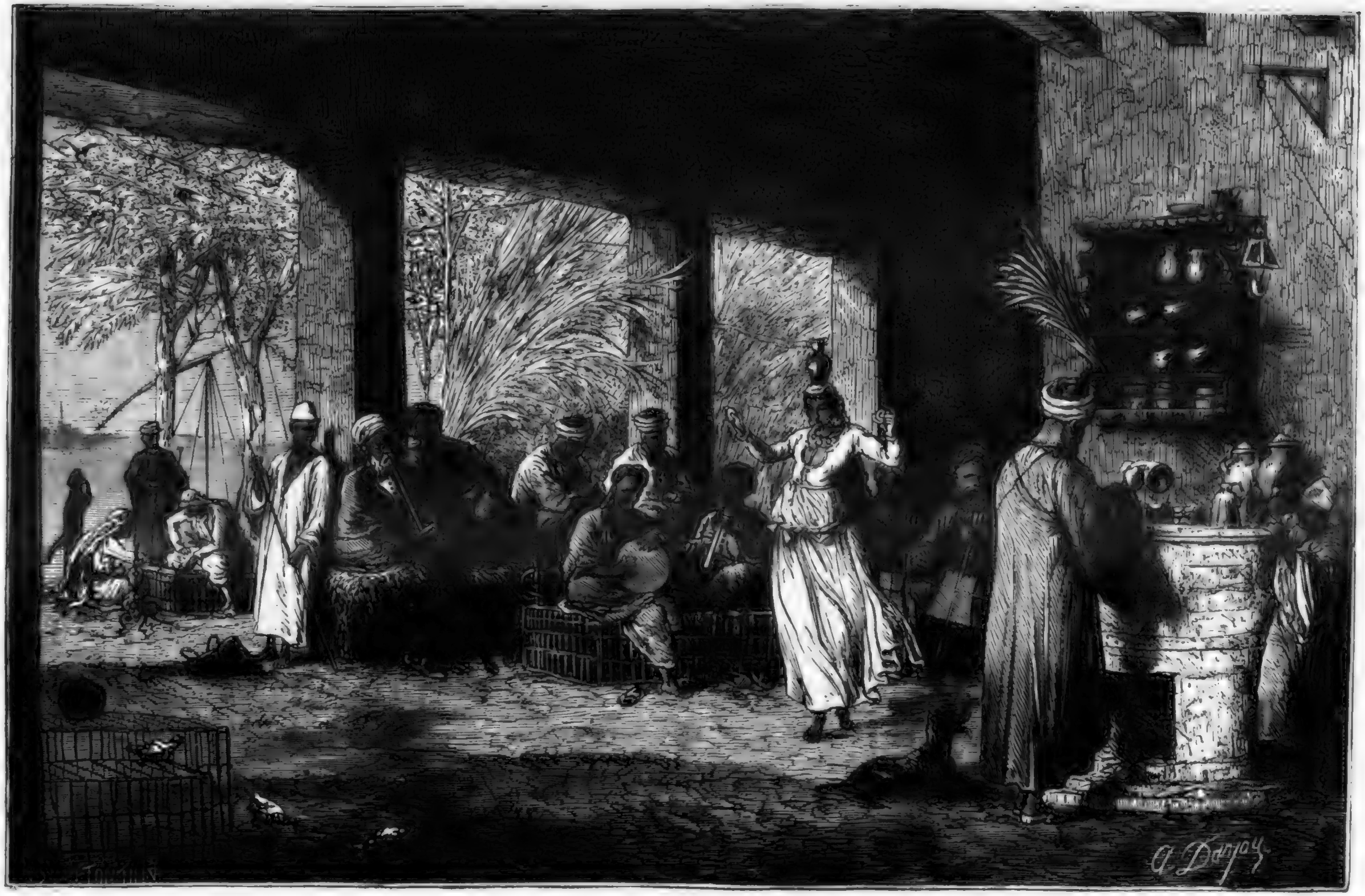
"Do you live behind the mountains?" she asked, at last.

"Yes," he answered, "but the other way."

"He is one of the Middlebury farmers," thought Tess. "I have heard how nice and respectable they are, and now I am sure of it."

She fell to wondering how or when she should dismiss him, but he anticipated her. They stood by the gate that led to the rear grounds of her house.

XUM



A VILLAGE COFFEE-HOUSE IN EGYPT.—SEE PAGE 482.

"Shall I leave the branches here?" he asked, as he opened it.

"If you please, sir," and he laid them down. "I thank you very much for bringing them," she said, and her cheeks grew rosy as she lifted her eyes to his face; but with a brief disclaimer he lifted his hat and was gone.

"What a manner that man has!" thought Tess, as she want slowly into the house—"and his eyes!"

Here her aunt met her in the hall.

"Tess," she said, "go up to your room and tidy yourself as quickly as possible. Mrs. Vansant is in the parlor, and she has come to urge me to allow Louise and you to attend her last reception before she leaves for the city."

"And shall we go?" asked Tess, her eyes beginning to brighten.

"I guess so; but you hurry down."

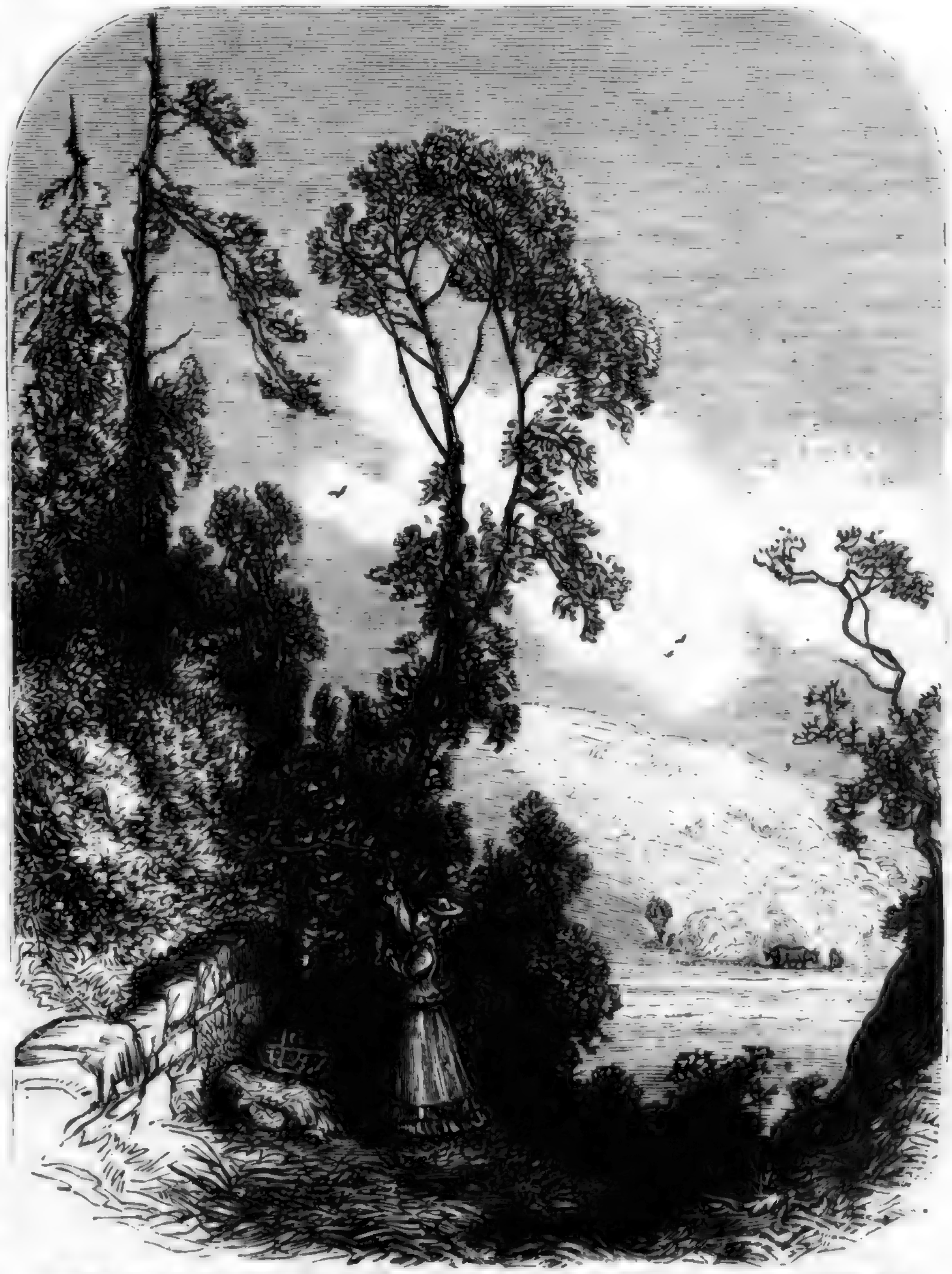
Mrs. Vansant was the leader of the Mount Calm society, and the very best people of the town assembled, at her call, in her tasteful drawing-rooms.

"My dear child," she said, with an approving glance toward the glowing cheeks and eyes of Tess, as she came into the room, "I shall not permit your aunt to make nuns of your sister and yourself any longer. You must appear, on Thursday evening, under my own especial charge; and I expect, before I return, next Summer, to see you the happy wife of Doctor De Wolfe; while your sister, I am sure, will be greatly admired by Mr. McClay. He likes a quiet woman. I know her gentle ways will suit him exactly."

Tess opened her eyes.

"Do the gentlemen in question know of your designs upon them?" she asked.

Mrs. Vansant laughed. "I do believe you will die an old maid in spite of your beauty, Tess."



BEHIND THE MOUNTAINS.—"SHE SOON REACHED THE BRIGHTEST BIT OF WOODS THERE WAS IN SIGHT, AND SHE BROKE THE BRANCHES OF THE TREES AS LAVISHLY AS HER STRENGTH WOULD PERMIT."—SEE PAGE 478.

"I hope not, indeed, unless I am fated to die soon. I shouldn't care to be an old maid if they are obliged to live as quietly as we have done since we came here."

"Then you must capture Dr. De Wolfe at once; that is, if you have no one else in view."

"But suppose I have?"

"I never knew such a girl," protested Miss Randolph. "You can never tell what she means by what she says. I don't suppose she has had ten minutes' conversation with any gentleman in ever so many months," she added.

"But I just have," said Tess, "and this very afternoon, too."

"And who may this gentleman be?" Mrs. Vansant asked, highly amused at the girl's manner.

"I don't know his name," Tess replied, soberly. "I am only aware of the fact that he lives behind the mountains."

"Very definite, indeed," laughed the lady, as she rose to go. "Don't disappoint me on Thursday evening. Mind come early, and come directly to my room."

Louise and Tess received several little additions to their toilets, in the room of their hostess, on Thursday evening, before they went down with her to receive the guests. Louise was ladylike and fair, with a charming manner, and Tess was a beauty who seemed to care very little about her own looks; while lace and bright flowers lightened their sombre dresses, and Mrs. Vansant was well satisfied with the result.

Among the very last of the guests, Mrs. Vansant's pet lions, the doctor and Mr. McClay, made their appearance. The girls had met the doctor before, but Mr. McClay they had not seen until to-night. Doctor De Wolfe came forward first, and then lingered to chat with Louise; but when Mr. McClay was introduced to Tess, his hostess said, gayly: "A young lady who hopes she will not be an old maid, Mr. McClay; but she is not in the market, for she has an admirer who lives behind the mountains, wherever that may be."

Tess lifted her eyes to the man's face, once, twice, thrice, and then she grew deadly pale; for there he stood before her, the very man whom she had assisted to drive the cows from the grain field—her knight who lived behind the mountain.

He bowed low, half smiling; and Mrs. Vansant, observing the girl's paleness, attributed it to the fact that she was weary with standing to receive the guests, and was about to send her to a seat in charge of Doctor De Wolfe; but, upon looking about, she discovered the good doctor devotedly leading Louise to a sofa near.

"Mr. McClay," she said, abruptly, "I've no doubt Miss Randolph is tired, so I'll commission you to take her somewhere a little out of the throng, where she can sit down for a few moments."

Tess dutifully took his arm, feeling more frightened than she had ever been before in her life. She knew Mr. McClay was fully aware of whom Mrs. Vansant referred to in the man who lived behind the mountains, and she felt he despised her, thinking she had spoken of him boastingly, as though he were a real admirer. But he began to converse in an interesting and easy manner, ignoring altogether the speech his hostess thoughtlessly made. Tess was very grateful, but wondered that he, knowing this, could seem so indifferent to the fact.

All the evening he was devoted to her; and at last, feeling that she could endure no longer to have him despise her, as she did not doubt he must do, she began a confused apology:

"Mr. McClay," she began, in a low tone, "I—I mistook you for a farmer, on the afternoon——"

"When we drove the cows from the grain field?" he asked, coolly.

"Yes," she managed to say.

"I know it, Miss Randolph. You thought me a plain, quiet farmer, and you rather liked me too."

Tess opened her eyes widely, and then she blushed.

"There was no reason why you should not think me a farmer," he said. "I am plain enough, mercy knows, and I had on an old brown hunting suit, faded until it looks the color of dead leaves, because it attracts no attention when I go through the wood."

Tess forgot her confusion, and began to become interested.

"You thought me a very nice sort of a farmer," he continued, "and so I had the advantage of you, for I knew exactly who you were from the first. I have seen you making raids upon my woods before, and I took the pains to inquire about you. And I do assure you, Miss Randolph, the liking I have mentioned before was mutual. I thought you a very interesting young girl, and determined to know more of you at an early opportunity: and I cannot help being thankful that fortune has favored me so soon!"

"But what Mrs. Vansant said——" began Tess.

"Now, I know you are a brave little girl," he interrupted, laughing. "You are frightened, and yet you will tell me all you meant to say, in spite of my efforts to distract and confuse you."

"I only want to tell you," Tess went on, desperately—for the tears were coming into her eyes—"that the way I came to speak of you to Mrs. Vansant at all was because she proposed to find a husband for me, and I told her she need not, for—for——"

"Yes, I know," he said, taking her hand—for it was all he could do in the crowd. "You told her you had an admirer behind the mountains; and so, little girl, you have."

"But I never expected to see you again," gasped Tess. "I meant it for a jest only."

"And this only goes to prove once more the truth of the old saw about so many true words being spoken in jest. But I am curious about one thing more. Am I the husband Mrs. Vansant proposed to find for you?"

"Oh, no!" quickly. "It wasn't you at all."

"And you don't wish to be an old maid?" teasingly.

Tess escaped from him, she never knew how, and got up to the dressing-room.

"Whatever did you say to Tessie Randolph last night?" asked Mrs. Vansant of him, next day.

"Whatever did you do with her?" he asked, in answer. "She disappeared toward the close of the evening, and I was told you had sent her home. Was it for temper, or——"

"Do hush! I found the child in my room, crying as if her heart was broken; and I strongly suspect you were the cause of it all."

"Perhaps I had better go over to her house and apologize."

"I think you had: and as you dare not go alone, I'll take you with me, for I am on my way there."

He was glad of the opportunity, and Mrs. Vansant engaged Miss Randolph, the aunt, in conversation, while Mr. McClay used nearly all the worst adjectives in the English language in calling himself bad names to Tess, for having been so wicked as to say anything to grieve her upon the previous evening.

Little as he believed what he said of himself, he was at least honest in endeavoring to win the girl's heart; and Tess, partly understanding both, forgave him altogether.

So when Mrs. Vansant returned to Mount Calm next Summer, Tess Randolph added McClay to her name, and presided with more gracefulness than dignity over her husband's elegant house in Factoryville.

But as Mr. McClay seemed perfectly content with all his girl-wife did and said, both Mrs. Vansant and her Aunt Helen declared that, in view of Mrs. McClay's being a universal favorite in society, they could not covet for her the charming manner of her sister, Mrs. De Wolfe, who was just over the way.

So they all lived long and happily, even in the little factory town behind the mountains.

A VILLAGE COFFEE-HOUSE IN EGYPT.

HOWEVER small the collection of mud huts inhabited by wretched *fellaheen*, which in Egypt may be dignified by the name of village, it is sure to possess its coffee-house. To these the natives resort for the inevitable coffee and pipes, and to them come, as a consequence, the itinerant jugglers, the musicians, and the *almas*, or dancing-girls, who purvey amusement for the oppressed and wretched peasantry of Lower Egypt.

Travelers seldom fail to visit one or more of these hostelries, which afford unusual advantages for studying the manners and habits of the people; and their appearance is always hailed with delight by the performers, since their appeals for *bakhsheesh* commonly meet with a liberal response.

Our engraving gives a faithful picture of one of these resorts. A recent traveler thus describes the dance of the *almas*:

"The *almas* dance with their bodies rather than their feet, making a series of contortions, shaking and joltings, which suggest the idea that the figures of these girls consist of two distinct parts, which have very little to do with one another.

"They shuffle their naked feet along the ground in a most inelegant manner, keeping time to the music which is played for them. One of the girls played with small brass cymbals, one of which she held in each hand; her companion raised one hand to her head, at times as though in grief, at others, spying through her fingers with most impudent looks, while her other arm was fixed akimbo on her side.

"There were regular figures to the dance; the performers seemed to follow the music according to their own inclination, and at the conclusion of the exercise they looked as hot and tired as might be expected after such unnatural exertions.

"One of them, who was pretty, and who was evidently looked upon as a kind of pocket Venus by her countrymen, gave us a song, which lasted for full ten minutes, in a curiously shrill and wild voice. She played her own accompaniment. on one of the funnel-shaped earthenware drums; after the song the dance was repeated in the same manner as before, and would have continued till morning, had the spectators not been fully satisfied long ere this period.

"The dress of the *almas* is always gay and handsome. They wore on this occasion striped India silk, and necklaces of gold coins, crocodiles, and other forms, all in gold. Their fez-caps were sewn all over with small gold money; a handsome crown-piece of solid gold fastened the rich black silk tassel; and a number of long braids of silk, equally covered with coins, forty of them at the least, dangled behind amongst the tiny plaits of their black hair, which, between the silk braids and the tassel of the fez, were very little seen.

"The fiddler, and the fiddle that accompanied the dancers, were the most curious part of the whole scene. The instrument was made of a cocoa-nut, cut crosswise in half; across it a bladder was tightly stretched; the handle was a rough stick, and two bundles of horse-hair, white and black, were stretched along the whole by way of strings. Two very large pegs at the top served to tune the strings, and a projecting iron stem beyond the cocoa-nut shell to rest the instrument on the ground.

"The fiddler was a remarkably fine, dark-colored man, father to one of the girls; and wonderfully well did he perform on his primitive-looking instrument. The fingers of one hand moved at the top, on the two bundles of strings, with the greatest agility; while the other hand and arm worked away with the fiddle-stick, which was formed of another bunch of horse-hair, loosely stretched and tightened by his arm in holding it.

"The variety of very peculiar sounds caused by the contact was almost incredible, a good deal of expression being arrived at by suddenly jerking the instrument first to one side, then to the other, in a way which would, no doubt, have astonished slightly the talent of Paganini. We set down the old man as a decided musical genius, and regret extremely not having brought back to Europe a faithful picture of the musician and his instrument.

"A younger musician holding a somewhat smaller instrument, made of the other half of the cocoanut, kept buzzing on, one continued monotone, as a "second part," during the whole performance.

"We were sufficiently pleased with these curiosities to be enabled to express truthful admiration and satisfaction, notwithstanding the sensations of disgust and pity which the dancing itself could not fail to raise in one's mind. We were very glad to have seen it, but were equally sure that we should never wish to witness it again; though the fiddler and the fiddle we would most gladly have captured and taken away along with us."

TATTOOING IN BURMAH.

At the mention of tattooing, the reader will be disposed to lower the Burman in his estimation to the level of the Red Indian or South Sea Islander, or other wild offshoot of humanity. Yet, it is no mark of any such want of culture. From the educated native judge who sits on the bench to administer the law of England, who speaks and writes the English language, drives in his barouche, and attends the social gatherings of English ladies and gentlemen, to the humblest laborer in the field, every man of the population is tattooed, not at pleasure and within the limits he himself may draw, but by a rigid custom which devotes to the tattooer's art the body of every man from the waist to below the knee. Within this area every Burman is branded with a close tapestry of lions, griffins, and other fabulous monsters, in deep blue pigment, forced under the skin by a painful process. Red tattooing is confined to the upper part of the body.

This necessary decoration is begun at an early age, and the prescribed surface is only gradually covered, but the severity of the treatment in the case of very young boys is the cause of no little illness, and sometimes even of death. I have myself met only one Burman who was not thus decorated, and he was a kind of privileged mountebank to whom the license of a clown was allowed, and who was the good-natured butt of his companions.

The tattooer is proud to execute his most artistic designs (which he will display on a scroll like a tailor's patterns) on the arms of English officers, and among those who have served in Burmah, the samples of this art are among the commonest relics shown to admiring friends at home.

Whatever may have been the origin of this strange custom, it is considered an essential mark of manliness, and the Burmese youth who shrank from the ordeal would be regarded and treated as a "milksop"; and, however unnatural the custom may be, it undoubtedly has the effect of attaching a wholesome dignity to hardship, and the fearless endurance of physical pain, to which may be partly due the remarkable freedom from effeminacy which is a popular characteristic of the Burmese.

Marriage.—Marriage is to woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home, her companions, her occupations, her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided; the sisters to whom she has dared impart every embryo thought and feeling; the brother who has played with her, by turns the counselor and the counseled; and the younger children to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke. Every former tie is loosened, the spring of every hope and action is to be changed; and yet she flies with joy into the untrodden path before her. She bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations to happiness to come. Then woe to the man that can blight such fair hopes—who can, coward-like, break the illusion that has won her, and destroy the confidence which love has inspired.

XUM

ALL HALLOW EVE.

I.—THE FADING YEAR.

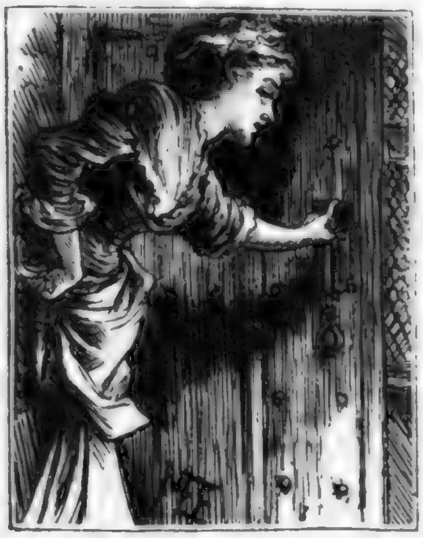
CLOSE by the garden walk, the marigold
  Uplifted to the sun with modest pride
Its shield of many an amber plaited fold,
  And hollyhocks flamed out, all crimson dyed,
And glowing asters rainbow hues unrolled,
  That with the amethyst-tinted heavens vied;
Whilst all around the air was sweet beset
With perfume of the fading mignonette.

Crisp were the leaves that fell in golden showers,
  And glimmered 'neath the lessening harvest moon,
That o'er the ruby-red-gemmed Autumn bowers
  Sailed misty on rose-clouded afternoon;
And the bowed heads of worshiping sunflowers
  Reminded that the sun was lost too soon;
And through the garden fled a gentle sigh,
As though sad Clytie's spirit wandered by.

The birds had taken wing to distant lands,
  The bulrushes turned yellow 'mongst the sedges;
The trailing leaves fell off from willow bands,
  And haws began to ripen on the hedges:
The Indian creeper wove, in brilliant strands
  Of red and gold, rare fringe along roof-ledges,
And purple berries on the elder-trees
Felt ghosts of Summer kisses in the breeze.

A gleam of beauty struggled to set free
  The earth from desolation. But the voice
Hath sounded forth from Orcus Jove's decree,
  And Erebus' hoarse waters roar, "Rejoice!"
And mournful Ceres lifts her vail to see
  The consort of the gloomy monarch's choice
Shroud her fair head in Autumn's paling bloom,
And sink reluctant to her regal tomb.

Whilst all the gleaming flowers fast fade away,
  And Winter folds them in a dreamful sleep,
Wherein in loyal, loving fancy they
  Anigh the portals of her prison creep,
That haply through each drear, unsunlit day
  They over her a tender watch may keep,
Ready to start at the first touch of Spring,
Beneath her feet their earliest buds to fling.



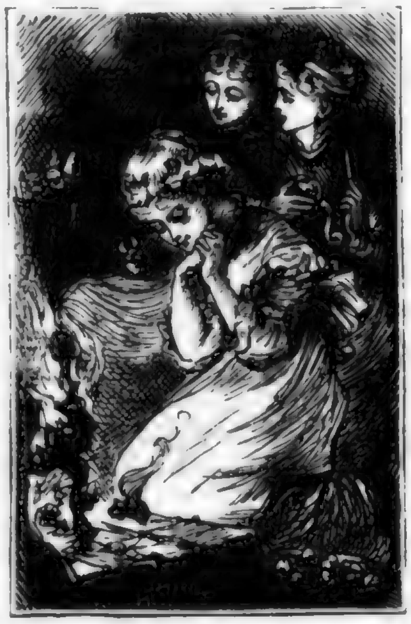
She opes the door, with eyes bent on the ground;
Her heart beats louder than all other sound."

II.—BURNING THE NUTS.

WITHIN the house the hearth-fire's crackling blaze
  Lights up with ruddy glare the ancient room,
And chisels fresh with its quick-darting rays
  The oaken flowers that on the panels bloom;
Then flickers o'er a troop of earth-born fays
  Around it met, to learn to-night their doom,
Through russet nuts, that on All Hallow Eve
Show anxious lovers whom they may believe.

The fire burns low, the nuts are named, and nigh
  The glowing embers laid in solemn state,
And May and Cis and Mab and Rose stand by
  With bright, flushed faces, and expectant wait
To see if this nut from that other fly,
  Or if close bound by love they duly mate,
And burn together in a love-flame bright,
Enkindled by the magic of the night:

With merry laughter, yet with beating heart,
  For half they mock at, half believe the spell,
Nor care to see those two nuts turn apart—
  And yet if they should burn together well,
Forthwith, though inly pleased, a doubt they start,
  "As if such idle charms truth e'er could tell!"
Then apple-parings o'er their shoulders throw,
To see if the loved letter's formed or no.



"The fire burns low, the nuts are named."

III.—LESBIA.

BUT little Lesbia, fanciful and wild,
  Determines yet to try another rite;
Her nuts have burned, and fate on her hath smiled:
  Her parings took the shape she hoped they might;
And now her prying spirit is beguiled
  Into the mirror, on this wondrous night,
To peep, and there young Florian's face to see—
Ah! if she should, how happy she would be.

And unperceived she quits the throng below,
  And eager mounts the antique walnut stair;
Then slips, with step full stealthy and full slow,
  Through the dim-lighted portrait gallery, where
The faces of some centuries ago
  Look down upon a youthful face as fair
As any beauty's of the house that bore
The palm of belle in misty days of yore.

Scared at her shadow, shrinking as the wind
  Through tree-tops wails its melancholy song,
Or shakes the casement. More than half inclined
  Is she to turn; for terrors that belong
To aught of magic ne'er had crossed her mind.
  Yet although trembling, in her love-mood strong
She onward goes, nor e'er behind looks she;
For if she looked, the spell would broken be.

On—till at last is reached the room of state,
  Where once a princess slept in bygone years;
Where lingers yet the legend of the great,
  And faded splendor duskily appears;
A fitting place wherein to try her fate,
  Though the strange quiet scarce allays her fears.
She opes the door, with eyes bent on the ground;
Her heart beats louder than all other sound.

IV.—THE MIRROR.

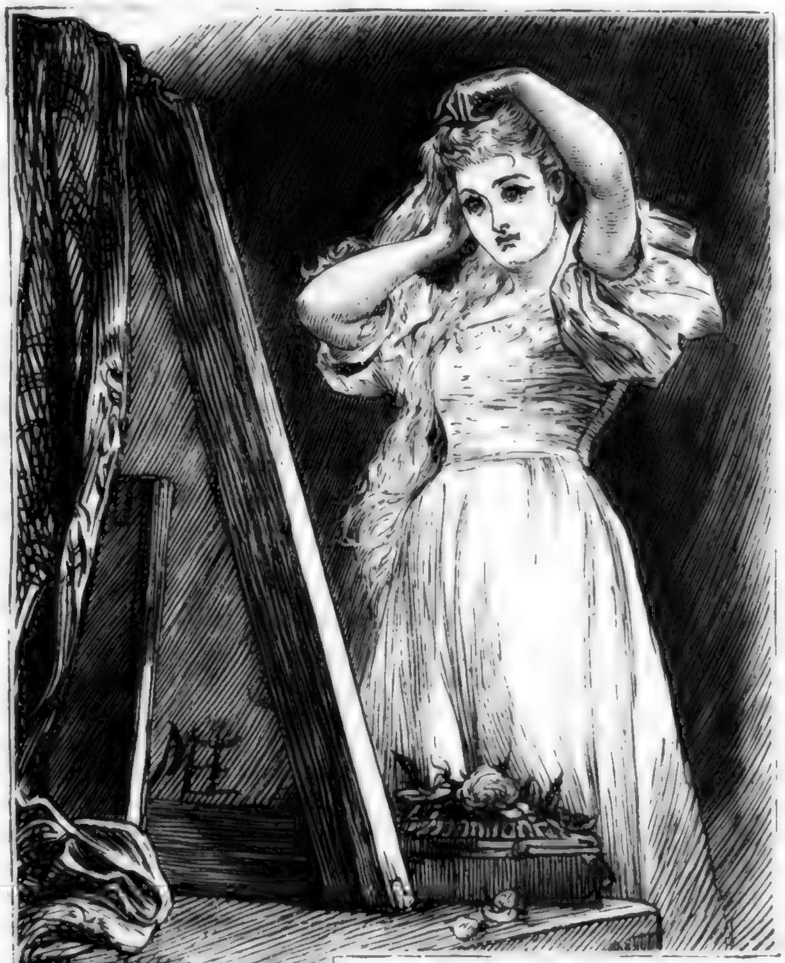
THE moonbeams fitful fell athwart the space,
In many a slender line of silver light,
And turned to ivory sweet Lesbia's face;
While through the rich stained window, colors bright
Upon the polished floor gay patterns trace,
And purple-border Lesbia's robe of white;
Whilst blazoned heart upon the centre pane
Throws on her heaving breast a blood-red stain.

She stands the massive mirror now before,
Where many a stately lady in her prime
Hath conned her toasted beauty o'er and o'er,
As yet unsullied by the hand of Time;
Yet dares she not her eyes from off the floor
To raise, whilst distant church-clock's steady chime
Tolls out the hour; lithe Lesbia, still afraid,
Stands there a trembling, hoping, love-lorn maid.

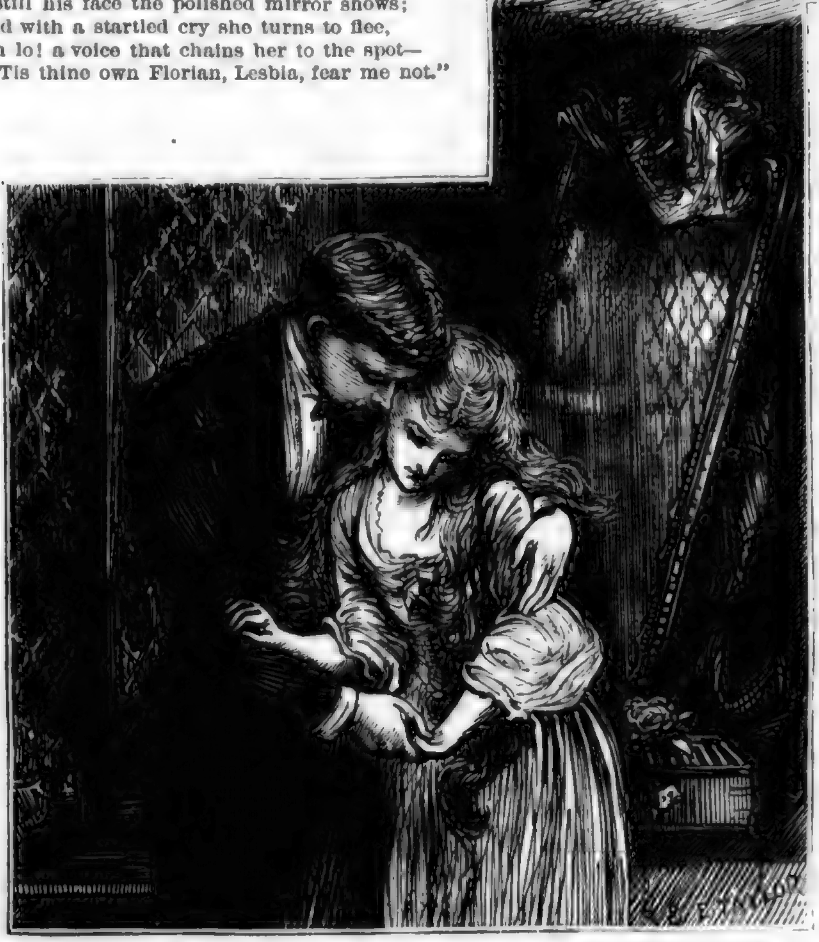
Her hand is raised to free her coils of hair
And in a moment like a golden vail
It ripples round her. Like a statue fair,
With downcast eyes, and parted lips, and pale,
She takes the comb with pearl inlaiden rare,
To comb her tresses ere her courage fail;
The while a rosy apple, trembling, she
Eats as Eve ate of the forbidden tree—

Half wishing she were back within the hall,
With gay companions by the fire's bright blaze
For the dim silver silence doth appall;
And timid she at last her eyes doth raise—
But scarce upon the mirror lets them fall,
Than back she starts affrighted, for her gaze
Hath met the answering gaze of Florian there,
Enchanted with the gold-vailed statue fair.

She shivers—paler yet her white face grows,
Though she hath seen what most she wished to see
Another glance upon the glass she throws,
And hopes, and fears, she may mistaken be.
But still his face the polished mirror shows;
And with a startled cry she turns to flee,
When lo! a voice that chains her to the spot—
"'Tis thine own Florian, Lesbia, fear me not."



"She stands the massive mirror now before."



"His arm is round her. 'Tis thy Florian, sweet;
Ah! pardon me that I have made thee start.'"

V.—FLORIAN.

HIS ARM is round her. "'Tis thy Florian, sweet;
Ah! pardon me that I have made thee start;
I am no ghost; I tracked thy dainty feet,
This Hallow Eve, to play a spirit's part,
That in the mirror eyes with eyes might meet,
And thou through them shouldst learn my faithful heart.
O love! thrice blest be each mysterious rite
That led us hither our love-vows to plight."

No marble statue now; the crimson blood
Straight from her heart upmantled in her face,
Then coursing through her veins in sudden flood
Of joy, gave to her yet another grace;
And Florian bending, as she blushing stood,
In her dark eyes his happiness to trace,
Bent lower, and in love's first rapturous kiss
Felt past and future blend in present bliss.

So stood they in the moonlight—and behold,
Rose up a garden, where on every stem
Bloomed silver lilies; and transparent rolled
A crystal river, and full many a gem
Sparkled upon its shores 'mongst sands of gold;
And round about their brows a diadem
Fell in bright rainbow glory from above,
Whilst a sweet unseen chorus sang of love.

The moon sailed by—the stars did brighter shine;
The flowers half woke, through dreaming that the sun
Had risen—and the river's crystal line
Rippled as though some passing breeze had won
It into smiling—whispering, "Life divine
Hath once again upon the earth begun;
For Love with fairy hand a web doth weave,
From magic threads spun on All Hallow Eve."

JULIA GODDARD.

THE HEROISM OF MARY MAGDALENE DE VERCHERES.

CANADA boasts no nobler heroine than Miss Mary Magdelon de Verchères, whose defense of her father's fort at Verchères, in October, 1696, has won her a name in history, as it did at the time high honor from the King of France.

Her narrative of her exploit has been preserved:

I was five arpens from Fort Verchères, belonging to the Sieur de Verchères, my father, who was then, by order of the Chevalier de Calières, governor of Montreal; and my mother, too, was at Montreal. I heard several shots fired, without knowing what they were firing at. I soon perceived that the Iroquois were firing on our settlers, who were about half a league from the fort. One of the servants cried, "Run, miss, run; see, the Iroquois have burst on us." At that instant, I turned and perceived forty-five Iroquois rushing on me, and not a pistol-shot off.

Resolved to die rather than fall into their hands, I thought to seek safety in flight. I ran toward the fort, commending myself to the Blessed Virgin, and saying to her from the bottom of my heart: "Holy Virgin, Mother of my God, thou knowest that I have always loved and honored thee as my dear mother, forsake me not in this strait in which I am—I prefer to die a thousand times, rather than fall into the hands of a nation that knows thee not."

Meanwhile, the Iroquois who were after me, seeing themselves too far off to take me alive, before I could enter the fort, and feeling themselves near enough to shoot me, stopped to fire at me. I was long exposed to it, or at least it annoyed me greatly. The balls of forty-five rifles, which whistled around my ears, made the time seem long, and the distance from the fort quite great, although I was very near it.

When near enough to be heard, I cried, "To arms! to arms!" hoping that some one would come out to help me, but in vain. There were only two soldiers in the fort, and they, terror-stricken, had fled to the redoubt to conceal themselves. At last, on reaching the door, I found two women crying for their husbands, who had just been killed; in spite of them I made them go in the fort and closed the doors myself.

Then I thought only of putting myself and the few there were with me beyond the insults of the savages. I inspected the fort and found several palisades fallen, leaving breaches where the enemy could easily enter. I ordered them to be raised, and, without regarding my sex, or the weakness of my age, I took hold hold of one end of the log to encourage those with me to raise it; I felt that when God gives strength, nothing is impossible.

The breaches of the fort repaired, I went to the redoubt that served as guard-house and contained the ammunition. There I found the two soldiers: one hid away, the other holding a lighted torch. I asked the latter:

"What are you going to do with that match?"

"To set fire to the powder," he answered, "and blow us all up."

"You are a wretch!" I replied. "Off, I command you."

I spoke so firmly and assuredly that he obeyed. I at once threw of my head-dress, clapped on a hat, and, taking a gun, said to my two young brothers:

"Let us fight till death; we fight for our country and our religion. Remember the lessons my father has so often given you, that gentlemen are born only to shed their blood in the service of God and the King."

My brothers and the soldiers, encouraged by my words, kept up a continual fire on the enemy. I made them fire off the cannon, not only to alarm the Iroquois by showing them that we were in a position to defend ourselves, but also to warn our soldiers, who were out hunting, to make their way to some other fort.

But what must we not suffer in such extremities? In spite of the noise of our artillery, I heard the pitiful cries of the women and children who had just lost husband, brother or father; I deemed it prudent, while we were firing on the enemy, to represent to these desolate women and to these children the danger of being heard by the enemy in spite of the noise of the muskets and cannon. I bid them be still, so as not to give the idea that we were without resources and hopeless.

While I was thus speaking, I descried a canoe on the river, opposite the fort. It was the Sieur Pierre Fontaine, with his family, about to land at the spot where I had so narrowly escaped being taken by the Iroquois, who still appeared there, right and left. The family would be cut off, if we did not give them prompt succor. I asked the two soldiers whether they would go and meet this family, and cover the landing, which was five arpens from the fort; their silence betrayed their cowardice.

I bid La Violette, our servant, stand sentinel at the gate of the fort, and keep it open, while I went myself to the bank of the river, hat on head, and my rifle in my hand. As I left him, I told him, in case we were killed, to close the gate and keep up the defense.

I started with the thought that God had given me, that the enemy in sight would think it a feint to draw them toward the fort, so as to make a brisk sortie on them. As it proved, they so thought, and thus I had time to save poor Pierre Fontaine, his wife, and his children. When all had debarked, I made them go before me to the fort, in sight of the enemy.

So bold a countenance made the Iroquois think they had more to fear than we. They had no idea that Fort Verchères held only my two brothers—twelve years old—one servant, two soldiers, and an old man of eighty, with some women and children.

Srengthened by the reinforcement given by Pierre Fontaine's canoe, I commanded them to keep up the fire on the enemy. Meanwhile, the sun went down; a furious northeaster, soon accompanied with snow and hail, heralded the most frightful night imaginable. The enemy, always in sight, far from being repelled by such weather, led me to think, by their movements, that they wished to scale the fort, favored by the darkness.

I assembled all my troops, that is, six persons, and thus addressed them: "God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies; but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. For myself, I will show you that I have no fear; I take the fort as my portion, with a man of eighty, and a soldier that has never fired a shot; and do you, Pierre Fontaine, La Bonté, and Gachet (the two soldiers), go to the redoubt, as the strongest place, with the women and children. If I am taken, do not surrender; even if I am burnt and hacked to pieces before your eyes, you have nothing to fear in that redoubt, if you make the slightest resistance."

I at once placed my two young brothers on two bastions, the old man of eighty on the third, and I myself took the fourth. In spite of the whistling of the northeaster, a terrible wind in Canada at that season—in spite of snow and hail, every moment you would hear from the fort to the redoubt, "Bonquart," and from the redoubt to the fort, "Bonquart." To hear us, one would have supposed the fort full of soldiers; so that the Iroquois, though generally so cunning and warlike, were deceived, as they afterward admitted to M. de Callières, to whom they declared that they held a council to take the fort by night, but that the guard we kept up incessantly prevented their carrying out their design, especially after the loss they had sustained by the fire that my two brothers and I had kept up on them the day before.

About an hour after midnight, the sentinel on the bastion by the gate cried out, "Miss, I hear something!" I marched toward him to see what it was; I perceived through the darkness, by favor of the snow, some cattle—what little the enemy had left us. They told me, "We must open the gate to let them in." God forbid, I answered; you do not yet know all the wiles of the Indians. Beyond a doubt they steal on after the cattle, wrapped in skins, so as to enter the fort if we are simple enough to open the gate. I had everything to fear from an enemy so adroit and wily as the Iroquois. Yet, after taking every precaution that prudence, under the circumstances, demanded, I thought there was no risk in opening the gate. I made my two brothers come with their hands on the trigger, in case of a surprise, and thus we brought the cattle in.

Day came at last, and the sun, scattering the shades of night, seemed to dispel our fear and anxiety. I appeared amid my soldiers with a cheerful countenance, saying:

"Since, by the help of Heaven, we have got through the night safe, fearful as the night has been, we may well get through many more, by keeping up a strict guard and occasionally firing the cannon to get help from Montreal, which is only eight leagues off."

I perceived that my words had made an impression on their minds, and only Mlle. Marguerite Antionne, wife of Pierre Fontaine, who was extremely timid, like all Parisian women, begged her husband to take her to some other fort, declaring that if she had been fortunate enough to escape the fury of the Indians that night, she could not expect the same good fortune the next night; that Fort Verchères was good for nothing; that there were no men to hold it, and that to remain was to expose one's self to an evident danger, either of falling into perpetual slavery, or dying at the stake.

The poor husband, seeing that his wife persisted in her request, and that she wished to retire to Fort Contrecœur, three leagues from Fort Verchères, told her: "I will provide you a canoe with a good sail, with your two children, who can manage a canoe well. For my part, I will never abandon Fort Verchères, as long as Mademoiselle Magdelon is here." (They called me so in my childhood.)

I replied, "that I would never abandon the fort; that I would rather die than surrender it to the enemy; that it was of infinite importance that they should not enter any French fort; that they would judge of others by this, if they succeeded in taking it, and that such a knowledge would only serve to increase their haughtiness and courage."

I can say with truth that I was twice, for twenty-four hours, without sleeping or eating; I did not once enter my father's house; I kept on the bastion, whence I went to see how they behaved in the redoubt. I always appeared with a gay and smiling countenance, to encourage my little force by the hope which I held out of a speedy relief.

The eighth day—for we were eight days in continual alarms, always in sight of the foe, and exposed to their fury and barbarity—the eighth day, I say, M. de la Monnerie, lieutenant, detached by M. de Callières, arrived by night with forty men, not knowing but that the fort was taken. He approached with great silence. One of our sentinels, hearing some noise, cried: "*Qui vive?*" I had just then lost myself, my head on a table, my musket across my arms. The sentinel told me that he heard talking on the water. Without losing time I mounted the bastion, to see by the voice whether they were Indians or French. I asked: "Who are you?"

They replied:

"French—it is La Monnerie, come to your aid."

I threw open the gate of the fort, placed a sentinel there, and went to the water's edge to receive them. As soon as I perceived him, I saluted him with these words:

"Sir, you are welcome. I give you my arms."

"Miss," he replied, with a gallant air, "they are in good hands."

"Better than you think," I replied.

He went around the fort, and found it in very good condition, a sentinel on each bastion. I said to him:

"Sir, relieve my sentinels, that they may take a little rest. We have not been off our bastions for eight days."

I forgot one circumstance which may give some idea of my assurance and tranquillity. The day of the great struggle with the Iroquois who surrounded the fort, burning the houses of our farmers, plundering all, killing their cattle before our eyes, I recollected, about one o'clock, that I had three clothes-bags and some blankets out of the fort. I asked my soldiers whether one of them would go with me, gun in hand, to get my clothes. Their silence, accompanied by a sad, sullen expression, revealed their lack of courage to me. I then addressed my little brother, saying:

"Take your gun, and come with me. For your part," said I to the rest, "keep up the fire on the enemy while I go for my clothes."

I went twice, in sight of the enemy, to the spot where I had escaped them some hours before. My step, doubtless, looked suspicious to them, for they did not venture to come to take me, or even fire to take my life. I felt that when God directs things, they cannot but turn out well.

STORKS AND THEIR NESTS.

I RESIDED, while in Strasburg, on the third story of a lofty mansion, and from my windows could catch sight of five or six storks' nests; but from a large attic, above my room, I was able to see over all the city. These nests are all situated in the same quarter, and within a limited area, to the west of the cathedral, in a radius not exceeding three to four hundred yards—a fact indicating in these birds a very uncommon spirit of sociability.

The arival of the storks takes place constantly toward the close of February, and their departure in the early days of Autumn. Their first care, after securing possession of their abode, which appears to be always the property of one and the same family, is to repair the injuries caused by the Winter.

For this purpose they hunt about the country in search of twigs and broken branches, which they very solidly work into the old construction, until the nests are sometimes twenty to twenty-four inches in height. They are situated on the summit of disused chimneys, or on those covered with a flat slate or stone. In the country, the peasants endeavor to attract them by placing on their chimneys, or the gable end of the church, an old cart-wheel, or even a small plank, to serve as a support for their edifices.

The storks range all over the low districts of Alsace, which consist of ample meadows, intersected by water-courses, where they readily obtain sufficient supplies of food. They halt at the foot of the Vosges, never passing beyond that mountain-chain. However, it did once happen that a couple of these birds established themselves at Luneville, building their nest on the head of a statue which crowns the tower of the principal church. This statue represents the Archangel, St. Michael, whose wings served to

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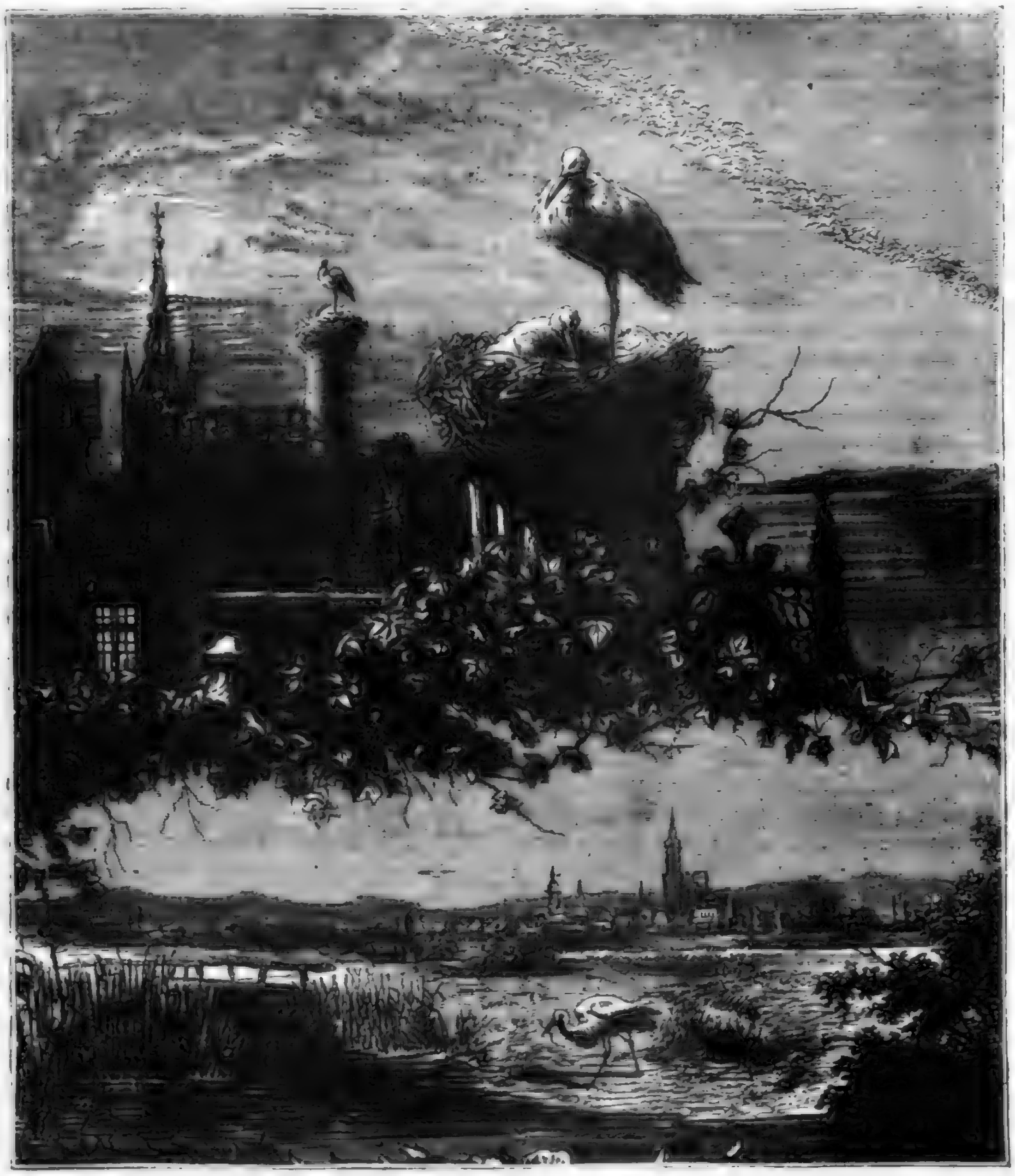
support the sides of the nest. The attempt does not seem to have been satisfactory to them, for they never returned.

At Saverne, there also existed a very ancient nest on the roof of a house belonging to my family. It was inhabited every year until, in consequence of a discharge of fireworks in the neighborhood, the storks suddenly disappeared, to show themselves no more. I know not whether by this time a new brood has taken possession of it.

To return to the storks of Strasbourg. I have been an eye-witness of many facts, one of which proves that between these birds an understanding prevails, similar to that which indubitably prevails among the swallows. A couple, young and inexperienced, doubtless, had established themselves on a vacant chimney opposite my windows; the nest was rapidly built up; but one day, half-a-dozen storks, perceiving that it was being formed at the expense of their own nests, furiously precipitated themselves on the new edifice, flung a portion of the materials to the ground, and carried off the remainder in their bills. To accomplish this *coup*, they had taken advantage of the absence of the young couple.



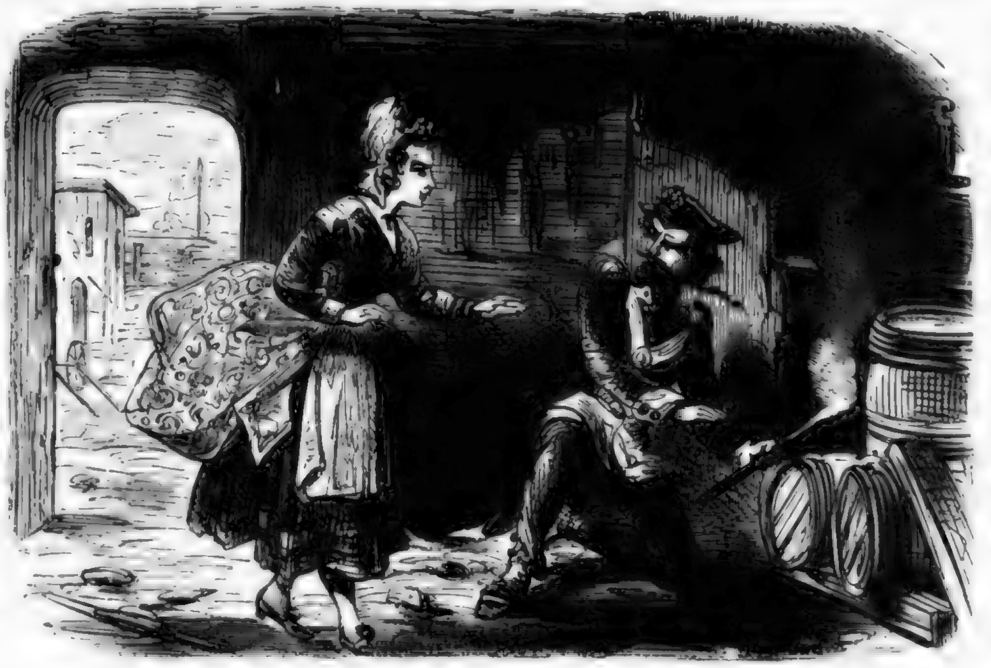
STORKS AND THEIR NESTS.

The birds generally lay two or three eggs; but I remember to have seen a nest containing five young ones. By degrees, as the little ones grow stronger, their appetite increases, and their parents find it a hard task to supply them with the necessary nourishment.

On a certain day, one of the latter arriving with the provender—apparently a living adder, which struggled greatly—the young birds eagerly stretched out their beaks, each of them wanting to be served first, and probably they scratched or pinched their mother. The latter settled down on the nest, stamping with rage for some moments; then, inclining her head on one side, she looked at them fixedly in the face for a few minutes, as if to threaten them. The young storks did not stir; they remained perfectly quiet, and at last received with much contentment the food their mother distributed equally among them.

As the little ones grow, the nest becomes too narrow, and the parents retire at nightfall to the ridge of the nearest roofs.

I can conceive of nothing more amusing than the spectacle of the young birds attempting to fly; at first they rear themselves erect on their long feet, beating awkwardly with their wings, and with an irregular motion; then they rise a little with the same kind of motion, and fall back heavily into their nest.



THE HEROISM OF MARY MAGDALEN DE VERCHERES.—SEE PAGE 486.

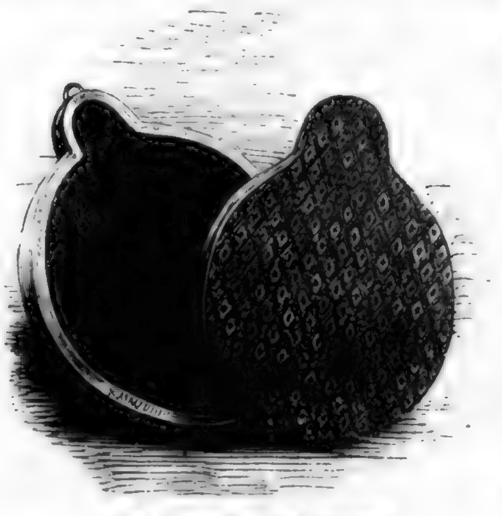
The parents had taught them this exercise by a similar manœuvre. At the end of eight or ten days they are able to take their flight, increasing the distance gradually. Sometimes they have presumed too much upon their strength; they are then lifted up very carefully, and placed in the courtyards or gardens.

In captivity, they stalk about gravely, and never grow familiar. I have seen at Saverne, in a bathing-establishment, one of these birds, whose lower mandible had been broken in a quarrel with a dog over some disputed dainty. The poor animal was necessarily dying of famine. A tinman was called in, who imitated the missing portion of the bill in tin, and fastened it to the uninjured part with small tacks. Thenceforth the bird was able to take his food.

Long before the time for the departure of the storks in the Autumn the nests are empty; parents and children pass the day in the fields, or on the brink of streams and pools, where they find little fish and frogs and mice and large insects, for all is good to them; and they do not return until the evening, when they take up their positions on the roofs.

Some days before their departure you may see them arranged in a long line on the lofty and narrow roofs of churches and other buildings. You hear them during the night continually clacking with their bills, as if in concert. Then, one fine morning, not a single bird is visible. They have set out at daybreak.

THE ASTROLOGIST'S STONE.



THE ASTROLOGIST'S STONE.

The days of astrologers and necromancers are gone, although, apparently, superstition is as deeply-rooted as ever, if we are to judge by the prosperity and custom of the fortune-tellers who advertise in our daily papers. Their believers are, however, found among the more ignorant classes. Such was not the case with the olden astrologers. Dr. Dee was a famous one in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and there is still preserved a show-stone used by him in his unvailing of the future. In the catalogue of Horace Walpole's famous Strawberry Hill collection, sold in 1842, it is described thus:

"The black stone in which Dr. Dee used to call his spirits by his book. This stone was mentioned in the catalogue of the collection of the Earls of Peterborough, from whom it came to Lady Elizabeth Germaine.

"Kelly was Dr. Dee's associate, and is mentioned with this very stone in 'Hudibras,' chapter 2, canto 3, verses 6--31. Kelly did all his feats upon the devil's looking-glass, or stone."

The stone is eight inches long, and seven inches and a half across at its widest part. Though simply a piece of polished coal, it brought nearly $100.

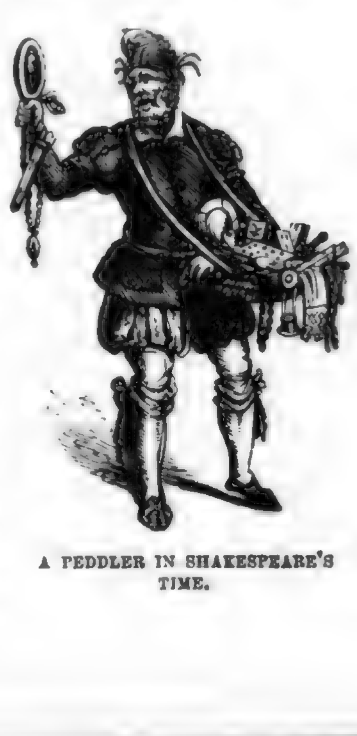
In the British Museum is another relic of this same astrologer, Dr. Dee—his Magic Mirror—being a piece of rock crystal, of somewhat smoky tint, fashioned into a globular form; and from Sir Walter Scott's interesting little book, "Demonology and Witchcraft," it would appear that the astrologer, in divining by means of the Magic Mirror or Show-stone, did not himself pretend to see the spirit supposed to be imprisoned in the stone, "but the task of viewer or reader was intrusted to a third party—a boy or a girl usually under the years of puberty." Dr. Dee was ruined by his associates, both in fortune and reputation; and Kelly was the person who acted as his viewer.

Dr. Dee was born in London, in 1527, and died in 1608, in great poverty. His astrology seems to have been a delusion, for he was a man of learning and ability, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a professor of note at Rheims and Louvain. He was, too, for several years warden of Manchester College.

A Peddler in Shakespeare's Time.

Shakespeare, doubtless, in his picture of Autolycus, describes a peddler of his own day, such as our picture portrays, and no doubt singing then was part of his advertising facilities.

Servant—"Oh, master, if you did but hear the peddler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and



A PEDDLER IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you; he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grow to his tunes."

—"He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves; he has the prettiest love-songs for maids."

—"He hath ribands of all colors in the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns; why, he sings them over as they were gods and goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't."

But not content with this vivid description in the mouth of the servant, he introduces Autolycus singing—

> "Lawn, as white as driven snow;
> Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
> Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
> Masks for faces and for noses;
> Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
> Perfume for a lady's chamber;
> Golden quoits, and stomachers,
> For my lads to give their dears;
> Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
> What maids lack from head to heel:
> Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy,
> Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry;
> Come, buy," etc.

THE CAPTURE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE, MARCH, 1313.

WHILE Robert Bruce was rapidly gaining possession of Scotland, and driving out the English, Edinburgh remained, with its strong castle, in the possession of the invaders. Sir Thomas Randolph, just created Earl of Murray by the King, was extremely desirous to gain this important place; but the castle is situated on a very steep and lofty rock, so that it is difficult, or almost impossible, even to get up to the foot of the walls, much more to climb over them.

So, while Randolph was considering what was to be done, there came to him a Scottish gentleman named Francis, who joined Bruce's standard, and asked to speak with him in private.

He then told Randolph that in his youth he had lived in the Castle of Edinburgh, and that his father had then been keeper of the fortress. It happened at that time that Francis was much in love with a lady who lived in a part of the town beneath the castle, which is called the Grassmarket. Now, as he could not get out of the castle by day to see his mistress, he had practiced a way of clambering by night down the castle rock on the south side, and returning at his pleasure; when he came to the foot of the wall, he made use of a ladder to get over it, as it was not very high at that point, those who built it having trusted to the steepness of the crag; and, for the same reason, no watch was placed there.

Francis had gone and come so frequently in this dangerous manner, that, though it was now long ago, he told Randolph he knew the road so well he would undertake to guide a small party of men by night to the bottom of the wall; and as they might bring ladders with them, there would be no difficulty in scaling it. The great risk was that of their being discovered by the watchmen while in the act of ascending the cliff—in which case every man of them must have perished.

Nevertheless, Randolph did not hesitate to attempt the adventure. He took with him only thirty men (you may be sure they were chosen for activity and courage), and came one dark night to the foot of the rock, which they began to ascend, under the guidance of Francis, who went before them upon his hands and feet, up one cliff, down another and around another, where there was scarcely room to support themselves.

All the while these thirty men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchmen. They were obliged, therefore, to move with the greatest precaution.

When they were far up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their rounds to see that all was safe in and about the castle. Randolph and his party had nothing for it but to lie close and quiet, each man under the crag, as he happened to be placed, and trust that the guards would pass by without noticing them. And while they were waiting in breathless alarm, they got a new cause for fright. One of the soldiers of the castle, willing to startle his comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall, and cried out: "Aha, I see you well!"

The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, who naturally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred, or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed; for the soldiers above might have killed every man of them merely by rolling down stones. But being courageous and chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick, passed on without further examination.

Then Randolph and his men got up and came in haste to the foot of the wall, which was not above twice a man's height in that place. They planted the ladders they had brought, and Francis mounted first to show them the way; Sir Andrew Gray, a brave knight, followed him, and Randolph himself was the third man who got over. Then the rest followed.

When once they were within the walls, there was not much to do, for the garrison were asleep and unarmed, excepting the watch, who were speedily destroyed, the gates thrown open, and the whole Scottish force poured in. Thus was Edinburgh Castle taken, in March, 1313.

MARGERY DAW.

> "See-saw, Margery Daw,
> Johnny shall have a new master;
> He shall have only a penny a day,
> Because he can work no faster."

MARGERY DAW, Johnny's mother, lived in as poor a cottage as it is possible for any one to live in. There were holes in the moss-grown thatch, and holes in the damp clay floor, holes in the mud-built walls; and as to the windows, they were scarcely anything else but holes.

She would not have staid there if she could have helped it, for of course it was terribly cold and drafty; but, although she took in washing from the neighboring town, and worked hard all the week, it was as much as she could do to pay the rent, even of that miserable little cottage. But her little boy Johnny was a merry little fellow, although he ran about barefooted and bareheaded; and as for playthings, he never had had so much as a ball or a marble in his life.

But he had what was much better—a playfellow. His little cousin, Margery Daw—she was not a very near relation, although she had the same name, being fifth cousin three times removed—she was his constant playfellow.

Little Margery had been left quite alone in the world, so Johnny's mother, poor as she was, took Margery home to her cottage, and brought her up together with Johnny.

There was no end to the games that they played together. They drove coaches, or they were runaway horses, or they carried thistles and ragwort-heads to market and sold them to one another for turnips and cauliflowers. But their favorite playground was a piece of land close by, belonging to Farmer Shepperley, where he had left a number of stems of trees to season. They were flung about anyhow, one across the other, and Johnny and Margery clambered about among them, and sat underneath them, and walked along them.

And it is no such easy thing, mind you, to walk along a slippery tree-stem that is raised partly off the ground. It is all very well as long as you are on the thick part; but when you come to the small end, that noddles about and sways up and down under your feet, first you begin to run, and then you feel that you *must* jump off to save yourself from falling—and so it is not often that you get to the tip.

There was one tree, in particular, that was so nicely balanced across a fat trunk that the weight of Johnny or Margery was enough to swing it up and down. Such games of see-saw they had on it! Johnny gave Margery the broad end, because she was a girl, and he himself mounted on the narrow one, and they flew up and down, and tumbled off, and laughed and shouted and tumbled off again, until every one that passed by must have longed to come and play at see-saw with them.

Little Margery was richer than Jonnny, for she had something of her own. It was a bed—a nice spring mattress, with a little iron bedstead painted green, and with brass knobs at the four corners, and a baby's face in bright brass in the middle of the footpiece, and another in the middle of the head. It had been left to her by her grandmother, and of course when Margery came to live with Johnny's mother, she brought her bed with her. There is a nursery rhyme about Margery and her bed, but it is not at all a pretty one. It says:

> "See-saw, Margery Daw,
> Sold her bed and lay upon straw.
> Was not she a dirty slut
> To sell her bed and lie upon dirt?"

But it is not fair to call Margery such ugly names, for this is why she sold her bed:

Toward the end of Spring, Johnny's mother fell ill. The days went on, and she did not get any better; and one morning Johnny said to her:

"Mother, when people are ill they have a doctor. Why should you not have one?"

"My dear, I should be very glad to have a doctor," she answered; "but a doctor must be paid, and I have got no money to pay him."

Now little Margery was busy sweeping just outside the door, and heard what they said. And she thought:

"How I should like to get enough money to pay for a doctor!"

And then a thought struck her; and she went softly in, and washed her hands, and smoothed her hair, and put on her shoes—for she did not wear them about the house, for fear of wearing them out. Then she took her little green bedstead, and pulled it out at the door, and away in the direction of the town.

It had very good casters, so when once she had got it over the rough bit of lane it went well enough along the path, she pushing at it behind like a perambulator. And when she reached the town, what a rattling and clattering it did make over the pavement, to be sure! Everybody turned round to see what was going on, but Margery took no notice of them, and went straight to the door of a shop where she had seen bedsteads for sale.

"Please, sir, will you buy my bedstead?" she said to the shopkeeper, who came out to see what was happening.

"Bless me, no, child!" said the shopman. "What do you expect to get for it?"

"I don't know," said Margery. "I want enough to pay the doctor."

"Well, I'll give you ten shillings," said the man.

"That won't do," said Margery, shaking her head. "I want more than ten shillings."

"More than ten shillings for an old, second-hand bed, with half the paint knocked off!" cried the man.

But this was not true, for there was not a bit of paint knocked off.

"Come, come!" said a man inside the shop; "give the child a fair price for it."

"Well, Mr. Shepperley, to please you," said the shopkeeper, "I'll give a pound for it—and that's a great deal more than it's worth."

"Oh, thank you!" said Margery, holding out her hand for it. "And as that is more than it's worth, if some day I bring you back the pound, you will give me my bed again, won't you?"

"Ah, that's fair enough," said Mr. Shepperley, again, as the shopkeeper hesitated.

"Well," he said, at last, "you might have it if I've not sold it in the meantime."

"Thank you, sir," said Margery. "But I don't suppose I shall ever get it back," she thought, as she walked away, "for I don't think I am likely ever to get a pound again, unless, perhaps, when I grow up to be a woman. However, I'm glad I did it. And here is the doctor's door."

Margery left a message asking him to call, and then ran to the grocer's shop, where she bought a quarter of a pound of tea, half a pound of sugar, and one candle; then to the draper's, where she bought a blanket. All these things together cost seven shillings and threepence farthing, so she had a good handful of shillings left as she trudged home.

The doctor soon came, and said he would send a bottle of medicine; and he told Margery to go to the butcher and buy a scrag end of mutton to make broth for the sick woman. So ninepence more of Margery's pound went for that; and then she came home and put it on in the saucepan, and wrapped Mother Margery, as she called her, in the warm, new blanket, and told her all that she had done. And Johnny's mother kissed her, and said that she was a dear, good little girl.

When Johnny came home and heard about it, he scarcely knew whether to be most glad that his mother had had the doctor, or most sorry that Margery had sold her precious bed.

"It ought to be I who should be getting the money and paying for things," he said to himself; "but I am so little, nobody will believe how hard I can work, and I don't suppose I shall get another threepence all the Summer. Oh, dear! what shall I do?"

Johnny was not quite without something to do, for an old weaver who lived near had shown him a box, and told him that when he could fill that box with tufts of sheep's wool picked off the hedges and brambles, he would give him threepence. Twice during the Winter Johnny had filled that box; but now warm weather was come, and the sheep had all been shorn, and not a tuft of wool was to be found, though he wandered all the next day through the fields and up and down the hedges. The next morning he went out again in another direction; still no wool.

Poor Johnny sat down under the hedge, and was just going to cry, when he heard the pleasant sound of the whetting of scythes.

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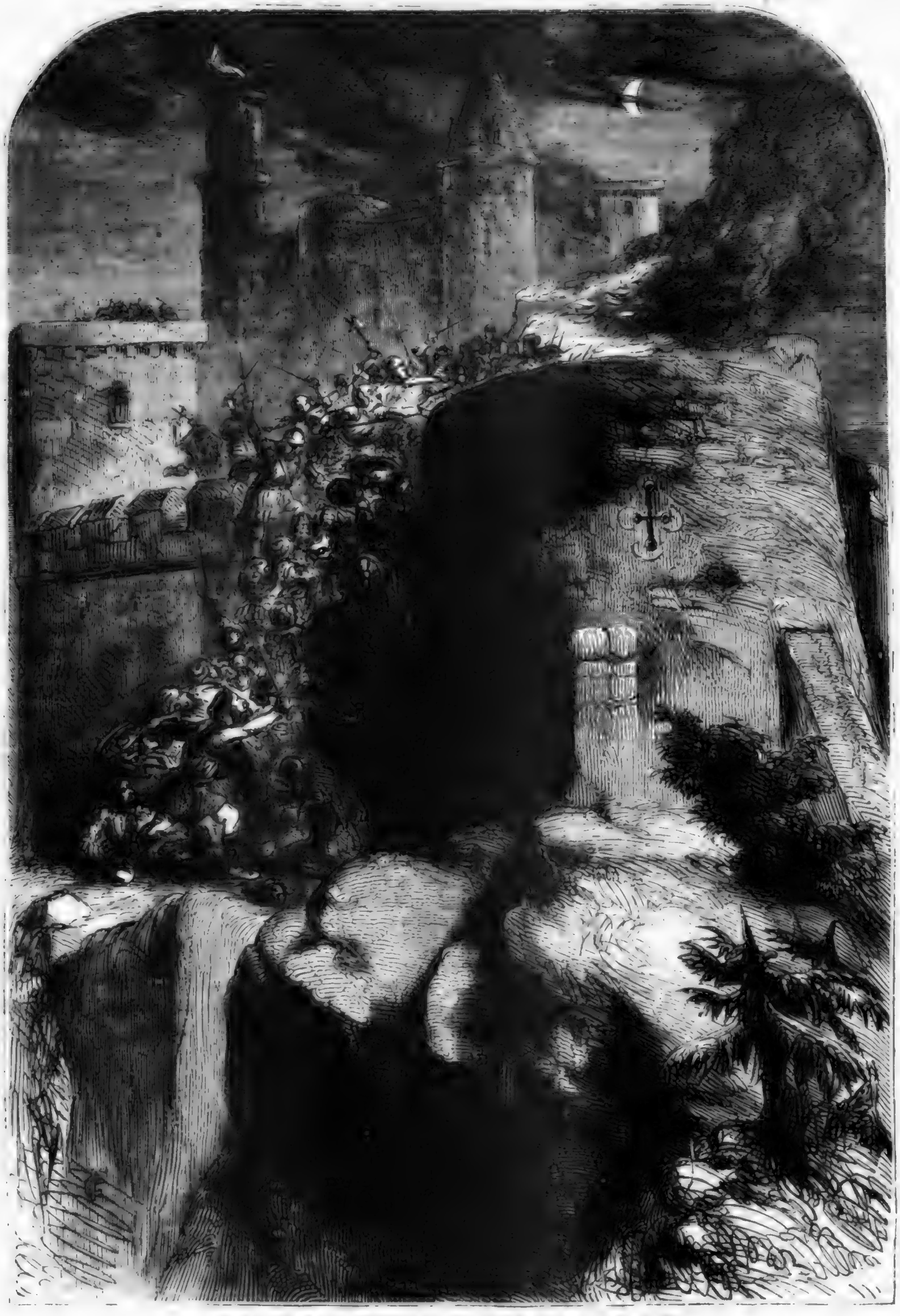


THE CAPTURE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE, MARCH, 1313. — SEE PAGE 490.

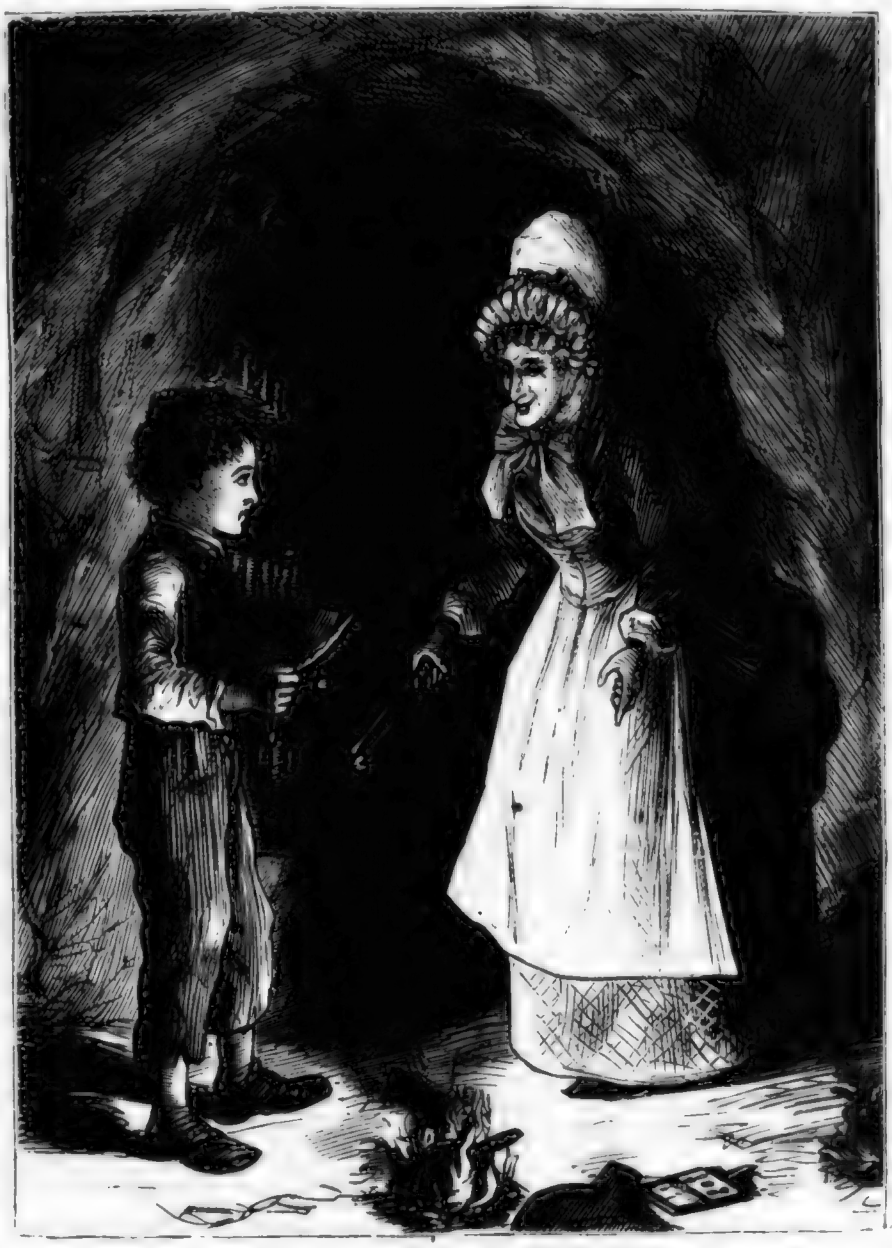
"Haymaking is going to begin," thought he; and, scrambling up the bank, he saw a row of mowers bending to their work, and their scythes passing with a smooth swish through the soft, thick grass. Then he saw a group of women in hats, or with their bonnets cocked very much over their noses, and rakes in their hands, going into the adjoining field to turn over the grass that had already been cut.

Lastly, he saw Farmer Shepperley himself coming up to the gate to see how his men got on. And when Johnny saw him, he suddenly slipped down off the bank, and set off running to meet him as fast as his legs could carry him. He caught him before he got to the mowers.

"Oh, sir!" cried Johnny, nearly breathless, "mother's sick, and I'm sure I could help to make hay!"

"Eh, what!" said the farmer; "a little whipper-snapper like you? Why, they would rake you up in a truss of hay, and never know you were there."

"No, but they shouldn't," said Johnny, "because I would kick and call out. Please let me try, sir. You don't know how strong I am. I can lift the big kettle."



MARGERY DAW.—THE MONEY-WOMAN.—SEE PAGE 490.

"Well, you seem to be a sharp little chap," said the farmer, "and I don't mind trying you if you will work hard. But mind, I shall give you only a penny a day, because you can work no faster. Go and see what you can do behind the women there."

Away ran Johnny, well pleased, and very hard did he work all day. He did not go home to dinner, for he had taken a bit of bread in his pocket, and the head mower gave him a piece of his slice of cheese for finding his hone for him that he had lost. One of the women, too, gave him an old hat of her little boy's, because she said he would get a sunstroke, working bareheaded.

When evening came, Johnny's legs and arms were aching, and one of his hands was blistered; but he never thought about that when the farmer gave him his penny, and told him he might come again to-morrow. The grass would have had to be uncommonly quick to have grown under Johnny's feet as he went home that night. He burst into the cottage, holding up his penny and crying:

"Look, mother! Margery, look! Mother, I've got a new master, and I'm to have only a penny a day, because I can work no faster."

He put the penny into his mother's hand as he spoke. The two Margerys were so pleased they scarcely knew what to say, and Johnny felt as if he had quite grown into a man.

The next day he worked again in the hayfield, and the next, and the next. His mother grew better, and was able to get up and stir about in the house again. But by this time all the money that Margery had got for her bed was spent, and Johnny soon found that a penny a day would not keep him and Margery and his mother too.

"I wish I had as much money as I want," he said to himself, as he sat alone on a mossy bank in the hayfield, while the rest of the haymakers were gone home to dinner. "I wish I could buy mother the meat and good food that she ought to have, and the gown that she needs so greatly. I wish I could get back Margery's bed before the shopkeeper sells it. I wish I had a Money-woman to give me money whenever I want it. I wish—— Holloa! Stop me! Oh!" He was slipping down through the bank. First his knees disappeared, then his waist, then his shoulders. Down, down; and he could no more stop himself from sinking than if the earth had been made of boiled batter pudding. He felt the ground close over his head; and still down, down in the darkness.

Then a light below. His feet struck upon solid ground, and he found himself standing in a large, high cavern, lighted by a ring all round it of little fires, and upon each fire a pipkin full of something red-hot. The walls of the cavern were scooped out into shelves, which were full of piles of shining money.

And in the middle of the ring of fires stood a little old woman, so wonderfully dressed that Johnny took notice of it, scared as he was. She wore a cap of spun silver, with bows and ribbons of gold, bodice of zinc, a petticoat of bronze, and a good wide apron of tin.

You would suppose that such a dress would make her rather stiff in her movements; but not a bit of it. She moved about as briskly as if she had been clothed in cotton or brown holland.

"Well," she said, nodding and smiling to Johnny, "here I am, you see."

"Oh," replied Johnny, not quite knowing what to say.

"And you cannot say I've been long in answering your wish."

"But I didn't wish!" cried Johnny, who was not at all pleased to find himself in such a queer place.

"You did, though; just this minute," said the old lady.

XUM

"Dear me!" exclaimed Johnny, "are you a Money-woman, ma'am?"

"I am *the* Money-woman," said the little old lady, drawing herself up; "there is no other in the world. All the money that you see on those shelves I made over my fires."

"Dear me!" said Johnny, venturing a step forward to look at it; "do you make all the money in the world?"

"Bless me, no!" said the Money-woman; "I only make it for particular purposes. Whenever I see any deserving persons in want of money, I supply them with some. But my special delight is, whenever I know of any one who is giving away his money for good and wise and kind purposes, to fill up his purse again all unknown to him. They often wonder, those people, how it is that their money holds out so wonderfully; but I could tell them if I wished. There's a blessing on it, you see;" and the old lady nodded till her gold cap-ribbons glittered again.

"I wonder whether she will give me some money?" said Johnny to himself; but the Money-woman must have heard him, for she said:

"Yes, certainly I will; but do you suppose you have never had anything from me yet? Where do you think the pennies came from that Farmer Shepperley gave you? They were every one of them coined in my mint; he will be none the poorer for their loss!"

And the old woman nodded again until her gold cap-ribbons flashed in the firelight.

"Now come and see how I coin," she said. "Do you see these passages leading out of my cavern into the heart of the earth? That is Gold street, this Silver Street, that's Copper Street, and so on. Now I take a lump of silver from Silver Street, and put it into this pipkin. Blow the fire a bit—here are the bellows. That's right; now it is melted. Here is my die, with five little round sockets, you see, the size of shillings. First, I must wax it, to prevent the hot silver from sticking. Now I pour it bubbling in, clap on the cover, and put it up the ventilator to cool. In a few minutes they will come out shillings, and you shall have them."

"That's very nice!" said Johnny. "Do the mints coin their money in this way?"

"Dear me, no!" said the Money-woman; "theirs is a much clumsier way. They don't half know how to use the precious metals. Why, did you ever see a tin apron before?"

"I don't think I ever did," said Johnny; "mother wears cotton ones."

"Poor, dabby rags!" said the Money-woman. "Ah! I see you're looking at the names above my shelves. See, here is my English money; here is the Australian; there is French; that is German, and so on. Now, how much am I to give you?"

Johnny opened his eyes wide at this question.

"Oh, a good lot!" he said.

"How much at a time?"

"Five pounds!" said Johnny, boldly.

"You shall have it if you wish," said the Money-woman, "but I advise you to take only a little, and come again for more. If you have a quantity, people will wonder where you got it from, and you may get into trouble; for of course you will never mention that you have seen me."

"But I want to buy so many things," said Johnny; "I want a dress for mother, and——"

"Well, please yourself," said the Money-woman; "but my advice to you is, take little and often. When you want to come to me, you have only to sit down on the ground, take a buttercup between your finger and thumb, as you did just now on the bank——"

"Did I?" said Johnny; "dear me, yes! here it is in my hand still."

"You must hold the buttercup as I have told you," continued the Money-woman, "and say 'I wish I was with my Money-woman'—that's all."

"That won't be very hard to remember," said Johnny.

"And now," added the Money-woman, "you must go, for the dinner-hour is over, and the haymakers will be calling for you. What will you take?—the five pounds? Be careful, then, that's all, and good-morning to you. Off!"

As she said "Off," Johnny felt his hair lifted as if by a draught of air from beneath, and up he went, straight for the roof of the vault, and, in a moment, found himself standing in the corner of the hay-field where he had left his rake.

His first act was to put his hand into his pocket. There were the five pounds, sure enough.

"It's very funny!" said he, and ran to rake after the hay-cart.

They worked late that day, for it was the last day of carrying hay, and they staid to clear it all off. But as soon as work was done, instead of going home, Johnny ran straight to the town.

First to the shop where Margery had sold her bed. There it was, safe and sound; and Johnny paid the pound and walked off with it down the street in triumph. Then to the draper's to buy his mother a gown. Then to the butcher for a leg of mutton. Then to the shoemaker's to buy a pair of shoes for Margery. Then to the grocer's, where he bought tea, sugar, pepper, a box of matches, a pound of candles that did not want snuffing, and a bar of soap. Then off he trotted homeward, driving the bedstead in front of him.

Greatly were the two Margerys amazed to see Johnny arrive in such style, with the green bedstead and all the things upon it.

"But where did you get the money, Johnny? But who gave you the money, Johnny?"

And Johnny nodded knowingly, but answered not a word.

"Next time I see the Money-woman I'll ask her to let me tell mother, though," he thought; "it does not seem right to have secrets from her."

"Mother," said Johnny, the next morning, "I can have a go at setting the garden to-rights to-day, for the hay is all carried and stacked. But Farmer Shepperley told me that I might come to-morrow if I liked and help weed his potatoes."

So Johnny went to work at the garden, and after a bit, Margery came out to help him.

As for old Margery, she had the leg of mutton to cook.

When the evening came, Johnny said:

'I say Margery, let us go and have a game at the see-saw. We've not been near it, I don't know when.'

Margery was ready enough to go, and a jolly time they had.

When they came running home at last, hot and merry, Johnny's mother said:

"A neighbor who passed just now told me that your old master, the weaver, is very weak and poorly. Don't you think that a slice off our leg of mutton would be the very thing for him?"

"First-rate," said Johnny, "and I'll take it to-night, for fear I should have no time to-morrow. Only let us have supper first, that you may go to bed without waiting in case I should be late."

And this accordingly was done.

The next day Johnny was tugging away at Farmer

Shepperley's potato-field, when he felt a hand on his shoulder, and looking up, saw himself in the grasp of a policeman.

Poor Johnny cried out, and asked what they wanted with him, for he had done nothing.

"Haven't you, though!" said the policeman. "We shall soon see about that. You keep quiet and come along with me, you young rascal!"

So poor Johnny was led through the town, and put into prison. There he learned that he was accused of murdering Farmer Shepperley. For the farmer had disappeared, and nobody knew where he was gone.

But after a great hunt they had found a pockethandkerchief of his on a wild, boggy bit of land, through which went the road to the hills. And people began to talk of robbery and murder, and of Johnny's sudden and unexplained riches.

Then somebody remembered having seen him out late the night before, running by with something hidden under his jacket, which indeed was the basin in which he had carried the slice of mutton to the old weaver.

They had him up before the judge, and the butcher, and the grocer, and the young man at the draper's shop, all came to say how he had been spending money in this and in that, and had been running about the town like a mad fellow, with a green iron bedstead and a leg of mutton on the top of it.

In that country there was no lawyer appointed to advise the prisoner as there is with us, so poor Johnny did not know what to answer except that indeed, indeed, he had not done it.

"Where did you get all that money, then?" said the judge.

"A lady gave it to me."

"What lady?"

"She told me not to tell—I must not tell," said Johnny; "but she did give it to me."

Then the judge shook his head and said that was a likely story. And the end of it was that Johnny was pronounced guilty and condemned to be hanged.

No Money-woman came forward, as Johnny had hoped she might, to explain where he got the money. He thought once of telling the judge about her, for surely, he thought, she would not mind his doing so to save his life. But when he came to consider it, would they believe his story of the cavern, and the heaps of money, and the old lady in a zinc bodice and bronze petticoat? They would only laugh at it; so there was no help for him.

The day before he was to be hanged, Margery came to see him. She had gone to the judge herself, and begged and begged until he gave her leave.

"Dearest Johnny," she said, "is there anything that I can do for you?"

"Yes!" cried Johnny, in a loud voice, for a thought suddenly came to him. "Run to the nearest field and fetch me a buttercup. Run, Margery, for if you succeed it may save my life."

Margery was gone without another word, and Johnny sat down to wait for her.

She seemed to have been gone a long time. Perhaps they would not let her in again, and he should never get the buttercup after all.

Johnny's eyes filled with tears as he pictured all this to himself; but before they could fall he heard the bolt of his prison-door drawn back, and Margery appeared in the doorway with the jailer behind her.

"I must not come in," she said, "but here are your buttercups. Good-by, dear Johnny!"

And she was gone.

The moment that the bolt had grated into its place again, Johnny seized his buttercups, sat down on the floor, and said: "I wish I was with my Money-woman."

Before he could draw breath, the prison was left behind, and Johnny stood safe in the firelit cavern. Why, where was his Money-woman? She was not in the middle of her fires; but as he looked round she came hurrying up a passage, dressed in an aluminium bonnet, a brass shawl with a fringe of steel filings, and a big copper umbrella in her hand.

Johnny darted up to her, and taking hold of a corner of her brass shawl, told her all his story.

"Dear, dear, dear, dear!" said the Money-woman, when he had finished. "It doesn't answer, you see; it doesn't answer. And here was I, who ought to have been looking after you, called away to Australia on urgent business. It is a long way there and back, because I can't take the short cut straight through the middle of the earth, on account of the centre of gravity, you know. And there are so many hidden volcanoes about just now, that I was obliged to take my umbrella for fear of a shower of ashes. Well, well, well! and what shall we do now? for you can't go back—no, you can't go back. I'll tell you what!" she exclaimed; "suppose you stay here and help me. I have more to do than I can rightly get through, and they won't come here to look for you."

Johnny thought he should like this very much; but how about mother?

The Money-woman had a plan for her too.

"Of course you will go and see her this evening," she said, "and you shall take her some money, and tell her to go and hire a certain cottage that I know of in a lonely glen; it is ever so much better than her present one. And you and I will go and tidy it up and make it comfortable for her, and she and Margery shall go and live there, and you can be with them as much as you please. There, never mind about thanks, but blow that fire for me (bless me, how soon they get low!) while I go and see whether the coast is clear for you to visit your mother."

The two Margerys, sitting sad and lonely in their tumbledown cottage, never saw the Money-woman as she peeped at them, still in her aluminium bonnet, through a hole in the wall.

But they saw quick enough when Johnny came tumbling in, laughing, crying, hugging, and telling them some wonderful rigmarole about a new cottage and an old lady in a tin apron, all in one breath. He went back again, however, to spend the night with the Money-woman, for fear of getting taken to prison a second time.

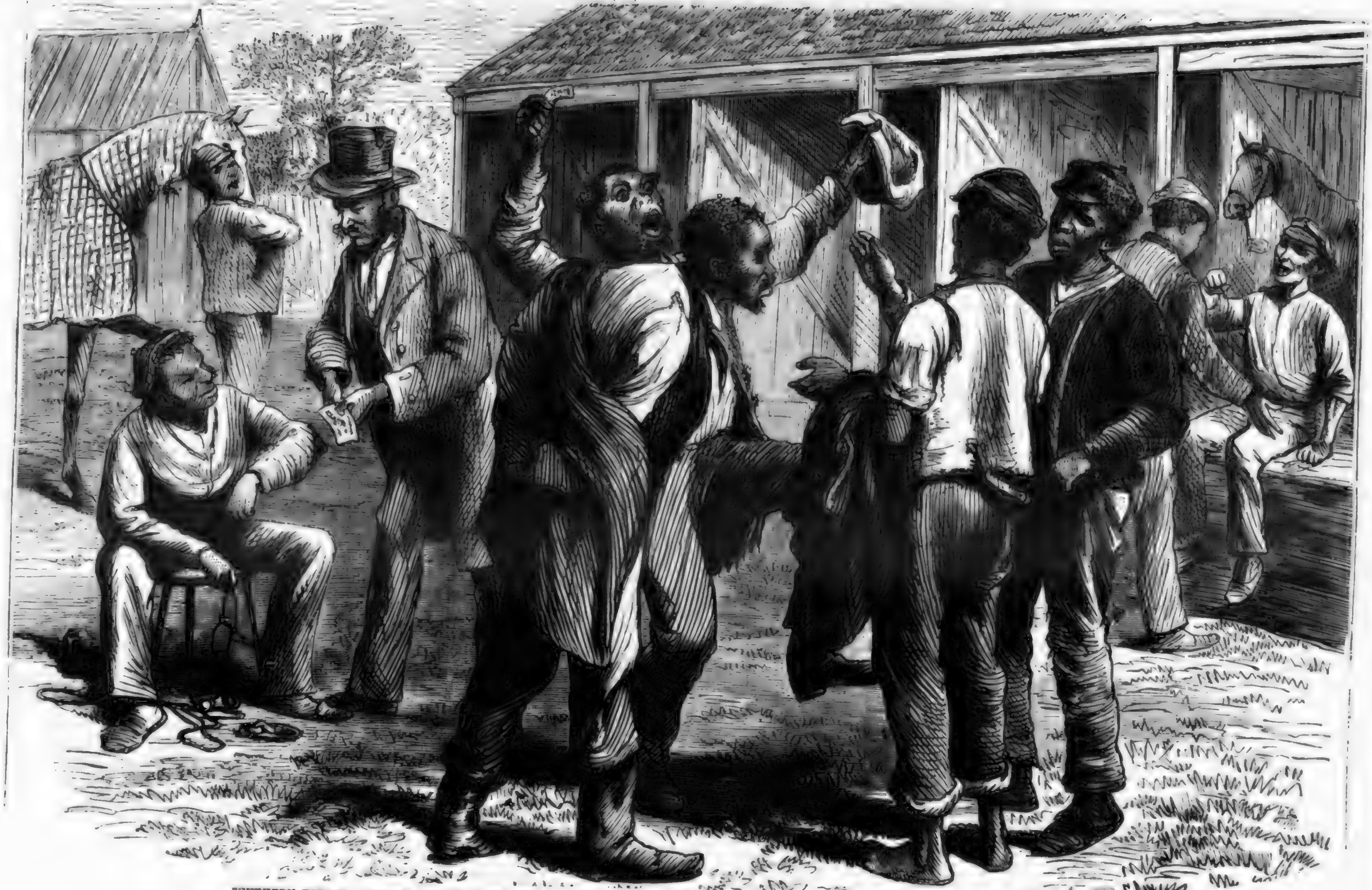
The fuss that there was in that prison the next morning is not to be told. They hunted, they shouted, they ran about, they poked under the straw that had been given him for his bed; but no Johnny. The crowd were assembled, everything was ready, but no Johnny.

Then there was a great kick-up. The jailer turned off the turnkeys, and the judge turned off the jailer, and the mob broke the judge's windows, and when the uproar was at the highest, who should they see coming, as cool as could be, down the street at the tail of a flock of sheep, but Farmer Shepperley himself.

There was a great shout, and everybody rushed to ask him what it all meant, and so, as might have been expected, instead of getting an answer, they only succeeded in knocking him down. So then they picked him up and took him to the judge, and asked him to question him.

Been? Farmer Shepperley had only been to a farm far away over the moors to buy a flock of sheep.

"But why did you tell nobody where you were going?" asked the judge.

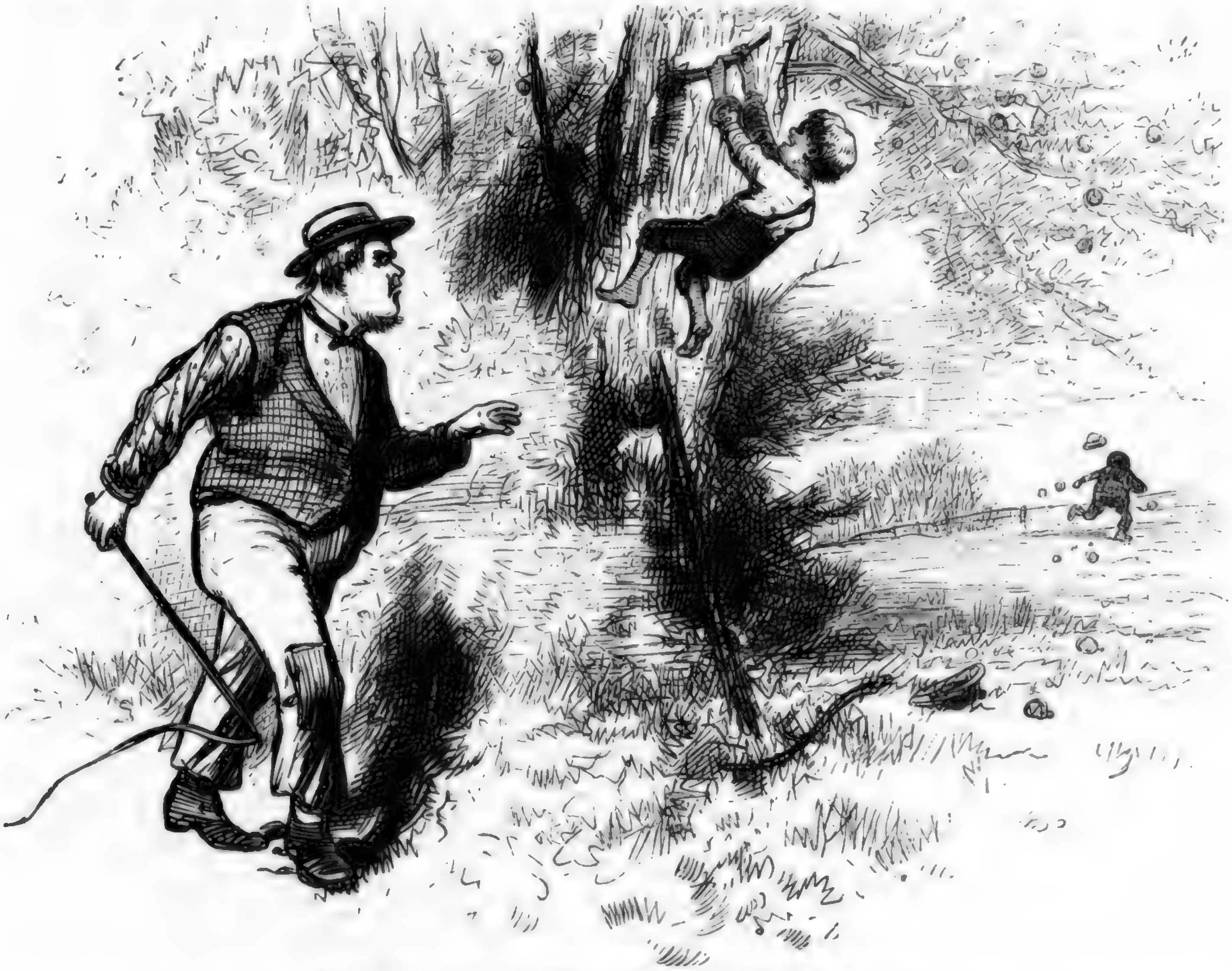


SOUTHERN SCENES.—NEGRO STABLE-HANDS AND JOCKEYS AT A SOUTHERN RACE-COURSE BETTING ON THEIR FAVORITES.—SEE PAGE 498.

"Of course I was not going to let all the other farmers know. Why, they'd have been coming up wanting to buy them too, and the price would have been doubled. So I just slipped away unbeknownst. And as for my pocket-handkerchief, the wind blew it away out of my hand, and it was so dark that I could not get it back."

Then they told him about Johnny, and how they had suspected the boy of murdering him; and Farmer Shepperley was very sorry he had been put in prison, and very glad he had got out again; and would they please to let him go and look after his sheep, or they would be wandering all over the country. And so, as there was nothing more to get from him, they let him go.

When the Money-woman, who had her own ways of learning all that was going on, told Johnny how Farmer Shepperley had come back safe and sound, he was very glad to hear it, but said that he would rather stay with his Money-woman than go back to work on the top of the earth again, even if they did not want to hang him any longer.



Boy in the Distance.—*"Go for 'em Billy. I'll be back by'me-by."*

The Money-woman replied that in that case she must set to work and make him a suit of clothes, which she did that very evening; and the next morning Johnny was strutting proudly about in a zinc jacket and waistcoat with brass buttons, a pair of bronze trowsers, and a little tin apron.

Their first task was preparing the cottage in the glen for his mother and Margery. Of course all the grates and fire-irons, pots and pans, locks and hinges, were forged by the old lady in her own cavern; and it was wonderful how clever she was at carpentering, too.

"I think your mother may move in to-morrow," she observed, as they were giving a last look round to see that all was right.

"It's as complete as can be," replied Johnny, glancing at the china in the cupboard, and the clock against the wall. "There's only one thing I shall miss."

"And what is that?" asked the Money-woman.

"Oh, it's only our old see-saw."

"Go and look out of your bedroom-window," said she.

And behold, there was the see-saw on which he had played so often, balanced across its original old stump of tree, and looking as natural as possible. How the Money-woman ever got it there, or how she knew that he cared about it, remains a mystery to this day.

But the very next evening Johnny and Margery had such a grand game of play on it that they quite lost count of how many times they had each fallen off, and at last became so weak with laughing that they could neither swing it up nor down, and so had to give up and go in.

They lived very happily in their new house, and Johnny soon became a very useful servant to the Money-woman, and was often allowed to travel to distant lands on her errands. When he grew up he married Margery, and they had a merry family of children, who were as fond of the see-saw as their father and mother had been.

Johnny must have picked up some odd names in his journeyings to foreign lands, for his eldest boy and girl were named Gottlieb and Nimmy. Nimmy staid at home with her mother and grandmother, and a good, useful little maiden she was; but Gottlieb went down to help his father in the Money-woman's caves. At first he only made silver pennies, and such small coin, at tiny fires of his own, so that when the other children saw a little bit of burning wood or coal drop out of the fireplace at home and blaze for a minute on the hearth below, they called it "Gottlieb's fire," until "Gottlieb's fires" became quite a saying in the family.

The Money-woman and Johnny and Gottlieb are still at work, and there is not much likelihood at present of their having to give it up. And if you are careful to spend your money wisely and kindly and liberally, even if you have not found them at it yet, some day you will find that the good Money-woman's fingers, or perhaps little Gottlieb's instead of hers, have been busy in your purse, secretly adding to your store when you least expected it. So a long life to them all, and a busy one, and may their fires never burn dim!

SOUTHERN SCENES.

Negro Stable-hands and Jockeys at a Southern Race-course Betting on their Favorites.

If the element of our common humanity known as "darkey" has one trait that is stronger than another, it is his love of the decisions of chance. The lottery business keeps him poor. What money is left from the inroads of "4-11-44" upon his purse is generally devoted to betting on dog-fights and horse-races. Particularly is this so in the land of the South, where, as history tells us, the pack of playing-cards first flowered into existence.

An illustration of this strange weakness of the Southern negro we give in a sketch. The scene represents the stables connected with a race-track—and the time is just before the saddling-bell is rung.

Out on the course, and at the grand stand, the French pool system finds many customers, and the native American way of betting with the money up is extensively indulged in. The infection spreads to the grooms and stable-boys, who, as we see them in the cut, grow eloquent over the praises of their favorite steeds, and back their prophecies with their money. It is a *genre* picture, taken from life, and is a good exponent of the peculiarity of the negro.

Color Sense in Birds.—A number of communications to *Nature* have developed the curious fact that the English sparrow is destructive to beds of yellow crocus, tearing the blossoms in pieces for some inexplicable reason. The white and blue crocuses growing near the yellow are left undisturbed. It has been suggested that the birds may pick at the yellow flowers from a mere love of their bright color. One writer gives an illustration of the color sense in birds, a description of a nest built by a pair of goldfinches, at the end of a branch, with nothing between it and the sky above, and the gravel path below. The base of the nest was made of materials exactly resembling in tint that of the tree, while the top was built of the flowers of the forget-me-not. While at work, the birds seemed to revel in the beauty of the flower sprays, tossing them about in joyous sport.

It is sad to be alone—to be in the world and yet not of it; to think only, to dream with the eyes wide open, and the senses painfully acute; to be a stranger in the midst of buxom life, and yet have no sympathy with a single one of the myriads of beings who throng the highways and byways of this bustling world. There is a dirge-like melancholy inseparable from seclusion from the busy scenes of earth, which saddens the heart and brings the tears of sorrow unbidden to the eye.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

By Tennyson.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Into the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred;
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered:
"Forward, the Light Brigade,
Take the guns!" Nolan said;
Into the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
No man there was dismayed—
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die—
Into the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.

Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Sabering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.

Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desp'rate stroke,
The Russian line they broke;
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered.

Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left them,
Left of Six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made
All the world wondered!
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble Six Hundred!

AROMA OF COFFEE.

It is well known that in the process of roasting coffee many changes take place in the composition of the berry. The horny material becomes brittle, and the tannin, sugar, and fat are partly destroyed, and the oil of the coffee driven off by the heat. As it is to this latter ingredient that the pleasant aroma of coffee is due, it is important to retain this as much as possible, which may be done by introducing pieces of dry bread, together with the coffee, in the roaster, which will absorb the vapor of the oil like a sponge; and as it becomes heated to a less degree than the coffee beans, serves to condense this vapor. When the coffee is ground the bread is to be ground up and prepared with it, increasing to a not inconsiderable degree the excellence of the coffee. The proportion of bread to be used is a quarter of a pound to three-fourths of a pound of coffee. The coffee, when roasted, must be kept in a closed vessel, as well filled as possible. To keep roasted coffee for a long time, and prevent the loss of its aroma, it is recommended to sprinkle over the bean, while still hot, white loaf-sugar, in the proportion of about three-quarters of a pound to twenty-five pounds of coffee. This completely envelopes the bean with a layer of sugar and preserves its aroma.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

When Lord Liverpool was forming his Ministry in 1822, he thought it absolutely necessary to have Canning at the Foreign Office, although aware that the appointment would be obnoxious to George IV. The Duke of Wellington undertook the unpleasant task of communicating Lord Liverpool's determination, and went to Brighton for that purpose. As soon as the King knew what was wanted of him, he broke out:

"Arthur, it is impossible! I said, on my honor as a gentleman, he should never be one of my Ministers again. I am sure you will agree with me that I cannot do what I said on my honor as a gentleman I would not do."

Another man would have been silenced; but the great soldier, always equal to an emergency, replied:

"Pardon me, sir, but I don't agree with you at all. Your Majesty is not a gentleman."

The bold assertion startled the King; but the Duke went on:

"Your Majesty is not a gentleman, but the Sovereign of England, with duties to your people far above any to yourself; and these duties render it imperative that you should employ the abilities of Mr. Canning."

"Well, Arthur," said the King, drawing a long breath, "if I must, I must."

Although he did not like being told he was not a gentleman, George IV. had once, at least, while Regent, forgotten he was one. That was when he flung a glass of wine in Colonel Hamlyn's face, with:

"Hamlyn, you are a blackguard!"

The insulted officer could not return the compliment without committing something like treason; it was out of the question to challenge the Prince, while to let the insult pass unnoticed was equally impossible. The Colonel filled his glass and threw the contents in the face of his neighbor, saying:

"His Royal Highness's toast—pass it on!"

"Hamlyn!" cried the Regent, "you're a capital fellow! Here's your health!"

And they were fast friends from that evening.

WILLIAM COOKE TAYLOR, LLD.

Was a clever, good-humored, and kind-hearted Irishman, and a good classical scholar, and was a member of the Oriental Translation Society. He was a great ally of Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, with whom he one day visited some charity schools, and, as they were afterward crossing St. James's Park, the Archbishop was expatiating on the subject of Sunday amusements for the lower classes, on which he entertained rather liberal views, and enforced his arguments by calling Taylor's attention to a copy which one of the charity boys, whom they had just left, was writing, "Wide wears—tight tears.'

Taylor once asked the Archbishop's opinion as to whether he, Taylor, should reply to some attack that had been made upon him. "Can you pick up a stone to throw at a dog without stooping?" was Whately's reply. Taylor told me he was once under examination by a Committee of the House of Lords on the subject of education, when the Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield—whose father was a schoolmaster, and his son, at one time, his assistant—asked Taylor, who was ignorant of the fact, what class of persons he considered to be the most ignorant, with reference to their opportunities.

"Schoolmasters, my lord," was Taylor's unwitting reply, at which the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was behind the bishop, shook his finger at the doctor; but the mischief was done.

Some young noblemen, among whom was the Earl of W—— (not Waterford, for he had sobered down into matrimony), were indicted for some riotous conduct, wrenching off knockers among other offenses, for which the judge sentenced them to a small fine, in addition to a very edifying lecture on the impropriety of their behavior. A few nights afterward Taylor's knocker was wrenched off and carried away; upon which Taylor provided himself with a new one, and sent the bill in to the judge, whom he considered to have encouraged the offense by his lenient dealing with the case in point.

He once told me of an ill-tempered countryman—he was a public man, but I forget his name—who was said to have been born in a passion, and had been in it ever since.

Taylor married a very pretty Irish girl, and announced to me the fact in a letter so thoroughly Irish that I cannot refrain from quoting the passage: "I have been married to my young cousin under circumstances of romance, such as you could not expect from my prosaic aspect. She was an orphan; her near relations neglected her. I began to show her some attentions, merely from respect to her deceased father. The correspondence soon changed from respectful to tender intercourse. I wrote to dissuade her [from marrying], on account of the disparity of age. She replied that such an objection had no weight on her mind. I went to Ireland from the Bristol Association [the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which met there that year], persuaded the lady, talked down her guardians, battled lawyers, outfaced parsons, was married in a fortnight after landing, and am here with my wife."

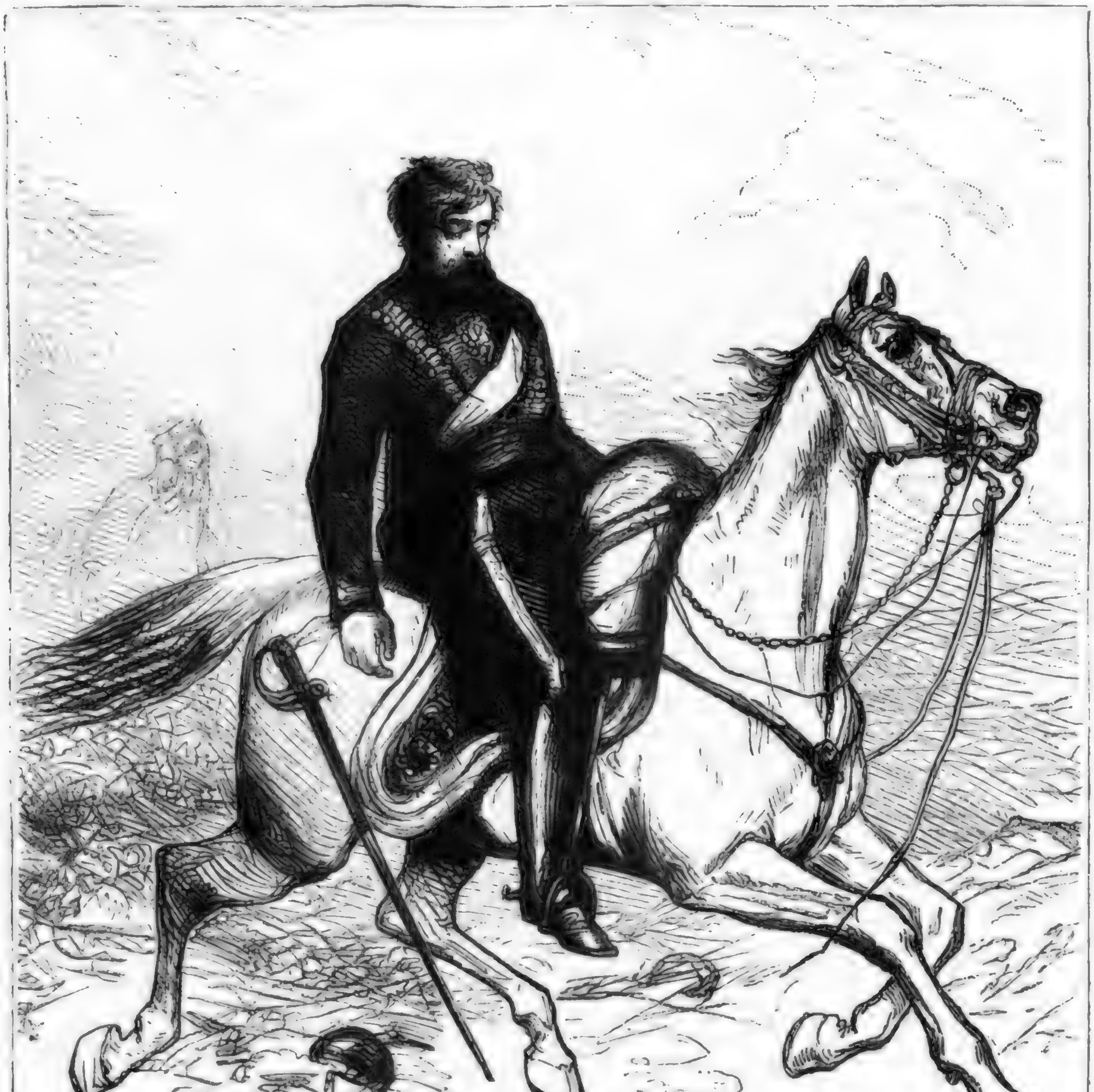
Taylor was much older, and did not live many years. His widow appears to have preserved the tenderness of heart ascribed to her, for she married again within a twelvemonth after his death.—*W. H. Harrison.*

THE PESTS OF THE AMAZON.

Imagination fails to conceive their numbers and variety; mosquitoes, some kinds of which have bills of immense length, and inflict a sting as sharp as if they had been plunged into strong acid; ticks, of several varieties; venomous ants; minute bees, which persist in drinking the moisture from the human eye; and large bees, more like beetles, that can hit a blow by their own impetus, which is long remembered by the unhappy receiver; wasps of all sorts, from the little ones that make their nests under single leaves, and can be removed without much danger, if you whistle to them while carefully breaking off the twig upon which they are found, to the fierce marabuntas, which, when they attack in numbers, can easily deal out death to their enemies—one single sting causing violent

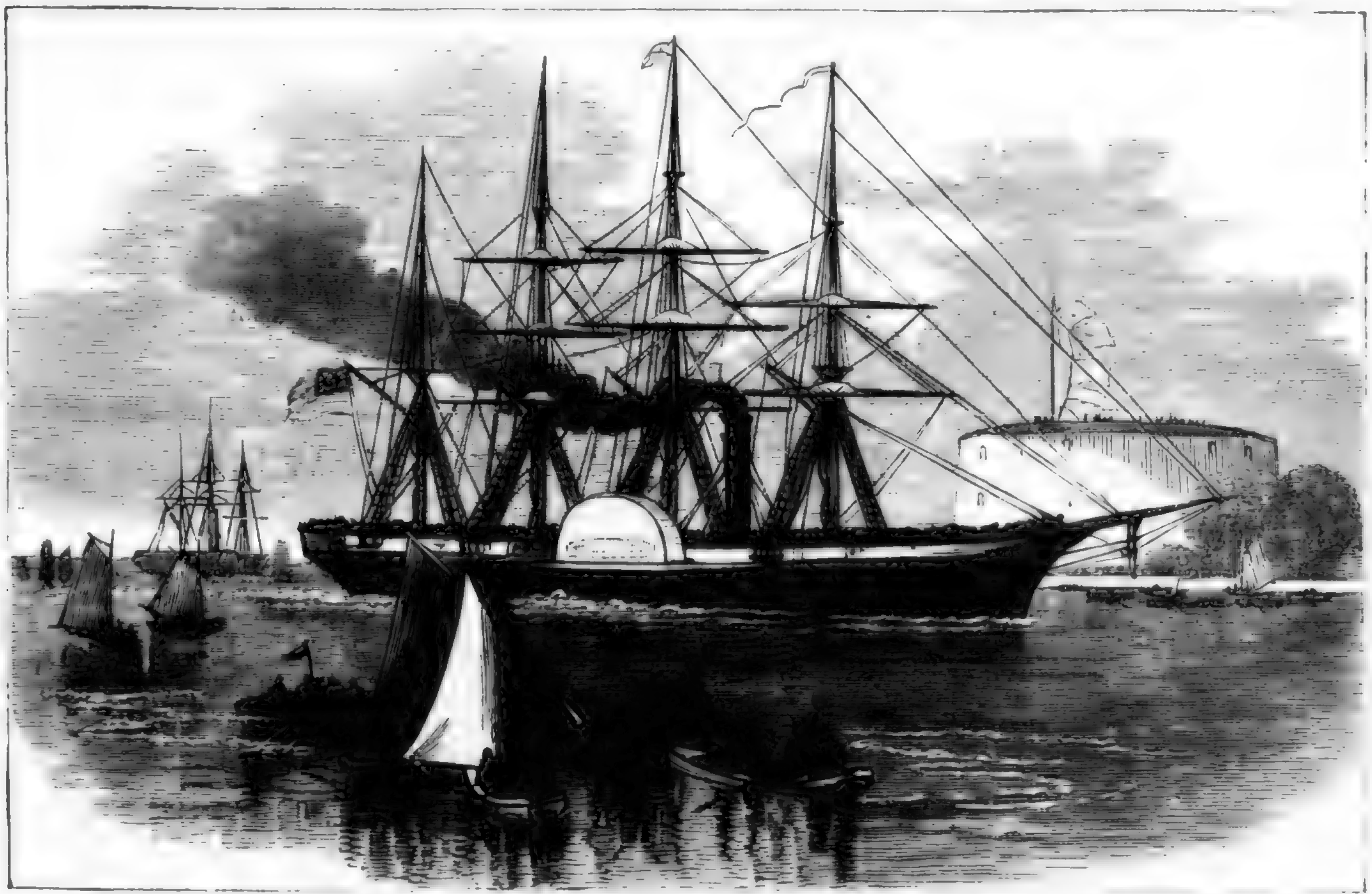
XUM

pain and swelling; mayflies, attracted by light, coming on board in thousands of an evening, and falling into the food, so that it was sometimes found preferable to consume dinner almost in the dark; motucas of two kinds, species of cow-flies, which not only give a painful bite, but are able to suck a large amount of blood, if undiscovered; and lastly, perhaps the worst pest of all, the detestable pium—a disgusting little black fly—the puncture of which, at first scarcely noticeable, leaves behind it, under the skin, a little round spot of blood; and these creatures attack the unfortunate human being in myriads. It is not uncommon to see persons whose wrists and necks are almost black with their wounds, the irritation from them being also quite unbearable.



THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 498.

The pium infests the whole of the Upper Amazon and its tributaries, beginning its work at six o'clock in the morning, and ending at the same hour in the evening. Happily, however, this pest has its enemy, in the shape of a small ichneumon fly, which seizes it, tucks it between its legs, and carries it off, to store up as food for its own larvæ. To all these insect tormentors, as well as to noxious animals of every kind, the Amazonians apply the comprehensive Portuguese word *Bicho*, which may be taken to mean a disagreeable creature of any species save the human one; and, as has been said, *bichos* have pretty much their own way at present in these regions, although, when the forests are somewhat cleared, it may be hoped that these plagues will also take their departure.



THE "GREAT WESTERN" ARRIVING AT THE BATTERY, NEW YORK.

OCEAN STEAMERS AND STEAM NAVIGATION.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

Ocean navigation by steam was inaugurated by the voyage of the *Savannah* in 1819 from Savannah, Georgia, to England and Russia. In the year 1818, Captain Moses Rogers, of Savannah, conceived the idea of establishing regular steam communication between America and Europe, and he caused a ship of proper dimensions to be constructed, into which the necessary engine and paddle-wheels were introduced. The paddles were made of canvas, and the arms of iron, and the wheels were so arranged that they could be dismounted at pleasure, and it was adapted to use steam or sails, according to circumstances.

The vessel was a three-mast bark, measuring 389 tons. She sailed from Savannah on the 26th of May, 1819, and reached Liverpool after a passage of 25 days, during which the engine was employed 18 days. According to other authorities, the voyage lasted only 18 days, 7 of which were by aid of steam.

While in the middle of the Atlantic, being afraid of getting out of fuel, the captain dismounted the wheels, and had recourse exclusively to sails. On approaching the English coast, the wheels were restored to their position, and the voyage was continued by steam. As the *Savannah* was proceeding up the Channel the captain of an English ship, observing the smoke issuing from her, supposed that the vessel was on fire, and immediately sent two small boats alongside to offer assistance. Great was his astonishment when he discovered the true character of the craft.

The entrance of the steamer into Liverpool was hailed with great enthusiasm, and the captain was entertained with great hospitality by the public authorities, as well as private citizens. After a short delay, the vessel continued on its voyage to Russia, and while in the Harbor of Cronstadt encountered a storm that would have driven her upon the shore if her engines had not enabled her to face the wind; while many sailing vessels were wrecked in plain view of the city.

The Emperor Alexander made a careful examination of the ship and of its remarkable machinery, and as a testimony of his admiration presented two anchor chains to Captain Rogers, one of which is said to be preserved in Savannah to the present day. The *Savannah* returned to New York direct from St. Petersburg in 26 days, and was sent to Washington, where she was sold, and her steam machinery removed, and, after being used as a sailing vessel for some years, was finally wrecked off the coast of Long Island.

The next ocean voyage was made in 1825, by the English steamer *Enterprise*, which made the passage from Falmouth to Calcutta in forty-seven days. The success of these two expeditions encouraged the belief that ocean navigation by steam was a possible thing, and the propriety of making further experiments was frequently discussed. The great expense of fuel as opposed to wind, which cost nothing, gave rise to serious doubts as to the economy of steam over sails, and it was also feared that all of the available space of the ship would be taken up with the necessary coal for the engines, leaving no room for freight or passengers.

Scientific men also came forward to prove by highsounding phrases and profound mathematical reasoning that the resistance of the water could not be overcome by such engines as had thus far been invented. The famous Dionysius Lardner was at particular pains to prove the utter fallacy of the whole scheme, and announced in a public lecture that it would be as easy to make a voyage to the moon as to cross the ocean in a steamer.

Notwithstanding the almost universal opposition, a number of capitalists resolved to make the trial, and they ordered a ship to be built at Bristol for the transatlantic trade. In the beginning of the year 1838, the *Great Western* was finished. It was one of the most elegant and majestic ships that ever left the stocks. It had a capacity of 1,340 tons, a length of 240 feet, and an engine of 450 horse power, and was fitted up in the most elegant and luxurious fashion.

Everything being ready, notice was given that on the 4th of April, 1838, the *Great Western*, commanded by Lieutenant Hosken, would sail from Bristol to New York. This announcement decided another company to make a similar attempt, and a smaller steamer, the *Sirius*, of 700 tons and 320 horse power was made ready, and set sail from Cork April 5, 1838. She carried 453 tons of coal and 53 barrels of resin destined to serve as fuel.

Three days after, the *Great Western* departed from Bristol with seven passengers, who were all that were willing to brave the perils of the ocean in such a craft. The race across the ocean proved most exciting. There were the usual storms and contrary winds, and on comparison of log-books, it was found that the two ships were frequently very near each other without being aware of the fact at the time.

At first the *Sirius*, being deep in the water on account of her heavy lading of coal, made but little progress, but as the fuel was consumed and she became lighter, her speed was much increased. She had also the advantage of three days' start of the *Great Western*, and a shorter distance to travel. The approach of the steamers was anxiously expected at New York, and when, on the morning of April 23d, 1838, the announcement was made that a vessel was seen off Sandy Hook from which a cloud of smoke was rising, great excitement prevailed, and preparations were made to give the visitor a warm reception.

As the *Sirius* steamed up the Bay, she was received by salutes from the forts, by waving of flags, by a swarm of small boats on the water, and by every demonstration of delight. The enthusiasm had not time to cool before the rival steamer, the majestic *Great Western*, was also announced, and the demonstrations of joy had to be repeated in her honor. The two ships arrived the same day in New York, and after a short delay departed together on the return voyage.

The *Sirius* reached Falmouth after a voyage of 18 days without any mishap, and the *Great Western* returned to Bristol in 15 days.

The problem of transatlantic navigation by steam was satisfactorily solved by these two memorable voyages, and a short time afterward the *Great Western* entered upon the regular transportation of the mail and passengers. Between 1838 and 1844, she made 35 voyages from England to America, crossing the ocean 70 times. The average time was 15½ days to New York, and 13½ days for the return. The most rapid passage was in 1843, when she reached New York in twelve days and eighteen hours.

Other ships were now constructed, among them the *Royal William*, the *Queen*, the *President*, and the *Liverpool;* of these the melancholy loss of the *President* at sea in 1841 will be recalled with sadness by many persons now living. In 1843 one of the largest ships ever built, called the *Great Britain*, was launched at Bristol. It was the first iron ship, and also one of the first to substitute the steam screw for side wheels. She proved so bulky, and drew so much water, that it was with difficulty she could be brought into Liverpool, or over Sandy Hook; and having finally been run ashore off Ireland, she had to be dismantled and left to serve as a monument of careless engineering on the part of her projectors.

The first steamer to make the voyage around the world was the *Driver*, which left England, March 16th, 1842, under the command of Captain Harmer, who died in China, and was succeeded by Captain Hayes. She returned to her starting-point in 1845. The earliest regular transatlantic line of steamers, the Cunard Line, sent its first vessel, the *Britannia*, of 1,350 tons, from Liverpool, July 4th, 1840. The extraordinary success of this line is a matter of universal gratification. Scarcely a single mishap has ever occurred to break the continuity of successful voyages, and there are captains in the employment of this company who have crossed the ocean more than 300 times.

For a long time this line adhered to the side wheel, but they have now adopted the screw, which is found to be in every way better adapted to ocean navigation. Ericsson used the propeller successfully on a tugboat in 1837 on the Thames, and subsequently brought it to the United States. The first naval screw vessel, the *Archimedes*, built for the British Navy in 1840, was so perfectly successful that comparatively few paddle steamers were subsequently built.

On canals and rivers recourse is once more being had to chain propulsion. A chain or wire rope is laid in the bed of the river, or along the proposed route of the steamer, and passes over a drum worked by steam engines on the vessel, which is hauled along, taking in the chain at the bow and passing it out astern. In this arrangement, loss by slip or oblique action is avoided, and a very satisfactory degree of economy is attained. Here, however, but little lateral movement of the vessel is permitted, and only one vessel can make use of the chain.

The French Government, not to be behind the other nations in ocean navigation, sent agents to this country as early as 1823 to study and report upon the American system. The result was an exhaustive memoir on the subject, from the pen of M. Marestier, who urged upon his countrymen the adoption of steam on the lakes and rivers of the interior. Before 1835 the number of steamers on the Saone was doubled, and the rate of speed was greatly increased. The remains of Napoleon I. were brought from St. Helena, in 1840, on the *Dorade*, one of the earliest of the French steamers. The port of Havre soon had excellent steamers trading with England and along the coast. War vessels and merchant steamers were added, and France has obtained a respectable rank in the competition for excellence of ocean steamers. Among the historical ships may be mentioned the *Sphinx*, 1830, and the *Napoleon*, 1849.

In 1862 the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, represented by M. Péreire, was organized. They have built a number of first-class vessels, among them the *Péreire*, which made its first voyage from Brest to New York, in 1866, in nine and a half days.

The most successful steam vessels in general use are the screw steamers of transoceanic lines. These are from 300 to 450 feet long, usually propelled from 14 to 17 miles an hour by engines of from 3,000 to 4,000 horse power, consuming from 70 to 100 tons of coal a day, and crossing the Atlantic in from eight to ten days. These vessels are now invariably fitted with the compound engine and surface condensers.

The largest vessel yet constructed is the *Great Eastern*, begun in 1854 and completed in 1859, by J. Scott Russell, on the Thames, England. This ship is 680 feet long, 83 feet wide, 58 feet deep, 28 feet draught, and of 24,000 tons measurement. There are four paddle and four screw engines, the former having steam cylinders 74 inches in diameter, with 14 feet stroke; the latter 84 inches in diameter, and 4 feet stroke. They are collectively of 20,000 actual horse power. The paddle-wheels are 56 feet in diameter, and the screw 24 feet. The steam boilers supplying the paddle engines have 44,000 square feet (more than an acre) of heating surface. Although this monster vessel has never been a success for the conveyance of freight or passengers, it has proved of great value in the laying of the Atlantic cable, and has thus made good its claims to existence.

The construction of lake and river steamers has been carried to greater success in the United States than anywhere else. Some of these now in use are models of elegance and comfort, and for safety and speed are unequaled in any part of the world. It would be impossible to give detailed descriptions of these vessels, as their numbers and varieties are far too great for the compass of a short article.

The progress made since Fulton launched the *Clermont* on the Hudson has been enormous, and it seems a pity that the valuable life of this great inventor should have been cut off prematurely by vexatious lawsuits, when, in the order of nature, he might have lived to witness the complete triumph of the system he had so vigorously recommended in the early years of the present century.

Before dismissing the subject from our attention, it may be well to refer to the methods adopted for the propulsion of vessels, and the machinery employed.

In the earliest stages of the invention, the palmipede, or oars that open and shut by the action of water, was introduced upon boats. This was followed by jets of water issuing from the stern of the ship, which was the favorite idea of Rumsey until he encountered Fulton in London, in 1789. The endless chain, we have seen, has its advantages, even at the present time, although inapplicable to lake or ocean navigation. The side-wheel with buckets was introduced by Fulton, and still maintains its pre-eminence for river steamers.

In 1768 an ingenious Frenchman named Paucton proposed, in a work on the theory of the Archimedes screw, to replace oars by the screw. He wished to place two screws, called *pterophores*, in the stern horizontally, and on a line with the keel of the ship; but his ideas attracted very little attention at that early period.

In 1777, David Bushnell, of Saybrook, Connecticut, applied the screw to submarine batteries, with which he proposed to blow up vessels of war. He successfully exploded many small models, and made a larger machine, capable of conveying an operator with 150 pounds of powder, which was tried in vain on the *Eagle*, a British 54-gun ship lying in the harbor of New York. The employment of the screw in his inventions was highly suggestive, and ought to have received more attention than it appears to have done.

After the time of Paucton in France, many engineers attempted to employ the screw for propulsion, but none of them seem to have thought of steam as the motive power, until the commencement of the present century, when Dallery took up the subject and brought it to comparative perfection.

Charles Dallery appears to have been a man of uncommon genius. Born at Amiens in 1754, he early manifested great mechanical skill in inventing improvements in organs and various forms of machinery. In 1803 he took out a patent for the application of the screw to vessels to be driven by steam power. This was precisely at the time that Fulton was occupied with his steamer on the Seine. Both of these inventors were unable to obtain the least notice from the Government, and in consequence their works were forgotten. Dallery was so disgusted with his want of success that he utterly destroyed the model that he had built, and turned his attention to other subjects. From drawings still extant, it is evident that he anticipated many of the modern applications of the screw propeller.

In 1808 we have seen that Stevens applied the screw to a boat which he constructed to ply on the Hudson, the machinery of which is still preserved in the museum of the Institute founded to perpetuate his fame. A Bohemian named Ressel conceived the idea in 1812 of propelling a balloon by means of a screw, and later, of using electro-magnetism as a motive power. And this suggested to his mind the applications of the same principles to the navigation of ships, but having recourse to steam as a motor. He undertook to construct such a vessel at Trieste, which was finally finished in 1829.

On the trial trip some part of the machinery exploded, and the police interfered to prevent any further experiments, and the vessel was broken up. Ressel died in 1848, and in 1863 a monument was erected to his memory in Vienna, as the inventor of the propeller.

In 1836 and 1837, Ericsson submitted a system of propulsion by the screw to English capitalists, which was very favorably received and definitely applied to the *Francis Ogden*. At the same time, that is in 1838, appeared the invention of Messrs. Smith and Rennie, which was so successful that a company was organized, and the fine ship *Archimedes* was built and provided with a propeller screw. The success of the experiments of this ship was such as to put the adaptation of the screw to navigation beyond a doubt; and since that time it has been universally adopted on a great variety of steamers. Ericsson soon brought the screw into general use in the United States, where it now plays a conspicuous part in all kinds of vessels.

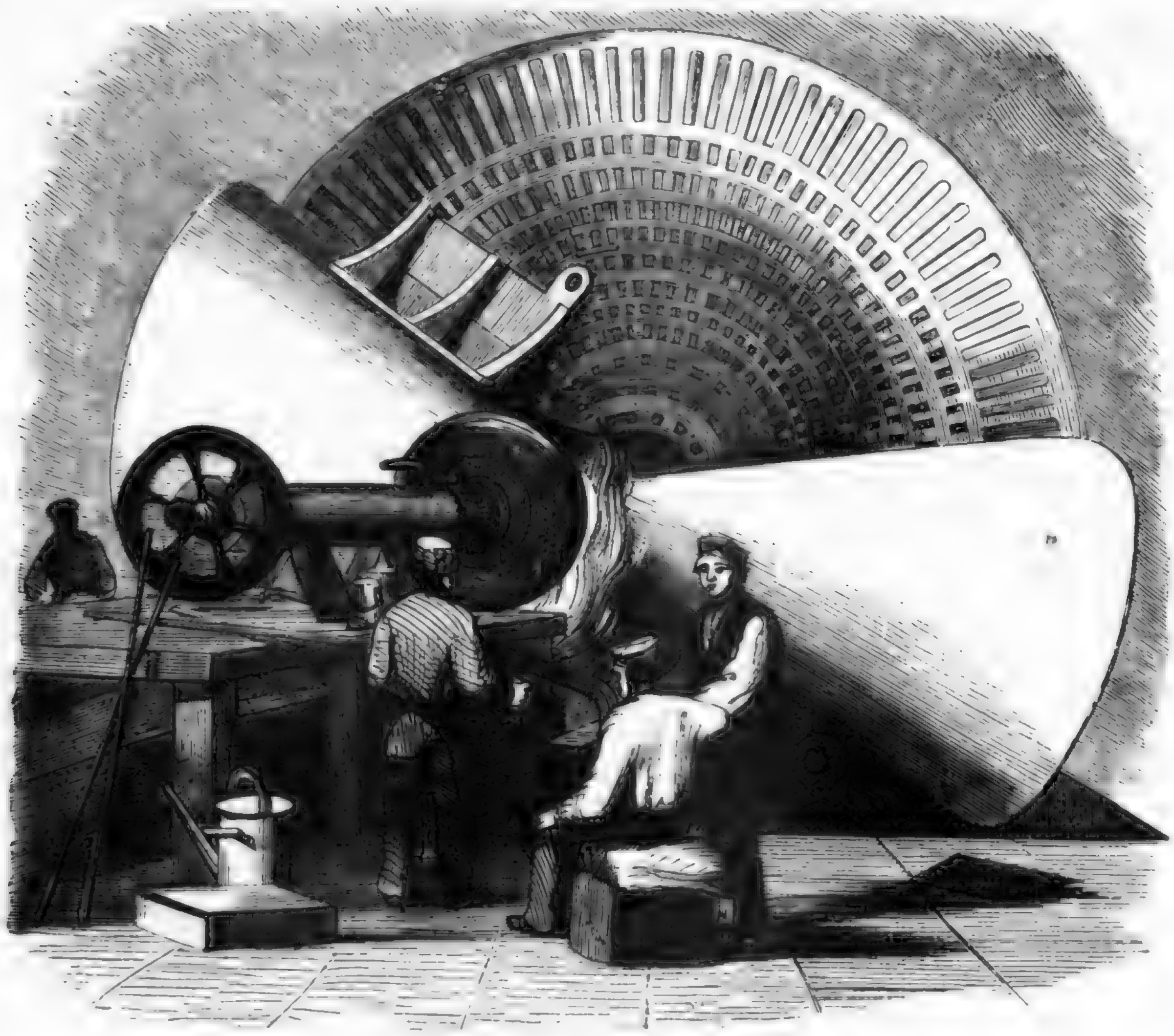
The success of steam navigation on the ocean cannot be better shown than by taking an illustration from the actual voyage made by one of the vessels of the Pacific Mail Company. The *City of New York*, of this line, performed the voyage from New York to San Francisco, a total distance of 13,552 miles, in 59 days; the actual steaming time being 54 days and 14 hours. The entire passage was made with coal shipped at New York, none having been taken on board *en route*.

Prior to the famous first trips between England and New York of the steamers *Sirius* and *Great Western*, in 1838, when the subject of ocean steam navigation was under discussion in England, Dr. Dionysius Lardner, as we have previously stated, predicted that steamers could not be run with commercial success across the Atlantic until the consumption of fuel was reduced, as the cost and bulk of coal would eat up all profit. He was nearer right than he is generally believed to have been. For over twenty years after the opening of the Cunard Line, in 1840, it required the payment of enormous special subsidies by the Government in order to make good the losses to owners. First-class steamers betwen New York and Liverpool consumed nearly 100 tons of coal a day. The largest vessels now only require about one-fourth the above fuel, and are also in other respects more economical than formerly. The following are some of the particulars of the *City of New York's* voyage:

Total revolutions of the engines	3,338,105	
" distance by observation	13,552	miles.
" " " screw	14,235	"
" amount of coal consumed (dock to dock)	1,485	tons.
Average consumption of coal per day	26¼	"
Speed per day, running time	218⅓	miles.

The dimensions of the *City of New York* are as folllows: Length, 353 feet; beam, 40½ feet; tonnage, 3,019; engines, 1,000 horse power. The Atlantic Ocean is now looked upon as no more formidable than a ferry, and numerous ships afford accommodations for passengers and traffic. The oldest line is the National, plying between New York, Liverpool and London. It employs 12 iron steamers, having an aggregate tonnage of 51,486. These vessels make during the year 81 regular trips, carrying 25,521 passengers and 464,709 tons of cargo.

The Cunard Line, New York to Liverpool, employs 17

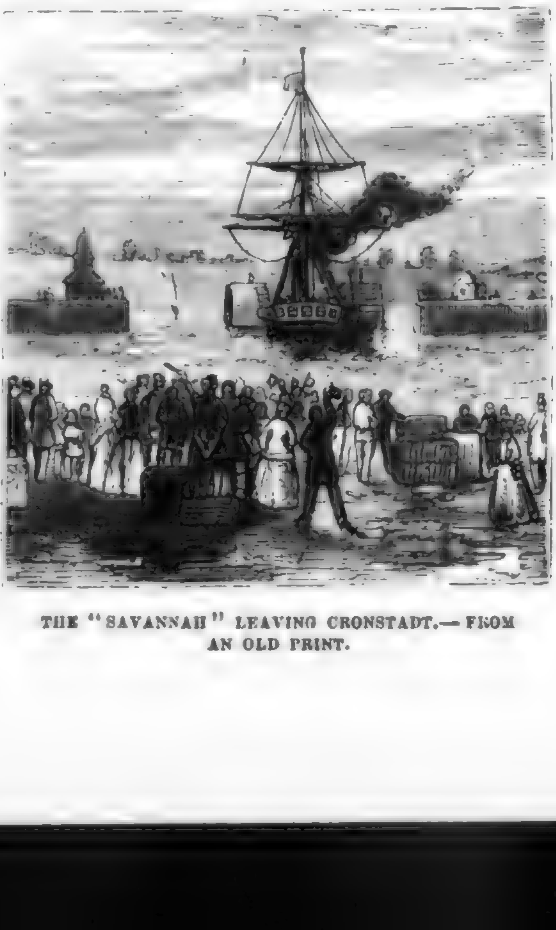


ADJUSTING A SCREW-PROPELLER FOR A LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.

vessels, aggregating 53,200 tons, and makes 206 voyages, carrying 15,000 cabin and 27,550 steerage passengers, and 465,000 tons of cargo in a year. The quickest passage from Queenstown to New York was made by the *Russia* in 8 days and 14 hours; the quickest eastward by the *Scythia*, in 8 days and 10 hours.

The White Star Line, New York to Liverpool, employs 6 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 25,251 tons. The *Germanic*, of this Line, has made the trip from Queenstown to New York in 7 days and 15 hours. The Anchor Line, New York to Glasgow, employs 27 vessels, with 57,289 tonnage. They make 87 voyages from New York, and carry in all 20,000 passengers and 341,723 tons of cargo in a year.

The Inman Line, New York to Liverpool, employs 13 vessels, aggregating 42,975 tons. They make 110 trips, and carry 300,000 tons of cargo, and 34,389 passengers. The fast trips were by the *City of Richmond*, from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in 7 days and 18 hours; the *City of Berlin*, the same voyage in 7 days, 15 hours. The Hamburg American Packet Company, New York to Hamburg, employs 15 vessels, which carry nearly 30,000 passengers in a year, and 137,000 tons of merchandise. The North German Lloyd, New York to Bremen, employs 15 vessels, aggregating 48,710 tons. They make 100 round trips, carrying in all over 30,000 passengers, and 114,000 tons freight. The best time was 9 days and 10 hours.

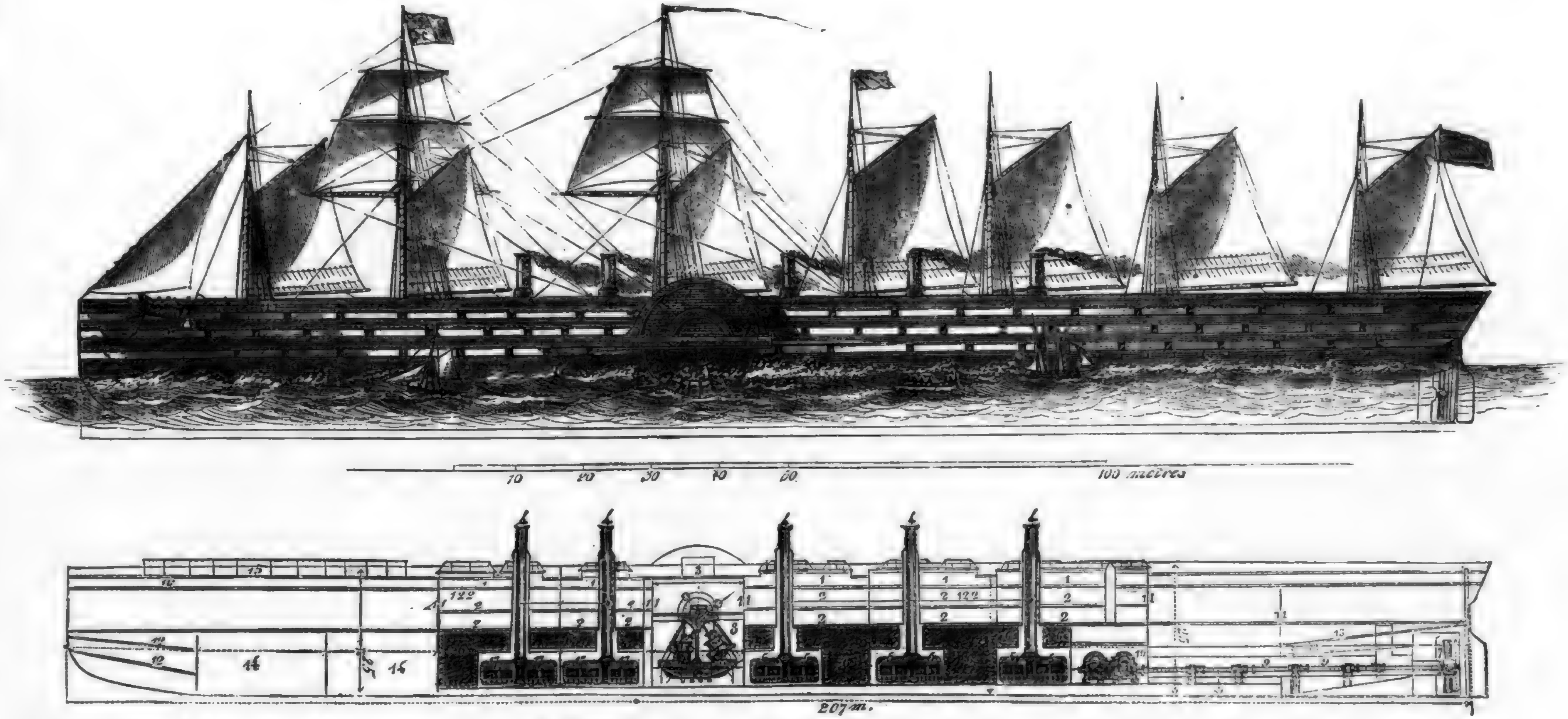


THE "SAVANNAH" LEAVING CRONSTADT.—FROM AN OLD PRINT.

The State Line, New York to Glasgow, employs 7 vessels, aggregating 17,000 tons. They carry 4,900 passengers and 48,000 tons freight. The Williams and Guion Line, New York and Liverpool, employs 6 vessels, aggregating 22,360 tons. They make 38 trips each way, and carry 150,000 tons of cargo. The French Line, New York to Havre, has 6 vessels, aggregating 24,300 tons. They make 28 trips each way, and carry 6,900 passengers.

There are minor Lines plying to Amsterdam, Antwerp, Italy, etc. The number of passengers carried by these Lines is about 225,000, and the freight 2,000,000 tons, yearly. There have been melancholy shipwrecks during the past few years, but the loss of life is small in proportion to the number of passengers carried.

The progress has been great since Papin started his steamer on the Fulda in 1707, or Fulton inaugurated this method of travel in 1807, but there is still room for promoting the comfort of passengers, which, it is to be hoped, will be inaugurated before the lapse of many years.



1. Upper cabins. 2. Main cabin. 3. Captain's cabin. 4. Smoke-stacks. 5. Engine for the screw. 6 Coal holes. 7. Screw and axle. 8. Engine for the paddle-wheel. 9. Screw shaft. 10. Screw machine. 11. Movable partitions. 12, 13. Iron decks to strengthen. 14. Hold for cargo. 15. Officers quarters. 16. Berths for crew. 17. Boiler for paddle-wheel. 18. Steampipe.

DIMENSIONS :

Length	683 feet.
Breadth	83 feet.
Draught	28 feet.
Paddle and screw engines	4.

Diameter of paddle steam cylinders, 74 inches, with 14 feet stroke.
Diameter of screw cylinder, 84 inches, with 4 feet stroke.
Power of all engines, 10,000 horse-power.
Diameter of paddle-wheels, 56 feet.
Diameter of screw, 24 feet.
Heating surface of boilers, 44,000 square feet.
Measurement, 24,000 tons.

"GREAT EASTERN," AND SECTION SHOWING INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT.

THOMAS GASPEY

The literary reminiscences of W. H. Harrison contain many agreeable pictures of celebrities with whom he enjoyed a familiar intercourse. He thus describes Gaspey, a novelist, reporter, editor—a favorable type of the class:

> Jerdan told me that when Gaspey made his first appearance in the Reporters' Gallery at the House of Commons, his diminutive stature and somewhat eccentric manners created a feeling not at all favorable to the *débutant.* He had not been long in harness, however, before they discovered in him a mine of wit and intelligence which made him quite a popular character among his compeers of the gallery. Among other attractive qualities, he had wonderful powers of mimicry, not only of voice and gesture, but of style of oratory, of which he frequently gave specimens in the reporters' room, a circular window in which opened on the stairs used by the members in their passage to and from the House. It happened that on one occasion Canning was the subject of his imitative powers; and he was in the midst of his exhibition, encouraged by the plaudits and laughter of his co-mates, when, raising his eyes to the circular window, he beheld Canning himself an amused spectator of the exhibition.
>
> If Gaspey had had the advantages of education, he would have been a brilliant man. As it was, he distinguished himself in his day by three novels—"The Lollards," "George Godfrey," and "The Witchfinder." Although wanting in refinement, and often running into caricature, they were so graphically true to nature, so abounding in passages of humor and pathos, as to throw utterly into shade three-fourths of the works of their class which inundate the circulating libraries of the present day. In "The Witchfinder" there is a scene of the trial of a suspected witch by immersion, under the direction of the notorious Hopkins, of which Anthony Trollope, one of the truest, healthiest and purest novelists of the day, need not have been ashamed.
>
> Gaspey was for many years the editor, and part, if not entire, proprietor of the *Sunday Times*, a paper which had at the time a distinctive notoriety as the medium of matrimonial negotiations.
>
> He had a singularly soft and agreeable voice, and, though when roused he was not wanting in either eloquence or energy, was very mild and gentle in manner; and my experience has always shown him to be a kind-hearted and most obliging man. He had a very lovely daughter, who sang superbly, and was married to a young man who rapidly and honorably attained to one of the highest posts on the staff of the greatest financial corporation in the city of London, and who himself was a diligent laborer in the field of literature.
>
> Gaspey was connected with some India company, which I was given to understand was a success; and I suspect that by means of that or some other speculation he must have saved money, inasmuch as during the latter years of his life he lived in retirement from business at Shooter's-hill, where he died, at the beginning of the year 1872, at the great age of eighty-four. It was not long before his death that I met him, accidentally, apparently in full possession of his mental faculties, and not betraying any great physical infirmity.

DINNERS A LA RUSSE.

In his "Confessions of a Drunkard," Charles Lamb has dwelt with eloquent pathos upon the manner in which, to the morbid imagination, the most innocent of literary allusions may act as so many fatally irresistible seductions to some form or other of vicious excess; and in his "Biographia Literaria," Samuel Taylor Coleridge has a passage apropos of much the same perverted association of ideas. "I should," writes Elia, "repel my readers, were I to tell them what tobacco has been to me; the daily service which I have paid, the slavery which I have vowed to it. How, when I have resolved to quit it, it has put in personal claims, and made the demands of a friend upon me. How the reading of it casually in a book—as where Adams takes his whiff in the chimney-corner of some inn in "Joseph Andrews," or Piscator, in the "Complete Angler," breaks his fast upon a morning pipe in that delicate room, Piscatoribus Sacrum—has in a moment broken down the resistance of weeks." Coleridge's observations, which need not here be quoted, are rather confined to the encouragement and sanction of immoderate cups which he detects in the precedents of our older writers.

An artificial thirst is, perhaps, apt to be engendered by such lines as those of Keats—

> "Oh for a draught of vintage that hath been
> Cooled a long time in the deep-delved earth,
> Tasting of Flora and the country green,
> Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth."

And it is almost certain that no glass of Bass's or Allsopp's ale was ever so grateful to the material palate as the amber home-brewed which we have quaffed in imagination with the same Piscator of whom Charles Lamb writes, and his patient, tractable disciple, when, after having stood with them by the flowery banks of the Lea, watching their floats bobbing in the stream, and seeing the perch deftly landed on the shore, we have repaired in their company to the house of some hospitable friend, and contemplate the limpid beverage as it plashes musically, till a glorious head of sparkling foam is gathered in the long, spiral goblets. The River Lea may be seen any day now; but the banks of the Lea are scarcely flowery; the neighborhood is scarcely rural; such finny inhabitants as the stream may contain are barely edible; while as for the hospitable friend whom we may claim in the vicinity, the refreshment which he would offer us would be pretty certain to be something more elaborate than the crust and ale which, in the days of Izaak Walton, were enough and ample in the eyes both of recipient and donor.

The "preface" to the wine-list of an enterprising firm of universal purveyors informs us that "among the mechanics of Manchester, claret is in everyday use, while in London the artisan now stops at a wine-shop to ask for a glass of sherry or port." After what one heard not so long ago of the habitual fare of Staffordshire colliers, there is nothing to be surprised at in this statement. It may be readily conceded that light wines are better for Manchester mechanics and London artisans than petroleum whisky and doctored gin. The hygienic aspects of this innovation in popular diet may be passed by now. All that we would say about it is, that if it has to any large extent been adopted, it may significantly remind us of the influences which are at work among those who are some degrees above the laboring classes in the social scale. The complete angler and his friend would find that biscuits and sherry had generally taken the place of plain bread and beer as articles of refreshment deemed suitable for the casual visitor by the friend on whom he might happen to call. In England, of late years, there has been an amount of infidelity displayed to the national beverage—"that most wholesome and pleasant drink," as Burton, in his "Anatomy," calls it, "since the hop that rarefies it hath an especial virtue against melancholy"—which has not been perceptible in anything like the same degree in Scotland and Ireland. From John o' Groat's to the Firth of Forth, from Lough Swilly to Cork, whisky holds its own. It is an article in the popular faith. It has its place on every dinner-table, high or low. Whatever be the reason, sufficient or insufficient, beer is a discrowned deity in England. That innumerable hogsheads of it are annually consumed in England, is perfectly true. But the fact remains that, with those who were once proud of him as the type of their prosperity and the emblem of their manhood, John Barleycorn is not considered presentable on state occasions; and that, unless a special request to the contrary be made, the well-filled jug with the coronal of beaded bubbles will be found superseded by the decanter filled with the conventional sherry.

This is but a single instance—accurately typical, however—of a much wider and deeper social change which has gradually accomplished itself in England. What Greece was to ancient Rome, that France has been, and is, to modern Britain. The old Italian playwrights—Plautus, Terence, and the rest of them—borrowed alike plot and dialogue from Hellenic dramatists. There is an identically similar relation between the stages of London and Paris. It is the same with fashions and *menus*, the costumes of womankind, and the manner and fare of dinner-parties. As for this last item of social mimicry, that which holds good of every other form of imitation is true of it also. The effect of the copy depends entirely on its degree of closeness to the original. A good dinner, whatever its principle or pattern, is a good thing. In this context the ancient maxim, "Know thyself," must be supplemented by the further exhortation "Know thy kitchen and thy cook,"

In the matter of dinners, it may be said the exemplar is not Gallic, but Russian. But the dinner à la Russe comes to us direct from Paris, just as much of the distinctive criticism of Germany has been presented to us under the garb of the French tongue; and it is with the dinner à la Russe that we have now chiefly to do. Well conducted, with no deficiency in any of those accessories which are virtually essentials, this is a mode of entertainment in the highest degree satisfactory. It promotes conversation, it leaves the host at leisure—unoccupied by the carving of joints, unpossessed by any fears lest the guest into whose hands some particular dish has fallen shall fail to do it due justice—to stimulate discourse, and benignantly to eye the festive scene.

A modern dinner-table, in those houses where these repasts are managed as they should be, is an extremely pretty sight. There is, perhaps, a tendency to an excess of floral decoration. The ferns and evergreens, which border on either side the stream of plate-glass that runs round the table, may be somewhat over-luxuriant in their growth; the dainty little receptacles in which the single flowers are placed may rest upon a perilously insecure foundation; the importations from the contiguous conservatory, which are enthroned in solid silver centre-pieces, may intercept the view of opposite neighbors; there may be bigoted conservative convives who would like to see, when the period for the *pièce de résistance* arrives, the substance in its original integrity from which the particular morsels conveyed to them were detached, just as they would like to see their faces reflected in the brilliantly polished mahogany, when dessert makes its appearance.

But the advantages and conveniences of the well-served dinner à la Russe altogether exceed the weight of any objections which may be urged against it on the score of general principle or personal taste. The simple statement that carving is an art, and that this is an age in which the art of carving is not systematically taught, as it was in the cookery schools of Imperial Rome, really ought to be conclusive.

Can anything be more horrible to the mind of the well-regulated diner than the spectacle of a woodcock intrusted to the tender mercies of a bashful youth, who, if he had studied the anatomy of that delicious bird, would still be without the presence of mind to display his knowledge; or a near-sighted gentleman hacking, with well-meant but murderous energy, a haunch of venison?

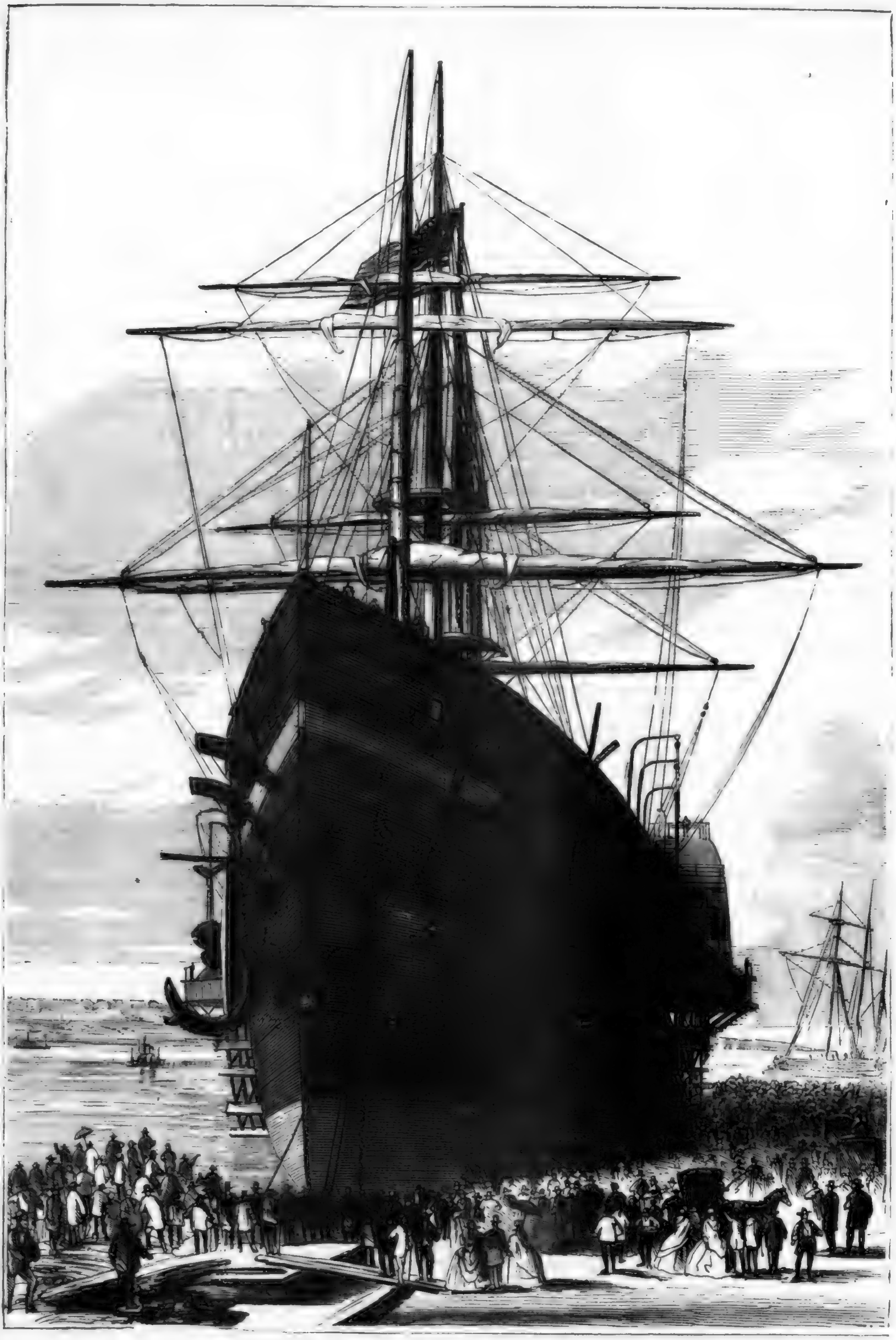
If the dinner à la Russe did nothing more than relieve the lady of the house of the question which a conventional courtesy suggests, and to which the instinct of a kindly appreciation dictates an affirmative answer, "May I assist you?" it would have achieved not a little.

There is a real danger at the present day lest certain hospitable dinner-givers should forget that, before a dinner à la Russe can be successfully attempted, there are definite conditions which must be satisfied. Better, a thousand times, the unpretending banquet, the simple joint, unaccompanied save by "trimmings," hot, succulent, done to a turn, and comfort therewith, than the four courses and a dessert; dishes of elaborate nomenclature, but questionable composition; cold plates and tepid morsels. If *carte blanche* be given to some great metropolitan *entrepeneur*, it is a different matter.

The ordinary resources of the establishment are in such a case multiplied by an unknown power. The tale of "the little dinner at Timmins's" is told over again. The stranger and the alien invade the premises; Sarah and Jane are sent to the right-about; master and mistress cannot call their house their own; and the table groans beneath the weight of plate borrowed for the occasion; while strange waiters hand around unaccustomed dainties and dishes, at the very names of which the customary domestic force of the establishment is lost in bewilderment. This is an expensive, but it is an effective and rational, mode of giving the dinner à la Russe, in those families where the normal capacities are not equal to the inevitable strain of such an entertainment.

The plan does, indeed, involve a foreign occupation of one's castle, as complete, in its way, as if a detachment of Prussian Uhlans were billeted beneath his roof; but the result is so far satisfactory that the cooking is undeniable, and the relays of plates are hot. It is, of course, not an exercise of domestic hospitality. There is nothing about such a feast of the homely welcome which adds so choice a flavor to the plainest viand. The banquet is confessedly artificial and exotic from beginning to end. Neither the host nor hostess would pretend that their friends were tasting of fare produced by the unaided resources of the family kitchen. The dinner is a state ceremonial, accomplished by adventitious agency. The sole merit which it has, or may have, if the plan here suggested be followed, is that of completeness.

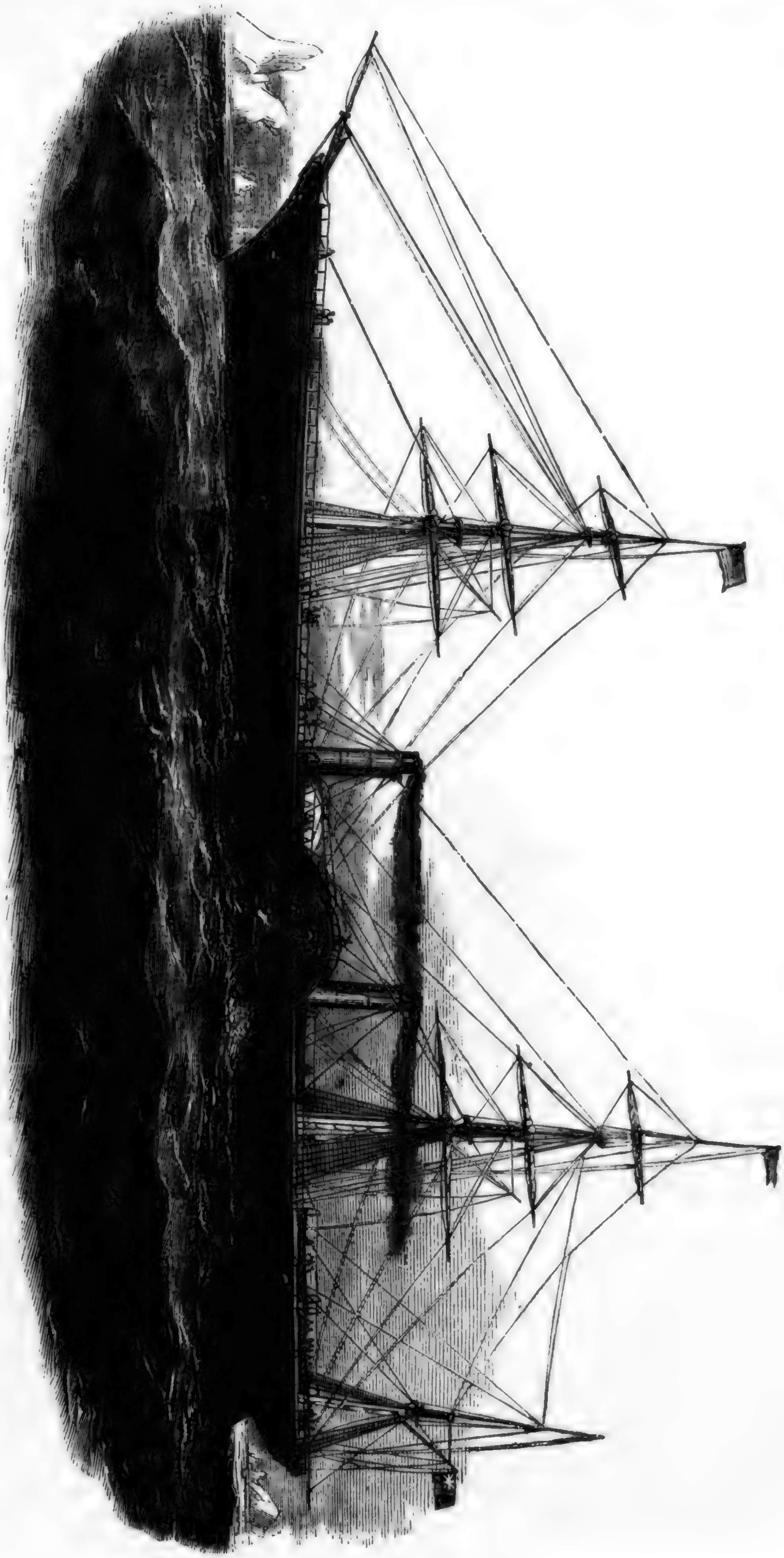
Is it an unwarrantable liberty to seek to impress upon those households who are now addressed that the dinner à la Russe is an institution that admits of no compromise—that there is no *tertium quid* between the dinner, conducted on the ordinary principles of home life, and a dinner such as that just described, if success is to be secured? A dinner of soup, fish, a single *entrée*, a joint, followed by some variety of game—the dishes in each instance being placed upon the table—is within the reach of many households that are unable to compass the banquet à la Russe, and is a repast to which no man or woman need hesitate to ask his or her friends to sit down. It may be served, in perfect condition, without any increase of the usual strength of the establishment, and it will be consumed with a relish which its rival entertainment could not provoke.



THE "GREAT EASTERN" AT HER DOCK IN NEW YORK.

But the servant who can roast a saddle of mutton to perfection, who can manage the gravy-soup and the turbot, and who can also be relied upon for a couple of made dishes—loses her head if called upon to prepare a dinner where the sequence of articles in the *menu* is regulated by notions to which she is a stranger.

From the beginning to end, the affair is destined to be a failure. The lady of the house may have given the clearest instructions, as to the mode in which the courses are to make their appearance; the waiter from round the corner may have been told, again and again, at what season he is to produce the various wines. It is no good. Confusion and chaos are sure to reign. The *hors-d'œuvre* become mysteriously mixed up with the dessert and floral decorations; the oblivious waiter and waitress are hopelessly puzzled; the cook cannot, for the life of her, remember the proper sequence of the various dishes. The guests at the table can hear, but too plainly, the sharp discussion between the perplexed domestics on each of these matters. The mistress of the house, at the head of the table, blushes scarlet; a cold, clammy dew starts forth on the forehead of the master, as he discovers that the waiter has warmed the sherry and iced the claret; and happy will it be if the lady of the house is not summoned from her seat, to speak to the perplexed cook outside the door.



THE CUNARD STEAMER "PERSIA."

Under these agonizing conditions social enjoyment is a bitter mockery, and efforts at careless conversation a hollow pretense. The feverish weariness of the situation communicates itself to the guests. There are awkward pauses, terrible hitches, blank looks, suspicious glances, as plates with atomic helpings on them are passing round. If the son of Pelops had known the fare which his brother's solicitude had provided for him, he could scarcely have eyed the food more askance. Everyone secretly wishes to inquire as to the composition of what is placed before him. The whole business is not a delight but a painful ordeal, for the simple reason that the essential conditions of all satisfactory and social eating are not forthcoming; the plates want warmth, and the atmosphere is without ease.

The dinner, "in the Russian fashion" is, as we have said, an adaptation from the French; but it is an adaptation in which, while the shadow is grasped, the substance is missed. We have the name, and nothing but the name. That we should be anxious to profit by the example of our Gallic friends is reasonable enough. There is much to learn from them, especially in all that appertains to the art of cooking, economy, comfort; how to give an appetizing flavor to unattractive materials; how to give to simple fare a fascination and a nourishing quality not its own; how, in a word, to make the most of the beasts of the field, the fruits of the earth, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the water, both salt and fresh—these are, all of them, points in which a close and patient imitation of French ways would do us much good.

But the habit of attempting elaborate French dishes, and of serving them up on a system borrowed from France, and impracticable here unless the appliances of France are forthcoming, is a fashionable superstition and anomaly, of which the sooner we rid ourselves the better.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

ANTS MILKING THE LARVÆ OF BUTTERFLIES.—It has been for some time known that yellow ants occasionally make cows of beetles, keeping them in their nests and obtaining a gummy secretion which it uses for food, but there was no mention of ants attending the larvæ of butterflies, until the discovery was made during the Summer of 1 77, by Mr. W. H. Edwards, of Coalburgh, W. Va., the author of an exquisitely illustrated work on butterflies. In examining a plant called the "rattle-weed," which grows abundantly in the edges of the woods throughout West Virginia, Mr. Edwards noticed that ants frequented the long spikes of the plant, and supposed that they were attracted by the honey-sweet flowers; but on narrower inspection he saw an ant running up and down the back of the larva of a butterfly, drumming and gesticulating with its antennæ, and was surprised to find that the larva, though feeding, did not seem in the least disturbed at the treatment; neither withdrawing its head from the bud nor wincing in its body. If it had been touched in this way by an enemy, it would have displayed alarm instantly. To an observer so acute as Mr. Edwards, this was sufficient stimulus to closer inspection and more thorough study. He found that the larvæ served as cows to the ants, and that the appearance of the ants was a sure indication of the presence of the larvæ, and saved him much trouble in searching for them. The butterfly produced from the larvæ under examination is known as *Lycæna pseudargiolus*. Now that attention has been called to the subject, it is probable that other species will be found serving the same interesting purpose to ants.

THE SUN'S SURFACE.—The distinguished French astronomer, M. Janssen, has succeeded in obtaining photographs of the sun, with only 1-30 0th of a second exposure. These were procured with lenses of long focus, and ground to chemical rays, and a slow development of the image, which was finally strengthened with pyrogallic acid and nitrate of silver. The "willow leaves," or "rice grains" observed by Professor Langley, of Allegheny Observatory, appear in these photographs only as occasional aggregations. The main feature is an abundant granulation. The forms of the granules are sufficiently defined for study; they appear to be generally of a spherical shape, and it is noticeable that larger grains seemed to be formed of aggregations of smaller ones, the lesser grains being most evidently spherical. In order to be visible, these granules must be nearly of the size of the minor planets, and yet uprising gaseous currents tear the bright material into fragments which assume a spherical form like drops of water, but drops of enormous size. Any speculations on the subject must, therefore, be rather hazardous.

PHOTOGRAPHING AT NIGHT.—It is often desirable, for taking pictures and for copying, to be independent of the sun. This result has recently been obtained by Mr. Vanderweyde, of London, who has fitted up a costly and elegant establishment on Regent Street. The illuminating agent is the electric light, which is obtained from a Siemen's magneto-electric machine, placed in a cellar and driven by a gas engine of a few horse power. This engine is constructed in such a manner as to be under the control of the photographic operator up-stairs on the first floor, where the studio, reception and dressing-rooms are situated. The studio chair—or operating chair, as it is sometimes irreverently called—is placed upon a small, circular platform, which, however, is not raised any considerable distance from the floor. This platform is capable of being revolved by a push from the foot, so that after posing the sitter, the photographer can change his position at will with reference to the camera. The focusing and posing is accomplished by the ordinary gaslight of the room. The light from the carbon points of the electric battery is tempered and concentrated by a Fresnel lens of about forty inches in diameter; care being taken to prevent any of the direct rays from the carbon points falling upon the sitter. When everything is ready, and the plate is in the camera, the operator turns on the light, the fierce beams from the carbon points convert the whole space behind the Fresnel lens into an intensely luminous white cloud, and it is the light from this cloud-like mass which is condensed upon the sitter. The exposure is never more than nine or ten seconds, so that thirty four negatives have been taken between the hours of nine and eleven o'clock at night. On one occasion a lady had a negative taken on her way to the opera, a proof of which was handed to her in her box, as the electric light can be used for printing as well as taking the negative.

COLLODION FROM PAPER.—Gun-cotton has uniformly been the source of the collodion of photographers until a recent period. Of late years, processes have greatly changed, and linen paper is now largely used in the preparation of pyroxyline. We are coming back to the original researches of Pelouze, made before Schonbein invented gun-cotton. The almost universal adoption of bromo-iodized collodion, the introduction of bromized emulsions and the production of an entirely different class of negatives, mark the progress of the present day, and render necessary an entirely new character in pyroxyline. The temperature, strength of acids, and time of immersion are altogether different when paper is substituted for cotton. Thus, a temperature which would be considered excessively low for raw cotton, is sufficient to entirely dissolve most descriptions of paper. A few minutes' immersion is sufficient to complete the action on cotton, and any increase is detrimental to the quality of the product; paper, and more especially linen, requires an immersion frequently extending over hours. A writer in the *British Journal of Photography* asserts that he has obtained the best results with ordinary white blotting paper, and he recommends the following formula:

Sulphuric acid, sp. g. 1.843	3 ounces.
Nitric acid, sp. g. 1.42	2 "
White blotting paper	145 grains.

Temperature, 100 deg.; time of immersion, 3 hours.

The resulting pyroxyline will be found to weigh 240 grains. It is admirably adapted to emulsion photography.

DECAY OF EGYPTIAN OBELISKS IN EUROPEAN CLIMATES.—From a careful study of the subject, a German scientist has come to the conclusion that the obelisks of Egypt decay with rapidity in European climates. The Luxor obelisk, which was erected in Paris in 1834, has suffered gradual change from the sulphuric acid and carbonic acid contained in the atmosphere of Paris. The original red color of the syenite column has become duller, and a white film of kaolin, which always follows the action of carbonic acid on alkaline silicates, covers the outside. In thirty-six years the stone has received more damage from the atmosphere of France than during as many centuries in Egypt. It appears probable that the moist and coal-laden air of London will prove even more destructive to Cleopatra's Needle, and there is not a good outlook for the future of a Needle in New York, if we are to be favored with one. It would appear as though these ancient monuments would not bear transporting from their native soil. Our modern habits are inimical to the permanency of structures made of wood and stone.

CHEMISTRY OF PUMPKINS.—Professor F. H. Storer, of the Bussy Institution, reports that the rind of the pumpkin is nearly three and a half times as rich in albuminoids as the flesh. The inside, including the seeds, contains a large proportion of nitrogen, and the seeds yield a large percentage of oil. "The presence of such large amounts of oil, and of albuminous matters," adds Professor Storer, "would naturally go to show that pumpkin-seeds must be a highly nutritious kind of food: and it may be true that they are valuable for some kinds of animals, when administered carefully and in moderate quantity." Regarding the use of pumpkin-seeds as articles of human food, the author quotes Professor Pumpelly as saying that the kernels are eaten by the Chinese. In Egypt, too, the seeds are eaten in the same way that nuts are in other countries.

A MALE NURSE AMONG FROGS.—A Spanish naturalist finds that the supposed viviparous birth of young tadpoles from the species of frog first discovered in Chili by Darwin, is open to further investigation. It is the males which are the nurses, and they have an extraordinary brood-sac, developed as a pouch from the throat, and extending over a great portion of the ventral surface of the animal. In this cavity a number of living tadpoles were found. How these are first developed and nourished is not yet known. From this it would appear that the interest of the reproduction of Batrachians is by no means yet exhausted.

Difficulties of Linear Surveys —The difficulties of making careful trigonometrical and linear surveys of a large territory are not confined to the roughness and inequalities of the country, but are often of a minor and vexatious character. Very frequently the surveyor carries the occasion of error in his pocket, in the form of a knife. The frame of the compass is sometimes made of hard rubber, which becomes electrified in dry weather by the slightest friction. The frames of the magnifiers being similarly mounted, give like trouble. The impure metal of cases, rivets and other parts, may deflect the needle. Sometimes the observer may unconsciously carry the iron in his hat, in a wire that stiffens the brim. Even hammered aluminium is said to be slightly magnetic. There is a story told of a land surveyor who had all the parts of his compass nickel-plated, which was very much like surrounding it in all parts with little magnets. It sometimes happens that there is so much iron in the earth that the needle swings about in all directions, and occasionally dips down in absolute rest. Under such circumstances, the solar compass of the late Mr. Burt must be employed, and it is only when the sun shines that the work of surveying can go on.

The Phylloxera in France.—The grape vine in France has been partially destroyed by the ravages of the phylloxera, and the Government has offered a large reward for any remedy for the attack. The vine-growers have finally discovered that several kinds of American vines are not exposed to these ravages. A vineyard at Montpellier, France, is now largely planted with stocks of the Clinton grape, on which the French Aramon vine is grafted. The grafting is done in order to improve the flavor of the grape. A work recently published at Bordeaux describes the American vines best suited for stocks, and specifies the French vines that can be grafted on them to advantage. In some parts of France, salts of the sulpho-carbonates have been found to greatly mitigate the severity of the ravages of the phylloxera, even if it does not entirely prevent. Sulphur alone is also found to be very useful; but the most successful treatment has been found to be the introduction of a foreign stock hitherto known to have escaped attack.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

The First Duty on T.—Don't forget to cross it.

An English nobleman who is in the habit of speaking to soldiers in an affable manner, was much amused lately when a Guardsman said to him, in a hearty and genial way, "I like you, my lord. There's nothing of the gentleman about you!"

A Cross Petition.—A man who had filed a petition for a divorce was informed by his counsel that his wife had filed a "cross petition," as lawyers call it. "A *cross* petition!" exclaimed the husband. "That's just like her; she never did a *good-natured* thing in her life!"

He had brought her the very things she wanted from the supper-table to her safe retreat on the stairs, and she was moved to say, half laughingly, "You are a man after my own heart, Mr. B.!" "Just what I am after!" he answered, quick as a flash, covering her with confusion.

A Fighting Cut.—The small boy has two prime objects in view in getting a "fighting cut" to his hair in warm weather. One is, to show his vigilant father that he hasn't been in swimming; and the other, because he can lie in bed five minutes longer in the morning —he doesn't have to comb his hair.

It is stated that an exalted personage not long ago was presiding at the opening of a new dock. The architect was interviewed afterward. "How many vessels," inquired the exalted personage, "will your dock contain?" "That entirely depends, sir, whether they be large or small." "Oh, middling size, I mean!" "In that case," was the reply, "the dock would contain a middling lot of ships!"

One Winter' day, looking in at the window of a print shop, Brown felt some one at his pocket. As there was only one bystander, he instantly turned round, and, looking him full in the face, said, "Your hand, sir, was in my pocket!" "Was it, sir?" the other very calmly replied. "I really beg your pardon if it was; but the weather is so very cold, one is glad to put one's hands anywhere!"

At a little social gathering, a duet was being performed by two young ladies, to the apparent delight of all the assembled guests. The two executants were doing their utmost to drown one another, and with such good effect that one could scarcely have heard the report of a cannon fifty yards off. Everybody was radiant, with the exception of one individual, to whom at length a friend addressed himself: "My dear fellow, what makes you so pensive?" "Ah," was the reply, "I'm thinking of the neighbors!"

Scene.—Inverness photographer's studio. *Artist* (facetiously to Highlander): "Oh, yes, can take you any way you like—upside, downside, inside or outside, full-size or half-size, sitting or standing—any way, any way, sir, and all for one shilling!" *Highlander* (artfully): "Maybe you koona de her any way noo." *Artist* (with gusto): "Yes, any way; if not, I'll take you for nothing." Adjusts camera and puts Highlander in position. "Now, please, look here." Highlander looks there, at the same time, with a grin, marches up and down. *Artist:* "But you mustn't walk about in that way. You must——" *Highlander:* "No-ta-tall. I want her to be took walking!"

What can pass before the sun without making a shadow? The wind.

Proverbial Philosophy.—It's a wise bird that knows its own feather.

"I'm a yard wide and all wool," is a Kentucky way of describing a high state of hilarity.

A local auctioneer advertises for sale a horse which "has been plowed and harrowed all Spring."

When a man is much plagued by reason of his debts, he is said to suffer from "tick-dollar-eux."

Note to Conservatives.—A well-known statesman is not to be dubbed a blockhead simply because he is a feller of wood.

For Histrions —A theatrical critic wants to know whether an equestrian drama is a "horse-play," and if so, how it should be "mounted."

Old Woman (peeling potatoes): "What a lot o' eyes these 'taters have got!" *Old Man:* "I spec's they's extra, so as to look arter the Colorado beetle."

A chronic growler, who lived in a boarding-house, kept the landlady in a state of torment all through the holidays by always remarking at meal-time, "Things are getting tough, I tell you."

Sub Jove.—Henri Murger tells of a man who, on being asked where he was now living, named a very fashionable avenue, and quieted his friend's astonishment by adding, "Third tree on the left-hand side."

Cruel!—The agricultural reporter of a contemporary, after unfavorably criticising a certain decision of the judges at a recent cattle-show, adds, with fine satire, "The band at this point played 'We are na fou.'"

A young actress fainted the other evening in New York, and was thought to be paralyzed, but she jumped up and went through with the performance when the manager offered to raise her wages. "Now," said he, cynically, "see the pay-rally-sis."

Political Grammar.—Some one discussing with Lord Beaconsfield the celebrated Salisbury circular, asked, "How do you suppose the Russians will construe that paragraph?"—mentioning one in particular. "They won't construe it, I expect," replied the ready Premier; "they will decline it."

Claiborne F. Jackson, who was once Governor of Missouri, married five sisters in a wealthy and distinguished family. When he went to ask for the last one, his venerable father-in-law replied, "Yes, Claib, you can have her. You have had them all. For goodness sake, don't ask me for the old woman!"

One of the cleverest of English judges, who, in spite of his many accomplishments, has failed to master the letter "h," saw pass the other day an eminent lawyer who has sat upon the woolsack, and whose praise is in the churches. Said the judge of the lawyer, "There goes that sly 'umbug 'umming a 'ymn."

It is told of Dowager Lady Shelley, who died some few years ago, that she was once traveling by the mail, with her footman outside, when the coach was upset, turning completely over. The footman, springing to his feet unhurt, heard his mistress's voice saying, "John, pull me out; the black legs are mine!"

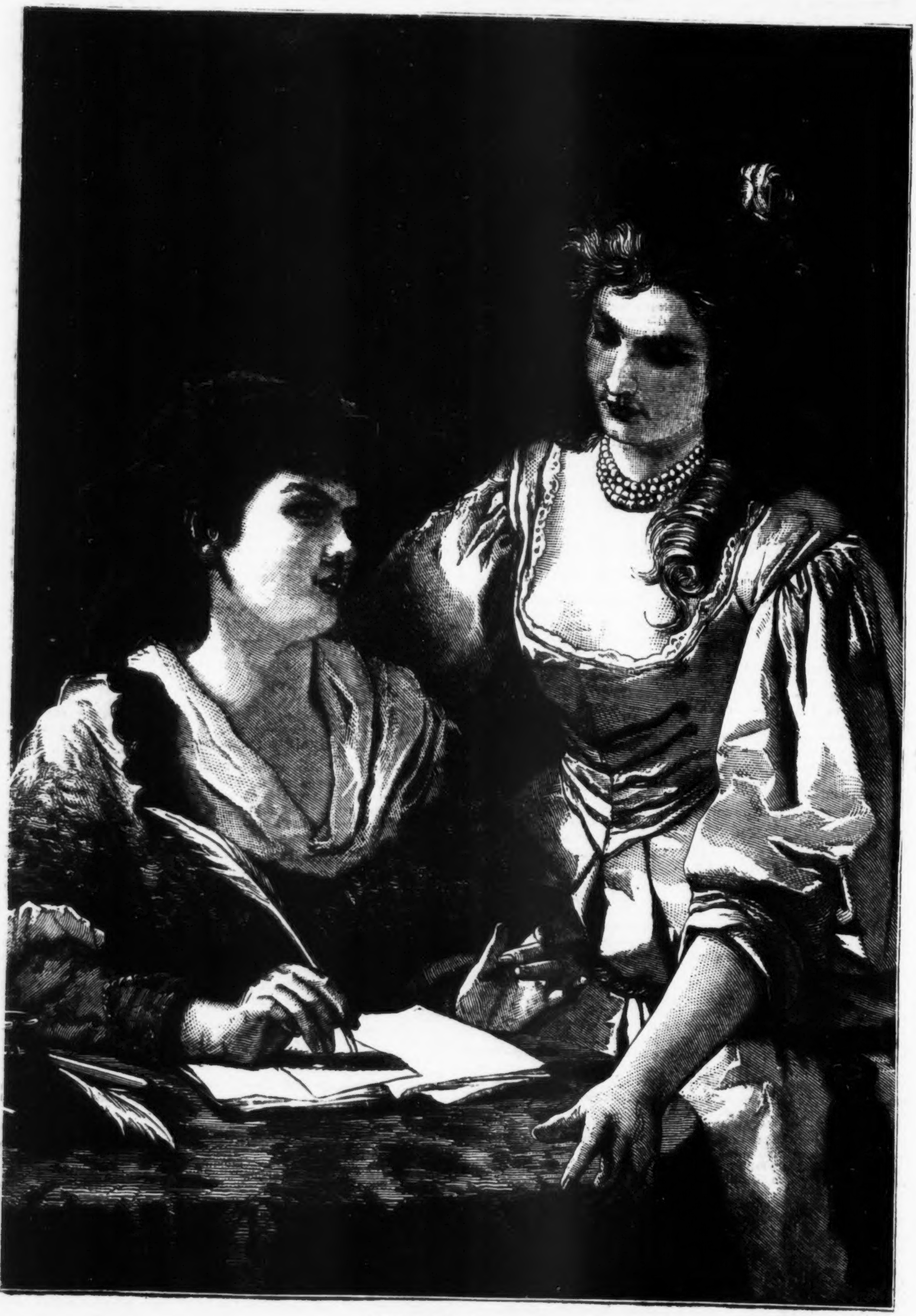
Innocent Abroad.—A week or two back a young woman entered a "cabman's rest" at the West End, and sat down to wait for the car to move on. After waiting for about a quarter of an hour, she left the car to find an omnibus that probably would not be "stopped by the accident that had happened to the tram-car lines!"

Stutterers are compelled to take life easy, whether they will or no. Two men thus afflicted were at work at a forge. The iron was red-hot, and it was placed on the anvil, when the first one said, "John, s-s-strike it ha-ha-hard." The other answered, "Jim, wh-wh-where sh-sh-shall I hi-hit?" "No m-m-matter now—it's got co-co-cold," was the reply; and the bar was put into the forge again.

"Mot" not by Mo'.—In detailing a short time back, at a meeting of the Shorthand Writers' Association, his "Early Literary Experiences," Mr. E. L. Blanchard repeated a comic perpetration which supposed the Queen, on the night of her coronation, to express the wish to Lord Melbourne that all her subjects were happy, and the nobleman to reply, "Your Majesty, by letters everywhere they say 'V. R.'"

At one time there were two members of the English House of Commons, named Montagu Matthew and Matthew Montagu—the former a tall, handsome man, and the latter a little man. During a session of Parliament, the Speaker having addressed the latter as the former, Montagu Matthew observed that it was strange he should make such a mistake, as there was as great a difference between them as between a horse-chestnut and a chestnut horse!

"The Imminent Deadly Breach" 'Scaped —There is nothing like resource. We have just heard of an enterprising young Tynesider, who was engaged to a young lady in the South, whom he had not seen for twelve months, contriving to break off an engagement. How do you think he did it? He got a sixpenny *carte* of the late Scottish Giant, and sent it to her as his own portrait, with a note lamenting his growing fatness. His letters and presents came back to him by return of post.



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